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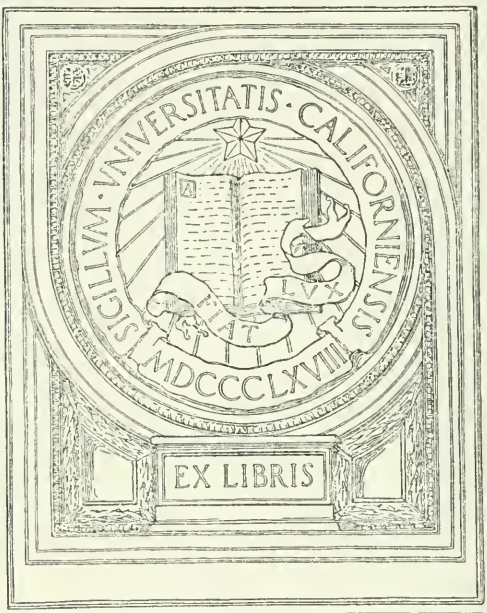

THE

ODYSSEY

OF

HOMER,

TRANSLATED INTO

ENGLISH BLANK VERSE

BY THE LATE

WILLIAM COWPER, Esq.

The Second Edition,

With copious Alterations and Notes,

PREPARED FOR THE PRESS BY THE TRANSLATOR,

AND NOW PUBLISHED WITH A PREFACE

BY HIS KINSMAN,

J. JOHNSON, LL.B.

CHAPLAIN TO THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

Τάδε δ' ἀεὶ πάρεσθ' ὅμοια, διὰ δὲ τῶν αὐτῶν ἀεί.—EPICHARMUS.

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ODYSSEY.

ARGUMENT

OF THE

THIRTEENTH BOOK.

Ulyſſes, having finiſhed his narrative, and received additional preſents from the Phæacians, embarks; he is conveyed in his ſleep to Ithaca, and in his ſleep is landed on that iſland. The ſhip that carried him is in her return transformed by Neptune to a rock. Minerva meets him on the ſhore, enables him to recollect his country, which, till enlightened by her, he believes to be a country ſtrange to him, and they concert together the means of deſtroying the ſuitors. The Goddeſs then repairs to Sparta to call thence Telemachus, and Ulyſſes, by her aid diſguiſed like a beggar, proceeds toward the cottage of Eumæus.

BOOK XIII.

HE ceas'd, and under all the gloomy roof
The charm'd aſſembly, motionleſs and mute,
Seem'd liſt'ning ſtill to hear, when, thus, his ſpeech
To Laertiades the King addreſs'd.

Ulyſſes, ſince beneath my brazen dome
Thou haſt arrived, thou ſhalt not, I believe,

Like hardſhip ſuffer in thy voyage hence,
As heretofore, though, long, to toil inured.
And ye, my gueſts! who daily at my board
Sweet ſong enjoy, and quaff your princely meed
Of gen'rous wine, hear, now, my warm deſire.
The robes, wrought gold, and all the other gifts
To this our gueſt, by the Phæacian Chiefs
Brought hither in the ſumptuous coffer lie.
But come—preſent ye to the ſtranger, each,
An ample tripod alſo, with a vaſe
Of ſmaller ſize, for which we will be paid
By publick impoſt; for the charge of all
Exceſſive were by one alone defray'd.

So ſpake Alcinoüs, and his counſel pleaſed;
Then, all retiring, ſought repoſe at home.
But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
Look'd roſy forth, each haſted to the bark
With his illuſtrious preſent, which the King
Alcinoüs, proceeding through the ſhip,
Safely, himſelf, beneath the ſeats beſtowed,
Leſt it ſhould harm or hinder, while he toil'd
In rowing, ſome Phæacian of the crew.
The palace of Alcinoüs ſeeking next
Together, they prepared a new regale.

For them, in ſacrifice, the ſacred might *
Of King Alcinoüs ſlew an ox to Jove

Saturnian

Saturnian, cloud-girt governour of all .
The thighs firſt burnt in ſacrifice, all ſhared
The noble feaſt; Demodocus, the while,
Their fav'rite, ſtriking his melodious lyre.
But oft Ulyſſes to the radiant ſun
Turn'd wiſtful eyes, deſiring his decline,
And even now impatient to depart.
As when ſome hungry ſwain whoſe ſable beeves
Have through the fallow dragg'd his pond'rous plough
All day, the ſetting ſun with joy beholds,
And hungry, tends, and weary to his home,
So welcome to Ulyſſes' eyes appear'd
The ſunſet of that eve; directing, then,
His ſpeech to maritime Phæacia's ſons,
But to Alcinoüs chiefly, thus he ſaid.

Alcinoüs, o'er Phæacia's realm ſupreme!
Libation made, diſmiſs ye me in peace,
And farewell all! for what I wiſh'd, I have,
Conductors hence, and honourable gifts
With which heav'n proſper me! and may the Gods
Vouchſafe to me, at my return, to find
All ſafe, my ſpotleſs conſort and my friends!
May ye, whom here I leave, have happy wives
And ſee your children bleſt, and may the pow'rs

* Ἱερὸν μένος Ἀλκινόοιο.

Immortal with all good enrich you all,
And from calamity preſerve the land!

He ended; they unanimous, his words
Applauded loud, and bade diſmiſs the gueſt
Who had ſo wiſely ſpoken and ſo well.
Then thus Alcinoüs to his herald ſpake.

Pontonoüs! charging high the beaker, bear
To ev'ry gueſt beneath our roof the wine,
That, pray'r preferr'd to the eternal Sire,
We may diſmiſs our inmate to his home.

Then, bore Pontonoüs to ev'ry gueſt
The brimming cup; they, where they ſat, perform'd
Libation due; but the illuſtrious Chief
Ulyſſes, from his ſeat ariſing, placed
A maſſy goblet in Areta's hand,
Whom, thus, in grateful accents he addreſs'd *.

Farewell, O Queen, a long farewell, till age
Arrive, and death, the appointed lot of all!
I go; but be this people, and the King
Alcinoüs, and thy progeny, thy joy
Yet many a year beneath this glorious roof!

* The cuſtom was to taſte the liquor, applying the lip to it very ſlightly, then to preſent the cup to the perſon ſo complimented, that he might drink firſt. Thus Virgil, Æn. i. 741.

Primaque, libato, ſummo tenus attigit ore,
Tum Bitiæ dedit ——————C.

So

So ſaying, the Hero through the palace-gate
Iſſued, whom, by Alcinoüs' command,
The royal herald uſher'd to his bark.
Three maidens alſo of Areta's train
His ſteps attended; one, the robe well-bleach'd
And tunick bore; the corded coffer, one;
And food the third, with wine of crimſon hue.
Arriving where the galley rode, each gave
Her charge to ſome brave mariner on board,
And all was ſafely ſtow'd. Mean-time were ſpread
Linen and arras on the deck aſtern,
For his ſecure repoſe. And now the Chief
Himſelf embarking, ſilent lay'd him down.
Then, ev'ry rower to his bench repair'd;
They drew the looſen'd cable from its hold
In the drill'd rock, and, reſupine, at once
With luſty ſtrokes upturn'd the flaſhing waves *.
His eyelids, ſoon, a death-like ſleep depreſs'd,
Deep, durable, and not to be diſperſed.
She, as four harneſs'd ſtallions o'er the plain
Shooting together at the ſcourge's ſtroke
Toſs high their manes, and rapid ſcour along,
So mounted ſhe the waves, while dark the flood

* Thus it was they moored their galleys, paſſing the cable through a rock perforated for that purpoſe, and laſhing it faſt about. —B. & C.

Of the reſounding Deep roll'd after her.
She ſteady ran and ſafe, the falcon's flight
Outſtripping, ſwifteſt of the fowls of heav'n;
With ſuch rapidity ſhe cut the waves,
An Hero bearing, as a God, replete
With various wiſdom, vext and harraſs'd oft
In ſtormy battles and tempeſtuous ſeas,
But ſleeping now ſerenely, and reſign'd
To ſweet oblivion of all ſorrow paſt.
The brighteſt ſtar of heav'n, precurſor chief
Of dayſpring, now aroſe, when at the iſle
(Her voyage ſoon perform'd) the bark arrived.

In Ithaca, but from the publick view
Sequeſter'd far, there is a certain port
Sacred to Phorcys, antient of the Deep,
Form'd by converging ſhores, abrupt alike
And prominent, which from the ſpacious bay
Exclude all boiſt'rous winds; within it, ſhips
(The port once gain'd) uncabled ride ſecure.
An olive, at the haven's head, expands
Her branches wide, near to a pleaſant cave
Umbrageous, to the nymphs devoted named
The Naiads. Beakers in that cave and jars
Of ſtone are found; bees lodge their honey there;
And there, on ſlender ſpindles of the rock

The

The nymphs of rivers weave their wond'rous robes *.
Perennial ſprings riſe in it, and it ſhows
A twofold entrance; ingreſs one affords
To men, and fronts the North; but, holier far
The Southern, opens to the Gods alone.
There, knowing well the port, they boldly thruſt
The veſſel in; ſhe, rapid, plough'd the ſands
With half her keel, ſuch rowers urged her on †.
The benches left, and leaping all aſhore,
Ulyſſes, firſt, they gently lifted forth
With the whole ſplendid couch whereon he lay,
And placed him, ſtill faſt-ſleeping, on the ſands ‡.
His treaſures, next, by the Phæacian Chiefs

* Porphyrius gives a very learned allegorical account of this cave and the contents of it, with much confidence in the truth of his hypotheſis; but it is far too long for inſertion here. The reader may find it prefixed to Barnes's edition of the Iliad. It is plainly a poetical fiction, no ſuch cave, as Strabo and other antient geographers teſtify, having ever been diſcoverable in Ithaca.

† Had they not been well acquainted with it, they would not have dared to puſh to land, as they did, with the full ſtreſs of all their oars, eſpecially in the night.—C.

‡ They landed him in his ſleep, either that they might not ſeem to expect a recompenſe, which would have been the caſe had they waked him, or that they might not be detained by him. Or perhaps, ſays the Scholiaſt, the poet thus ordered it with a view to the ſequel; ſince had he not been landed thus ſilently, and at once left alone, the ſuitors would have learned his arrival and have ſlain him.—B. & C.

At his departure given him as the meed
Due to his wiſdom, at the olive's foot
They heap'd, without the road, leſt, while he ſlept,
Some needy wand'rer ſhould invade the ſtore.
Then homeward thence they ſped. Nor Ocean's God
His threats forgot denounced againſt divine
Ulyſſes, but with Jove thus firſt adviſed.

Eternal Sire! I ſhall no longer ſhare
Reſpect and reverence among the Gods,
Since e'en Phæacia's ſons, although a race
Derived from me, my pleaſure little heed *.
For I had purpoſed, yet with many a ſtorm
To vex Ulyſſes, ere he reach'd his home,
Though finally to ſink whom thou hadſt ſworn
At laſt to ſave, was never my deſign.
But They have borne him ſleeping o'er the waves
In a ſwift bark, and on his native ſands
Have lay'd him, with a treaſure at his ſide
Of ſteel, of tiſſued raiment, and of gold;
A ſtore ſurpaſſing all that he had own'd,
Had he return'd in peace, and ſtill poſſeſs'd
His whole allotment of the ſpoils of Troy.

To whom the Sov'reign of the realms of air,

* For Phæax, founder of the race, was ſon of Neptune and Corcyra, the daughter of Aſopus.—B. & C.

What

What haſt thou ſpoken, Shaker of the ſhores,
Wide-ruling Neptune? Entertain no fear
Of aught diſhonourable from the Gods;
The Gods will tremble to diſhonour thee
More antient, and more powerful than they.
But ſhould, profanely raſh, a mortal man
Slight thee, revenge is ever in thy pow'r,
Accompliſh all thy pleaſure, thou art free.

Him anſwer'd, then, the Shaker of the ſhores.
I ſoon would uſe, Dread Sov'reign of the ſtorms!
The freedom which thou giv'ſt, but that I wait,
Studious through fear, to learn thy pleaſure, firſt.
Now, therefore, full amid the dreary Deep
Will I deſtroy yon fair Phæacian bark,
Return'd from ſafe conveyance of her freight;
So ſhall they waft ſuch wand'rers home no more,
And ſhe ſhall hide their city, to a rock
Transform'd of mountainous o'erſhadowing ſize*.

Him, then, Jove anſwer'd, gath'rer of the clouds.
Perform it, O my brother, and the deed
Thus done, ſhall beſt be done—What time the ſhip
Shall draw the gazing citizens to mark

* We are told by Euſtathius, that ſome in his time affirmed that a rock, reſembling a ſhip in the form of it, was to be ſeen ſomewhere in the neighbourhood of Corcyra, which he ſuppoſes might ſerve the poet with a hint for this fiction.—C.

Her near approach, convert her into ſtone
Faſt by the beach, but leave her ſhape the ſame;
Then ſhall they wonder, ſeeing ſuch a maſs
Of ſolid rock fixt right before the walls.

This heard, at once the Shaker of the ſhores
To fair Phæacian Scheria ſetting forth
There watch'd. Erelong, by num'rous oars impell'd,
The flying bark had wellnigh reach'd the land,
When Neptune, meeting her, with outſpread palm
Depreſs'd her at a ſtroke, and ſhe became
Deep-rooted ſtone. Then Neptune went his way.
Mean-time th' amazed Phæacians, as they ſtood
Conferring, to each other thus remark'd.

Who ſtays the veſſel faſt amid the waves?
For, all afloat, and driven by the force
Of all her oars, this moment ſhe approach'd.

So ſpake, untaught the cauſe of her delay,
The people, and Alcinoüs thus replied.

Ye Gods! my Father's prophecy now ſtrikes
My mind with force, for, ofttimes would he ſay—
Neptune reſents it, that we ſafe conduct
Natives of ev'ry region to their home.
He alſo ſpake, prophetick, of a day
When a Phæacian gallant bark, return'd
After conveyance of a ſtranger hence,
Should periſh in the dreary Deep, and changed

To

To a huge mountain, cover all the town.
So ſpake my father, all whoſe words we ſee
This day fulfill'd. Thus, therefore, act we all
Unanimous; henceforth no longer bear
The ſtranger home, when ſuch ſhall here arrive;
And we will ſacrifice, without delay,
Twelve choſen bulls to Neptune, if, perchance,
He will commiſerate us, and forbear
To hide our town behind a mountain's height.
He ſpake, they, terrified, the bulls prepared.
Thus all Phæacia's Senators and Chiefs
Pray'r off'ring as they ſtood, encompaſs'd round
The altar of the Sov'reign of the Deep.
Mean-time, Ulyſſes from his native ſoil,
After long ſleep, aroſe, unconſcious where,
Through years of abſence and the ſable miſt
By Pallas caſt around him, that his friends
His citizens, and even his eſpouſed
Might fail in recollection of his form,
Till, with herſelf his guide, he ſhould, at length,
Avenge him well on all his impious foes.
All objects, therefore, in the Hero's eyes
Seem'd alien, levell'd roads, commodious ports,
Heav'n-climbing rocks, and trees of ampleſt growth.
Ariſing, fixt he ſtood, his native ſoil
Contemplating, till with expanded palms

Both

Both thighs he ſmote, and, plaintive, thus began.
Ah me! what mortal race inhabits here?
Rude are they, contumacious and unjuſt,
Or hoſpitable, and who fear the Gods?
Where now ſhall I ſecrete theſe num'rous ſtores?
Where wander I, myſelf? I would that ſtill
Phæacians own'd them, and ſome other Prince,
More faithful, had receiv'd me at his board,
Who would have ſent me to my native home.
Now, neither know I where to place my wealth,
Nor can I leave it here, leſt it become
Another's prey. Alas! Phæacia's Chiefs
Not altogether wiſe I deem or juſt,
Who have miſplaced me in another land,
Promis'd to bear me to the pleaſant ſhores
Of Ithaca, but have not ſo perform'd.
Jove, guardian of the ſuppliant's rights, who all
Tranſgreſſors marks, and puniſhes all wrong,
Avenge me on the treach'rous race!—but hold—
I will reviſe my ſtores, that I may learn
What precious part purloin'd they bore away*.

So

* Had they been falſe to their charge and placed him on a ſhore to which he had not directed them, the reaſonable inference was that they had alſo robbed him. He therefore examines his ſtores, not to ſatisfy any anxiety that he feels on their account, but to aſcertain a point which intereſts him much more—whether he is actually

So ſaying, he number'd carefully the gold,
The vaſes, tripods bright and tiſſued robes,
But nothing miſs'd of all. Then, pacing ſlow
The border of the loud-reſounding Deep,
He mourn'd his Ithaca for ever loſt
With tend'reſt grief. But Pallas, now, approach'd.
She ſeem'd a youthful ſhepherd, girliſh fair
In feature, ſuch as are the ſons of Kings;
A ſhapely mantle and of ampleſt ſize
Her waiſt incloſed; her nice unſullied feet
Were ſandall'd, and a javelin fill'd her hand.
Ulyſſes, joyful at the ſight, his ſteps
Turn'd briſk toward her, whom he thus addreſs'd.

Sweet youth! ſince firſt of all men native here
I thee encounter, come not with deſigns
Of harm to me, but ſave me, and preſerve
My treaſures alſo; for I claſp thy knees
With humbleſt ſuit, and pray as to a God.
And tell me, for I much deſire to learn,
What land? what people? who inhabit here?
Is this ſome pleaſant iſland, or a ſhore
Of fruitful main-land ſloping to the ſea?

actually in Ithaca, or not.—B. & C. And though it appears afterward that he was ſtill unconvinced, that is no proof that he did not make the experiment with a hope of conviction.

Then

Then thus the Goddeſs of the azure eyes.
Stranger! thou ſure art ſimple, or haſt dwelt
Far diſtant hence, if of this land thou aſk.
It is not, truſt me, of ſo little note,
But known to many, both to thoſe who dwell
Toward the ſunriſe, and to others placed
Behind it, diſtant in the duſky Weſt.
Rugged it is, not yielding level courſe
To the ſwift ſteed, and yet no barren ſpot,
However ſmall, but rich in wheat and wine;
Nor wants it rain or fertilizing dew,
But paſture green to goats and beeves affords,
Trees of all kinds, and fountains never dry.
Ithaca therefore, ſtranger, is a name
Known ev'n at Troy, a city, by report,
At no ſmall diſtance from Achaia's ſhore.

The Goddeſs ceaſed; then, toil-enduring Chief
Ulyſſes, happy in his native land,
(So taught by Pallas, progeny of Jove)
With unembarraſs'd readineſs return'd
Not truth, but figments to truth oppoſite,
For guile, in Him, ſtood never at a pauſe.

The fame of Ithaca far hence I learn'd
In ſpacious Crete, and now, with theſe my ſtores,
Leaving behind me, for my childrens' uſe,

An

An equal ſhare, have reach'd, myſelf, the place *.
For ſlaughter of Orſilochus, I fled,
Son of Idomeneus, a youth renown'd
Paſt all for ſpeed. His purpoſe was to ſeize
My whole rich portion of the ſpoils of Troy,
Earn'd with much toil in fight and on the Deep,
For that I would not gratify the King
His Father, as his ſervant in the field,
Who was, myſelf, a Chief. Him, therefore, late
Returning from the field, in ambuſh placed
At the way-ſide with a confed'rate friend,
I wounded with my ſpear. It was a night
Of ſuch thick darkneſs, that unſeen we watch'd
His coming, and I ſlew him, unperceived.
Thus, by my glitt'ring ſpear tranſpierced, he died,
And I, with earneſt ſuit, and at the coſt
Of much that I had brought from Ilium, won
The crew of a Phæacian gallant bark
To bear me thence to Pylus, or the ſhores
Of Elis, by the brave Epeans ruled.
But they, reluctant, were by violent winds
Driv'n devious thence, for fraud they purpoſed none.
We, therefore, wand'ring, here arrived by night,

* Homer dates all the fictions of Ulyſſes from Crete, as if he meant to paſs a ſimilar cenſure on the Cretans to that quoted by St. Paul—Κρῆτες ἀεὶ ψεῦσται.—F.

And

And with much difficulty puſh'd the ſhip
Into ſafe harbour, where, neglecting food
Though pinch'd with hunger, we with one conſent
All left the bark, and on the beach repoſed.
I, weary, ſlept profound, and they my goods
Forth heaving from the ſhip, beſide me placed
The treaſures on the ſea-beach where I ſlept,
Then, leaving me diſconſolate, reſumed
Their ſeats on board, and Sidon ſought, their home.
He ceaſed; then ſmiled the Goddeſs azure-eyed
And now, in form a damſel, fair and tall
And well-accompliſh'd, ſtroak'd his cheek and ſaid.
Who paſſes thee in artifice well-framed
And in impoſture various, need ſhall find
Of all his policy, although a God.
Canſt thou not ceaſe, inventive as thou art
And ſubtle, from the wiles which thou haſt lov'd
Since thou waſt infant, and from tricks of ſpeech
Deluſive, even in thy native land?
But come, diſmiſs we theſe ingenious ſhifts
From our diſcourſe, in which we both excel;
For thou of all men in expedients moſt
Abound'ſt and eloquence, and I, throughout
All heav'n have praiſe for wiſdom and for art.
And know'ſt thou not thine Athenæan aid,
Pallas, Jove's daughter, who in all thy toils

Aſſiſt

Aſſiſt thee and defend? I gave thee pow'r
T' engage the hearts of all Phæacia's ſons,
And meet thee now, that, here, we may concert
Thy future courſe, and I will hide the ſtores
Giv'n to thee by the rich Phæacian Chiefs
On my ſuggeſtion, at thy going thence.
By me inſtructed, thou ſhalt alſo learn
What grievous troubles thou art doom'd t' endure
In thy own houſe; which, ſince conſtraint enjoins,
Bear patiently, nor either man apprize
Or woman there, that thou haſt reach'd thine home
A wand'rer and forlorn, but ſilent bear
What wrongs ſoever from the hands of men *.

To whom Ulyſſes, ever wiſe, replied.
Oh Goddeſs! Thou can'ſt readily aſſume
A thouſand ſhapes, too various to be known
By mortal man with eaſe, however wiſe.
But this I know, that while Achaia's ſons
At Ilium fought, I found thee ſtill a friend,
And that, thoſe lofty tow'rs in aſhes laid,

* If nevertheleſs Ulyſſes diſcovers himſelf in the ſequel, unwillingly indeed, to Euryclea in the firſt inſtance, but willingly to Telemachus, Eumæus, and one or two others, it appears that he was wiſer than Minerva herſelf, who here directs him to diſcover himſelf to nobody. The reſult is, ſays Euſtathius, that, according to the proverb—*ſecond thoughts are beſt.* Αἱ δεύτεραί πως φροντίδες σοφώτεραι.—C.

That ſhore forſaken, and the Greecian hoſt
Divided, I beheld thee never more,
Nor once thine aid experienced on the Deep,
But wander'd ever with a broken heart
From ſhore to ſhore, till wafted to the coaſt
Of fruitful Scherie by a Pow'r divine.
I felt thy cheering influence, and thyſelf
Did'ſt guide my doubtful footſteps to the town.
But I adjure thee in thy father's name—
Speak truly—for I fear that I have found
Some other ſoil, and that to ſooth my pains
With pleaſing fiction is thy ſole deſign,
Are theſe my native rocks? and have I reach'd
Indeed, my long-regretted home at laſt?

Then thus the blue-eyed Goddeſs in return.
Such is the mind that in thy boſom holds
Dominion ever; therefore thy diſtreſs
Inſures me ſtill thy friend, nor can I leave
When moſt he needs me, one endued, as thou,
With fluent ſpeech, quick thought, and ſelf-control.
For what man, ſave Ulyſſes, new-return'd
After long wand'rings, would not haſte to ſee
At once his home, his children, and his wife?
But thou, more cautious, can'ſt endure to want
All ſuch delights, till firſt thou have aſſay'd
Thy conſort's truth, who ſtill, as ſhe was wont,

Abides

Abides at home, in ſorrow for thy ſake
Conſuming night and day.—Full well I knew
Nor doubted once, that, all thy people loſt,
Thou would'ſt return alone, but could not chooſe
T' oppoſe the brother of my father Jove,
Imperial Neptune, thy determined foe
For his ſon's ſake deprived of ſight by thee.
But know thy country now; conſider well
Theſe proofs of Ithaca, and be convinced.

This is the port of Phorcys, ſea-born ſage;
That, the huge olive at the haven's head;
Not diſtant far thou ſee'ſt the pleaſant cove
Umbrageous, to the nymphs devoted named
The Naiads; who beneath its vaulted roof
Have at thy pious hands, erewhile, received
Many a whole hecatomb; and yonder ſtands
The mountain Neritus with foreſts cloth'd.

So ſaying, ſhe chaſed the vapour, and the ſcene
All open'd on his view; then gladneſs fill'd
Ulyſſes' heart, long time to woe inured;
He kiſs'd the ſoil, and, with uplifted hands
In fervent pray'r, the Naiads thus adored.

Nymphs of theſe rills, Jove's daughters! I deſpair'd
To ſee you more, whom yet with happy vows
I now can hail again. Gifts, as of old,
We will hereafter at your ſhrines preſent,

If Jove-born Pallas, huntreſs of the ſpoils,
Grant life to me, and manhood to my ſon.
Then Pallas, blue-eyed progeny of Jove.
Take courage; trouble not thy mind with thoughts
Now needleſs. Far within this hallow'd cave
We will conceal, that thine they may remain,
Theſe treaſures, and will ſhape thy future courſe
In mutual conf'rence, next, as beſt we may.
She ſpake, and deep into the gloomy vault
Deſcending, all its ſecret nooks explored
From ſide to ſide; mean-time, Ulyſſes brought
His treaſures near, the gold, the temper'd ſteel,
And robes magnificent, his gifts received
From the Phæacians; ſafe he lodg'd them all,
And Pallas, daughter of Jove ægis-arm'd,
Cloſed faſt, herſelf, the cavern with a ſtone.
Then, on the conſecrated olive's root
Both ſeated, they in conſultation plann'd
The deaths of thoſe injurious ſuitors proud,
And Pallas, blue-eyed Goddeſs, thus began*
Laertes' noble ſon, Ulyſſes! think
By what means likelieſt thou ſhalt aſſail
Thoſe ſhameleſs ſuitors, who have now controlled

* The Olive was ſacred to Pallas, who was the patroneſs of that tree in particular. The Goddeſs therefore and Ulyſſes conſulting together, could not have found a ſeat more ſuitable.—B. & C.

Three

Three years thy family, thy matchleſs wife
With language amorous and ſpouſal gifts
Urging importunate; while ſhe, with tears
Watching thy wiſh'd return, hope gives to all
With meſſages of promiſe ſoothing each,
But frames far other purpoſes the while.

Then anſwer thus Ulyſſes wiſe return'd.
Ah, Agamemnon's miſerable fate
Had ſurely met me in my own abode,
But for thy gracious warning, pow'r divine!
Come then—Deviſe the means; thyſelf preſcribe
My way to vengeance, and my ſoul inſpire
With daring fortitude, as when we loos'd
Her radiant frontlet from the brows of Troy.
Would ſt thou with equal zeal, O Pallas! aid
Thy ſervant here, I would encounter thrice
An hundred enemies, let me but perceive
Thy dread divinity my prompt ally.

Him anſwer'd then the Goddeſs azure-eyed.
That ſuit I grant thee gladly; ſide by ſide
We will achieve our glorious labour, then;
And, truſt me, thoſe proud ſuitors who conſume
Thy ſubſtance now, ſhall ſtain thy marble floor,
Each with his blood, for payment of the wrong.

But come—for I will give thee, now, t' elude
All human knowledge; on thy ſupple limbs

The ſkin ſhall wither; I will cauſe thee ſhed
Thy wavy locks; I will infold thee round
In ſuch a kirtle as the eyes of all
Shall loath to look on; and I will deform
With blurring rheums thy eyes, ſo vivid erſt;
That all alike, the ſuitors, and thy ſpouſe,
And thy own ſon ſhall deem thee, ſo diſguiſed,
Some ſordid wretch obſcure. But ſeek thou firſt
Thy ſwineherd's manſion; for his faithful heart
Still bears thee firm allegiance, and he loves
Thy conſort and thy ſon; the watchful ſwain
Now tends his herd; they feed beneath the rock
Corax*, at ſide of Arethuſa's fount,
On acorns dieted, nutritious food
To them, and drinking of the limpid ſtream.
There waiting, queſtion him of thy concerns,
While I from Sparta praiſed for women fair
Call home thy ſon Telemachus, a gueſt
With Menelaus now, whom to conſult
In ſpacious Lacedæmon he is gone,
Anxious to learn if yet his father lives.
To whom Ulyſſes, ever-wiſe, replied.

* So called from a hunter of that name, who, in purſuit of his ſport, fell from the ſummit of this rock and died. His mother Arethuſa, inconſolable for his death, ſtrangled herſelf. Four fountains bore her name—One in Syracuſe, one in Smyrna, one in Chalcis, and this in Ithaca.—B. & C.

And

And why, alas! all-knowing as thou art,
Him left'ſt thou ignorant? was it that he,
He alſo, wand'ring wide the barren Deep,
Might ſuffer woe, while theſe his wealth devour?
To whom the blue-eyed Deity replied.
Grieve thou not much for him. I ſent him forth
Myſelf, that there arrived, he might acquire
Honour and fame. No ſuff'rings finds he there,
But in Atrides' palace ſafe reſides,
Enjoying all abundance. Him, in truth,
The ſuitors watch cloſe ambuſh'd on the Deep,
Intent to ſlay him ere he reach his home,
But thoſe devourers of thy flocks and herds
Shall find a tomb, I doubt not, firſt, themſelves.
So ſaying, the Goddeſs touch'd him with a wand.
At once o'er all his agile limbs ſhe parch'd
The poliſh'd ſkin; ſhe wither'd to the root
His wavy locks, and cloth'd him with the hide
Deform'd of wrinkled age; ſhe charged with rheums
His eyes before ſo vivid, and a cloak
And kirtle gave him, tatter'd, both, and foul,
And ſmutch'd with ſmoke; then, caſting over all
An huge old hairleſs deer-ſkin, with a ſtaff
She fill'd his ſhrivell'd hand, and gave him, laſt,
A wallet patch'd all over, and that, ſtrung
With twiſted tackle, dangled at his ſide.

Thus all their plan adjuſted, diff'rent ways
They took, and ſhe to Lacedæmon's vale
In queſt of young Telemachus repair'd *.

* Here it is, as Madame Dacier obſerves, that the poet returns to the matter from which he has digreſſed ever ſince we quitted Telemachus at the end of the 4th book. In the nine ſucceeding books has been related all that befell Ulyſſes after his departure from Troy till his arrival in Ithaca. And it is a proof of the poet's art, ſhe ſays, which merits our admiration. The Action of the Odyſſey was too long to be continued in a regular ſeries.—Homer therefore has had recourſe to an artificial order, beginning his poem with an enumeration of ſuch incidents as happened laſt, and returning from them to others of an earlier date.

Barnes ſuggeſts, and as Clarke obſerves, not improperly, that this book might better conclude with the transformation of Ulyſſes, the two laſt lines of it being carried over to the beginning of the next.

ARGU-

ARGUMENT

OF THE

FOURTEENTH BOOK.

Ulyſſes arriving at the houſe of Eumæus, is hoſpitably entertained, and ſpends the night there.

BOOK XIV.

Leaving the haven-ſide, he turn'd his ſteps
Into a rugged path o'er woodland heights,
Where Pallas had directed him to ſeek
The noble ſwineherd, who of all his train
Watch'd with moſt diligence his rural ſtores *.
Him ſitting in the veſtibule he found
Of his own airy lodge commodious, built
Amidſt a level lawn. That ſtructure neat
Eumæus, in the abſence of his Lord,

* Δῖος ὑφορβός.—The ſwineherd's was therefore in thoſe days, and in that country, an occupation honourable as well as uſeful. Barnes deems the epithet δῖος ſignificant of his noble birth.—C.

Had

Had raiſed, himſelf, with ſtones from quarries hewn,
Unaided by Laertes or the Queen.
With tangled thorns he fenced it ſafe around,
And with contiguous ſtakes riv'n from the trunks
Of ſolid oak black-grain'd encloſed the ſpot.
Twelve pens he made within, all ſide by ſide,
Lairs for his ſwine, and faſt-immured in each
Lay fifty pregnant females on the floor.
The males all ſlept without, leſs num'rous far,
Thinn'd by the princely wooers; for to them
He ever ſent the fatteſt of his charge.
Three hundred, ſtill, and ſixty brawns remained.
Four maſtives in adjoining kennels lay,
Reſembling wild-beaſts, which himſelf,* to guard
His herds from theft or violence, ſuſtain'd.
There, ſhaping ſandals to his feet he ſat,
Carved from a coloûred hide of brighteſt hue,
A well-fed bullock's hide. Four hinds he kept,
Of whom three, now, were buſied in the pens
Or in the paſture, and a fourth had fought
The city, whither, for the ſuitors' uſe,
With no good will, but by conſtraint, he drove
A boar, that, ſacrificing to the Gods,
Th' imperious gueſts might on his fleſh regale.

The

* Homer here deſcribes Eumæus as the συβώτης, ὕφχαμος ἀνδρῶν,—literally—the ſwineherd, Prince of men. By which phraſe Euſta-
thius

The watch dogs ſuddenly perceiv'd him near
And barking ran to him; he, well-adviſed,
Shrank to his hams, and caſt his ſtaff afar.
Yet, even there, hard meaſure had he found
And ſhameful, worried, wellnigh at the door
Of his own herdſman's houſe, but that the ſwain
Following his dogs in haſte, ſprang through the porch
To ſuccour him, and, quitting, as he ran
The ſeaſon'd hide, with threats and vollied ſtones
Diſperſed them all, then thus his Lord beſpake,
Old man! one moment more, and theſe my dogs
Had, paſt doubt, worried thee, who ſhould'ſt have proved,
So ſlain, a ſource of obloquy to me*.
But other pangs the Gods, and other woes
To me aſſign, who ſit lamenting here
My godlike maſter, and his fatted ſwine

thius underſtands the poet to intend a perſon *having authority over others*, but Clarke thinks it an epithet given indiſcriminately in Homer's uſe of it, to any man diſtinguiſhed from the generality by whatſoever cauſe. Aware that the two images of a ſwineherd and a Prince, in ſuch cloſe connexion, would have a ludicrous effect in Engliſh, the tranſlator has omitted them.

* Plutarch obſerves it as a ſtriking inſtance of the generoſity of a maſtiff that he will not ſeize a perſon who by his poſture and manner makes it plain that he has no deſign to reſiſt. But it appears from what is ſaid by Eumæus, that this ſhift of Ulyſſes would not have ſaved him, and that the dogs at laſt were only to be quieted by the interference of their maſter.—C.

Nouriſh

Nouriſh for others' uſe, while he, perchance,
A wand'rer in ſome foreign city, ſeeks
Fit ſuſtenance, and none obtains, if ſtill
Indeed he live, and view the light of day.
But, old friend! follow me into the houſe,
That thou, at leaſt, with plenteous food refreſh'd,
And cheer'd with wine ſufficient, may'ſt diſcloſe
Whence thou arriv'ſt, and what thou haſt endured.

So ſaying, the gen'rous ſwineherd introduced
Ulyſſes, and thick bundles ſpread of twigs
Beneath him, cover'd with the ſhaggy ſkin
Of a wild goat, of which he made his couch
Eaſy and large; the Hero, ſo received,
Rejoiced, and thus his gratitude expreſs'd.

My gentle hoſt! Jove grant thee, and the Gods
All grant thee, for this deed, thy beſt deſire!

To whom, Eumæus, thou did'ſt thus reply.
My gueſt! It were unjuſt to treat with ſcorn
The ſtranger, though a poorer ſhould arrive
Than even thou; for all the poor that are,
And all the ſtrangers are the care of Jove.
Little, and with good will, is all that lies
Within my ſcope; for ſervants, over-awed
By young and haughty maſters, cannot much.
My right'ful Lord—*his* ſafe return, no doubt,
The Gods have hinder'd; I had, elſe, received

From Him, ſuch recompence as ſervants gain
From gen'rous maſters, houſe, allotted land,
And a fair bride from many a wooer won.
For, by decree of heav'n, much profit pays
Much labour, as my never-ceaſing care
Of theſe evinces, yielding large increaſe.
Much had I, therefore, proſper'd, had my Lord
Grown old at home; but he returns no more;
And oh! that Helen's houſe had, one and all,
Died as He died, for ſhe hath many ſlain
Who, like my maſter, went to ſeek renown
For Agamemnon in the fields of Troy.

So ſaying, he girdled, quick, his tunick cloſe,
And, iſſuing, ſought the ſtyes; thence bringing two
Of the impriſon'd herd, he ſlaughter'd both,
Singed them, and ſlaſhed and ſpitted them, and placed
The whole well-roaſted banquet, ſpits and all,
Reeking before Ulyſſes; laſt, with flour
He ſprinkled them, and filling with rich wine
His ivy-goblet, oppoſite repoſed,
And thus, encouraging his gueſt, began.

Now, ſtranger, eat. A ſervant's homely fare
I ſet before thee; for the fatted ſwine,
Nor fearing vengeance, nor by pity ſway'd
The ſuitors claim. But their injurious deeds
The bleſſed Gods approve not; they reſpect

The

The juſt and righteous of mankind alone.
The worſt and fierceſt, when they ſeek for ſpoil
A foreign ſhore, and by conſent of Jove
Seize much, their ſhips once laden, panick-ſtruck
Leſt vengeance intercept them, haſte away *.
But theſe men muſt have ſurely learn'd from heav'n
His woful end, ſince neither they vouchſafe
To woo with decency, nor to depart,
Each to his home, but deſtitute alike
Of ſhame and fear, unſparingly devour
What yet remains, now threat'ning waſte of all.
Jove ne'er hath giv'n us yet the night or day
When with a ſingle victim, or with two
They would content them, and his empty jars
Witneſs how faſt the ſquand'rers uſe his wine.
Time was, when he was rich indeed; ſuch wealth
On yonder continent no Ruler own'd,
Nor yet in Ithaca; no twenty Chiefs
Could match with all their treaſures his alone;
I tell thee their amount. Twelve herds † of his

* This paſſage, the true meaning of which has been much diſputed, is here rendered according to the ſenſe of it given by Clarke, who differs widely, in his interpretation of it, not only from Barnes, but from Euſtathius alſo and Caſaubon. But he differs from them much to the advantage of the obſervation made by Eumæus.

† Herds conſiſting, no doubt, of horſes as well as of oxen; for the word ἀγέλη is uſed to expreſs a number of either.—C.

The

The mainland graze * ; as many flocks of ſheep ;
Droves of fat ſwine as num'rous ; and his friends
And hireling ſwains there nouriſh for his uſe
As many flocks of goats ; nor theſe are all,
But other goats beſides, eleven flocks
Browſe on the margin of his fields at home.
Myſelf, the while, attentive watch the breed
Which hovel here, and ever, as they thrive,
Select, at their command, for them, the beſt.

While thus he ſpake, Ulyſſes ate and drank
With eager haſte, but ſilent ; for the means
Of juſt revenge employ'd his ev'ry thought.
At length, his raging appetite appeaſed,
Eumæus gave him, charged with wine, the cup
From which he drank himſelf ; he, glad, receiv'd
The boon, and in wing'd accents thus began.

And who was he, my friend ! by thy report
So brave and opulent, who purchaſed thee ?
Thou ſay'ſt he periſh'd for the glory-ſake
Of Agamemnon. Name him ; for the Gods
Alone can tell—I may, perchance, have ſeen
And may afford thee tidings of thy Lord,

* It may be proper to ſuggeſt that Ulyſſes was lord of part of the continent oppoſite to Ithaca—viz.—of the peninſula Nericus or Leuca, which afterward became an iſland, and is now called Santa Maura.—F.

For I have roam'd, myſelf, through many a clime.
To whom the noble ſwineherd thus replied.
Alas, old man! no trav'ller's tale of him
Will gain his conſort's credence, or his ſon's;
For wand'rers, wanting entertainment, forge
Falſehoods for bread, and wilfully deceive.
Of all ſuch random gueſts, none fails to court
With feign'd intelligence the Queen's regard;
She welcomes all, and while ſhe queſtions each
Minutely, from her lids lets fall the tear
Of tender grief, as well beſeems a wife
Whoſe mate hath periſh'd in a diſtant land.
Thou could'ſt thyſelf, no doubt, my hoary friend!
(Would any furniſh thee with decent veſt
And mantle) fabricate a tale with eaſe;
Yet, doubtleſs, dogs and fowls of rapid wing
His bones have bared, or fiſhes of the Deep
Have eaten him, and on the mainland coaſt
Whelm'd in deep ſands the mould'ring relicts lie.
So hath he periſh'd, to the long regret
Of all his friends, but moſt of all to mine,
For I ſhall find no maſter mild as he,
Though I ſhould ſeek one even in the houſe
Of my own parents. Neither yearns my heart
So feelingly (though that deſiring too)
To ſee once more my parents and my home,

As

As to behold Ulyſſes yet again.
Him though not preſent here, my gueſt! I name
With filial rev'rence; for he lov'd me much,
Cared for me much, and, though we meet no more,
Holds ſtill an elder brother's part in me.
Him anſwer'd, then, the Hero toil-inured.
My friend! ſince hopeleſs of thy Lord's return,
Thou art thus reſolute in unbelief,
I will not merely ſay, but I will ſwear
Moſt truly, that Ulyſſes comes again;
And thou ſhalt clothe me, ſoon as he arrives,
In recompenſe of this my gladſome news,
With a fair veſt and mantle, which, although
Much needing raiment, I, till then, refuſe;
For, as the gates of Hades, I deteſt
The ſordid wretch, whom want can tempt to lie.
Be Jove, of all in heav'n, my witneſs firſt,
Then, this thy hoſpitable board, and, laſt,
The houſehold Gods of the illuſtrious Chief
Himſelf, Ulyſſes, to whoſe gates I go,
That all my words ſhall ſurely be fulfill'd.
In this ſame year Ulyſſes ſhall arrive;
Ere, this month cloſed, another month ſucceed
He ſhall return, and puniſh all who dare
Inſult his conſort and his noble ſon.
To whom Eumæus, thou didſt thus reply.

Old friend! nor cloak nor veſt thy gladſome news
Will ever earn; Ulyſſes comes no more.
Drink, therefore, quietly, and ſeek a theme
Leſs painful; for recalling to my mind
My noble maſter, thou haſt fill'd afreſh
My troubled ſoul with ſorrow for his ſake.
Let the oath reſt, and let Ulyſſes come
Ev'n as myſelf, and as Penelope,
And as his antient father, and his ſon
Godlike Telemachus, all wiſh he may.
Ay—there I feel again—nor ceaſe to mourn
His ſon Telemachus; who, when the Gods
Had rear'd him as they rear a thriving plant,
And I well hoped that neither in his mind
Or perſon he ſhould aught inferiour prove
To his illuſtrious Sire, bereft, alas!
By ſome ſtrange influence, human or divine,
Of all ſound intellect, hath roam'd away
To Pylus, ſeeking information there
Of his loſt father, and the ſuitors watch,
Mean-time, in ambuſh lurking, his return,
That the laſt hope of all Arceſias' houſe
May periſh, and the race for ever fail.
But leave we, whether he be ſnared and ſlain
(Whom Jove protect!) or whether he eſcape,
Him alſo.—Now, my venerable friend!

Rehearſe,

Rehearſe, with undiſſembling truth, the tale
Of thy own ſorrows.—Whence art thou, and who?
Born in what city, from what parents ſprung?
What force of well-timed oars impell'd the bark
Which brought thee? Of what country were the crew?
And why, an alien, waſt thou landed here?
For, not on foot thou cam'ſt, full well I know.
Him anſwer'd, then, Ulyſſes ever-wiſe.
I will with truth reſolve thee; and if here
Within thy cottage ſitting, we had wine
And food for many a day, and buſineſs none
But to regale at eaſe while others toiled,
I could exhauſt with eaſe the circling year
Complete, my woes rehearſing, and, at laſt
Leave unrehearſed large portion of the toil
And anguiſh, by the Gods aſſign'd to me.
I boaſt me ſprung from anceſtry renown'd
In ſpacious Crete; ſon of a wealthy ſire,
Who rear'd a num'rous offspring at his home
Born in pure wedlock; but an humbler mate,
His purchas'd concubine, gave birth to me*.

Yet

* Euſtathius obſerving on this fictitious narrative of Ulyſſes expreſſes himſelf thus. The poet, foreſeeing that poſterity would little intereſt itſelf in tales ſo evidently fabulous, mingles with them both Hiſtorical and Geographical truths, and has recourſe to many other means of ſuitable embelliſhment, adorning his poem with variety of rhetorical elegance, and by every art of allurement guard-

Yet me, not leſs than thoſe more nobly born,
Caſtor Hylacides eſteem'd and lov'd,
For him I boaſt my father. Him in Crete,
While yet he liv'd, all reverenc'd as a God,
So rich, ſo proſp'rous, and ſo bleſt was he
With ſons of higheſt praiſe. But death, the doom
Of all, him bore to Pluto's drear abode,
And his illuſtrious ſons among themſelves
Portion'd his goods by lot; to me, indeed,
They gave a dwelling, and but little more;
Yet, for my virtuous qualities, I won
A wealthy bride; for no degen'rate ſtain
Diſhonour'd *me*, nor was I known to fear
Whatever foe, though now bereft of all.
But mark the ſtubble and thou canſt not much

ing it againſt that neglect and indifference to which the want of truth might expoſe it.—C.

Ibid:—Barnes takes occaſion from the firſt line of this ſpeech in the original

Ἐκ μὲν Κρητάων γείος εὔχομαι εὐρειάων

to aſſemble a number of Homer's lines which rhime in the ſame manner. Such as

Ἐκ γὰρ Ὀρέσταο τίσις ἔσσεται Ἀτρείδαο.
Αὐτὰρ ἐγὼν οἴκοιο ἄναξ ἔσομ' ἡμετέροιο.
Οὔθ' Ἡρακλῆϊ, ἔτ' Εὐρύτῳ Οἰχαλιῆϊ.
Ἀργὼ πασιμέλουσα, παρ' Αἴηταο πλέουσα.—C.

Rhime is therefore a more antient invention than it is generally ſuppoſed to have been, for it is certain that in theſe inſtances the correſpondence in ſound between middle and end could not be caſual. The poet, however, though he might account ſuch a jingle not unpleaſant, has practiſed it very ſparingly.

Misjudge

Misjudge the grain; in truth I have endured
Much tribulation; heap'd and heavy woes.
Courage and phalanx-breaking might had I
From Mars and Pallas; and, what time I drew,
(Planning some dread exploit) an ambush forth
Of our most valiant Chiefs, no boding fears
Of death seized *me*, but foremost far of all
I sprang to fight, and pierced the flying foe.
Such was I once in arms. But household toils
Sustain'd for children' sake, and carking cares
T' enrich a family, my soul disdain'd.
My pleasures were the gallant bark, the din
Of battle, the smooth spear and glitt'ring shaft,
Objects of dread to others, but which me
The Gods dispos'd to love and to enjoy,
For diff'rent minds are diff'rently amused;
Ere yet the Grecian fleet had sailed to Troy,
Nine times was I commander of an host
Embark'd against a foreign foe, and led
My valiant bands, each time, victorious home.
From the whole booty, first, what pleas'd me most
Choosing, and sharing also much by lot
I rapidly grew rich, and had thenceforth
Among the Cretans rev'rence and respect.
But when loud-thund'ring Jove that voyage dire
Ordain'd, which loos'd the knees of many a Greek,

Then, to Idomeneus and me they gave
The charge of all their fleet, which how to avoid
We found not, ſo importunate the cry
Of the whole hoſt impell'd us to the taſk.
There fought we nine long years, and in the tenth
(Priam's proud city pillag'd) fought again,
But, through diſſention kindled from above,
With diſunited fleets, our ſev'ral homes.
Then Jove, dread Governour of all, deviſed
For me much evil. One ſhort month alone
Giv'n to domeſtic pleaſures, I enjoy'd
My wife, my children, and my plenteous gains,
Then ſuddenly reſolved with ſev'ral ſhips
Well-rigg'd, and furniſh'd all with gallant crews,
To ſail for Ægypt; nine I fitted forth,
To which ſtout mariners aſſembled faſt.
Six days the choſen part'ners of my voyage
Feaſted, to whom I num'rous victims gave
For ſacrifice, and for their own regale.
Embarking on the ſev'nth from ſpacious Crete,
And wafted by a gentle Northern gale
We glided eaſily along, as down
A river's ſtream; nor one of all my ſhips
Encounter'd harm, nor any ſickneſs ſeized
My people, but before the friendly blaſt
Secure we ſteer'd, and, ſitting, plough'd the Deep.

Five

Five days elapſed, my galleys nine I moor'd
All ſafe within the Nile's ſmooth-flowing ſtream,
And charging my companions not to ſtray
But cloſely guard the ſhips, ſelected ſome
Who ſhould aſcend the riſing-grounds, and thence
Deſcry the country; but on evil bent
And unreſtrain'd by fear, theſe flew, at once,
To rapine; waſted the delightful fields
Of the Ægyptians, captive brought away
Their wives and little ones, and ſlew the men.
The city ſoon alarm'd, at early dawn
Forth came the citizens, both horſe and foot,
And with the ſplendour of their dazzling arms
Fill'd all the plain. Then Jove with panick dread
Poſſeſs'd my people; none found courage more
To ſtand, for miſchiefs ſwarm'd on ev'ry ſide.
There, num'rous by the glitt'ring ſpear we fell,
While others they conducted thence alive
To toilſome ſervitude. But Jove himſelf
Me prompted (oh that I had firſt expired
In Ægypt! for new ſorrow ſoon enſued)
To looſe my brazen helmet, and to lay
My ſhield put off, beſide it on the ground,
To caſt away my ſpear, and ſeeking, next,
The chariot of the King, to claſp his knees

And kiſs them *. He, by my ſubmiſſion moved,
Deliver'd me, and to his chariot-ſeat
Raiſing, convey'd me weeping to his home.
With many an aſhen ſpear his warriors ſought
To ſlay me, (for they now grew fiery-wroth)
But he, through fear of hoſpitable Jove,
Chief puniſher of wrong, my life preſerved.
Sev'n years I there abode, and much amaſs'd
Among the Ægyptians, gifted by them all;
But, in the eighth revolving year, arrived
A ſhrewd Phœnician, hungry, wont to feed
His craving avarice at others' coſt,
And who had injured many. Me, by guile,
This man ſeduced to leave my peaceful home
And ſeek with him Phœnicia, where he dwelt
And treaſur'd all his gains. A year entire
His inmate I remain'd, and when the year
Its courſe renew'd, to Lybia, with pretence
That I ſhould ſhare the freight, but with deſign
By ſale of me t'enrich himſelf alone
He bore me, jealous, but conſtrain'd to go.
Freſh blew the North and cloudleſs, and the ſhip
Ran through the middle ſea before the gale
Soon clearing Crete. But Jove deſtruction plann'd
And death for them; for Crete now left afar,

* Sethos is ſaid to have been at that time King of Ægypt.—B. & C.

And

And other land than Crete appearing none,
But ſky alone and ſea, right o'er their heads
A gloomy cloud he brought. Black hung the ſtorm
And darken'd all the Deep. Then, thund'ring oft,
He hurl'd his candent bolts into the ſhip.
She, quaking all her length, with ſulphur reek'd,
And plunging headlong o'er her ſhatter'd ſides
Together, on the boiſt'rous waves the crew
Like ſea-mews rode, forbidden by that ſtroke
Of wrath divine to hope their country more.
But Jove himſelf, that I might ſtill ſurvive,
Gave me, in my extreme diſtreſs, to ſeize
The huge unwieldy maſt, to which I clung
With folded arms, and drove before the gale.
Nine days I graſp'd the beam, and, on the tenth,
The rolling billows bore me to the coaſt
Of the Theſprotians. There, the bounteous King,
The Hero Phidon, at his proper coſt
Refreſh'd me; for his own illuſtrious ſon
Arriving where I lay with cold and toil
Wellnigh expiring, rais'd me with his hand,
And led me to his royal father's houſe,
Who cheriſh'd me, and gave me freſh attire*,

* Theſprotia was a city on the border of Theſſaly, and though Ulyſſes here gives them a King, they are ſaid by Thucydides to have had none.—B. & C.

There

There heard I of Ulyſſes, whom himſelf
Had entertain'd, he ſaid, on his return
To his own land; he ſhew'd me alſo gold,
Braſs, and bright ſteel, with all that in his courſe
Ulyſſes had amaſs'd, a ſtore to feed
The houſehold of a leſs renown'd than he
To the tenth generation, ſo immenſe
His treaſures in the royal palace lay.
Of Him he ſpake as to Dodona gone
T'implore Jove's counſel in his oaken bow'rs,
Whether, ſo late returning, he ſhould reach
His Kingdom openly, or in diſguiſe *.
To me the monarch ſwore, in his own hall
Pouring libation, that the ſhip was launch'd,
And the crew ready for his conduct home.
But me he firſt diſmiſs'd, for, as it chanced,
A galley of Theſprotia lay prepared
To ſeek Dulichium, and he charged the crew
That they ſhould give me ſafely to the care
Of King Acaſtus. But with other thoughts
Their boſoms teem'd, that I might yet ſuſtain
Mis'ries ſurpaſſing all that I had known.
For, when the bark had left the land afar,
Confed'rate with each other they conſpired

* This oracle antiently belonged to the Theſprotians, but afterward to the Moloſſi.—C.

Againſt my liberty ; they ſtripp'd my veſt
And mantle, and this tatter'd raiment baſe
Gave me inſtead, a tunick and a cloak
Foul paſt endurance, as thyſelf may'ſt ſee.
At even-tide reaching the cultur'd coaſt
Of Ithaca, they left me bound on board
With tackle of the bark, and quitting ſhip
Themſelves, made haſty ſupper on the ſhore.
But me the Gods themſelves with eaſe releas'd
From that conſtraint, and winding cloſe my rags
Around my brows, and ſliding by the ſmooth
And ſlipp'ry rudder down into the Deep,
I lay'd my boſom gently on the waves.
With both hands oaring thence my courſe, I ſwam
Till paſt all ken of theirs ; then landing where
Thick covert of luxuriant trees I mark'd,
Cloſe couchant down I lay ; they, mutt'ring loud,
Paced to and fro, but deeming farther ſearch
Unprofitable, ſoon embark'd again.
Thus, baffling all their ſearch with eaſe, the Gods
Conceal'd and to a wiſe man's cottage thence
Conducted me, ordain'd not yet to die.

To whom Eumæus anſwer thus return'd.
Alas, my gueſt ! thy wand'rings and thy woes,
Recited thus at large, have moved me much.
But, ſpeaking of Ulyſſes, thou haſt paſs'd

All

All credence; I at leaſt can yield thee none.
Why, noble as thou art, ſhould'ſt thou invent
Theſe idle falſehoods? as for the return
Of my regretted Lord, myſelf I know
That all the Pow'rs of heav'n with hate purſued
My Maſter; he had elſe in battle died
At Ilium, or, the ſiege of Ilium cloſed,
In the embraces of his friends at home.
Then univerſal Greece had raiſed his tomb,
And he had even for his ſon achiev'd
Immortal glory; but alas! by beaks
Of harpies torn, unſeemly ſight, he lies.
I live, the while, ſequeſter'd here, and make
Theſe herds my conſtant care, nor ever ſeek
The city, ſave when ſummon'd by the Queen
Diſcrete Penelope, that I may learn
New tidings, from what land ſoever brought.
Then, all, alike inquiſitive, attend,
Both who regret the abſence of our King,
And who rejoice gratuitous to gorge
His ſubſtance. But propenſion none have I
Or curious appetite to ſuch reports,
Since an Ætolian cozen'd me, who found
(After long wand'ring over various lands
A fugitive for blood) my lone retreat.
Him here I welcom'd, and with open arms

Receiv'd,

Receiv'd, when he affirm'd that he had ſeen
My maſter with Idomeneus in Crete
His ſhips refitting ſhatter'd by a ſtorm,
And that in ſummer with his godlike band
He would return, great riches bringing home,
Or elſe in autumn. And thou antient gueſt
Forlorn! ſince thee the Gods have hither led,
Seek not to gratify me with untruths
And to deceive me; ſince for no ſuch cauſe
I ſhall reſpect or love thee, but alone
By pity ſway'd, and for obedience-ſake
To the demands of hoſpitable Jove.

To whom Ulyſſes, ever wiſe, replied.
Thou haſt, in truth, a moſt incredulous mind,
Whom even with an oath I have not won
To give me credence. Come then—we will each
Engage by cov'nant, which the Pow'rs of heav'n
Shall witneſs and confirm on either part,
Thou, that if He, thy Maſter, ſhall arrive
At this thy dwelling, thou ſhalt ſend me, then,
In veſt and mantle decently attired,
Hence to Dulichium, whither I would go.
And I, thy Lord not coming as I ſay,
That ye ſhall hurl me downright from the rocks
Thou and thy ſervants, that in times to come
The poor and deſtitute may fear to lie.

To

To whom the generous ſwineherd in return.
My friend! well ſpoken—doubtleſs I ſhould win
Immortal praiſe from all, for true deſert
And virtue, ſlaying the defenceleſs man
Whom I had, firſt, invited to my board,
And with great boldneſs I ſhould pray to Jove *—
But the hour calls to ſupper, and my ſwains
Now ſeek the cottage, ready to provide
The ſav'ry viands for our evening fare.

Scarce had he ſpoken, when the ſwains approach'd
Driving their herds. Within their wonted pens
They ſhut them faſt for ſleep, and hubbub wild
Of the impriſon'd multitudes enſued.

Then call'd Eumæus to the youths aloud.
Bring ye the beſt, that we may ſet him forth
Before my foreign friend, with whom ourſelves
Will alſo feaſt, who find the ſtubborn race
A painful charge, while others, at no coſt
Of labour, riot in the fruits of ours.

So ſaying, his wood for fuel he prepared,
And, dragging thither a well fatted brawn

* The expreſſion is ironical and the ſentiment worthy of a poet born in more enlightened times. He who has ſlain his gueſt, ſays Eumæus, and is conſcious of having ſo baſely infringed the laws of hoſpitality, with what countenance or hope of being heard could he offer prayer to Jove the Hoſpitable? Homer knew, therefore, that an evil conſcience is a barrier between God and man.

Of

Of the fifth year his ſervants held him faſt
At the hearth-ſide. Nor failed the maſter ſwain
T' adore the Gods, (for wiſe and good was he)
But conſecration of the victim, firſt,
Himſelf performing, caſt into the fire
The forehead briſtles of the tuſky boar,
And pray'd to all above, that, ſafe, at length,
Ulyſſes might regain his native home.
Then, with an oaken ſhive which he had left
Beſide the fire, he ſmote him, and he fell.
Next, piercing him, and ſcorching cloſe his hair,
The joints they parted, and with ſlices crude
Cut neatly from the ſeparated limbs
Eumæus ſpread the caul, which, ſprinkled o'er
With pureſt meal, he caſt into the fire *.
The remnant flaſh'd and ſpitted and prepared
They placed, heap'd high in chargers, on the board.
Then roſe the good Eumæus to his taſk
Of diſtribution, for by none excell'd
In all the duties of an hoſt was he.
Sev'n-fold partition of the banquet made,

* I have myſelf ſeen theſe ceremonies practiſed by Romans in my own houſe, and, on the ground of this ſingle teſtimony, have concluded that the people of Rome were not of barbarous origin, but Greecians aſſembled and aſſociated from different diſtricts.

Dionyſ. Halicarn. Antiq. Rom. lib. vii.—C.

He

He gave, with previous pray'r, to Maia's ſon *
And to the nymphs one portion, and the gueſts
Served next; but, honouring Ulyſſes moſt,
On Him the long unſever'd chine beſtow'd,
By that diſtinction juſt his maſter's heart
He gratified, and thus the Hero ſpake.

Eumæus! be thou as belov'd of Jove
As thou art dear to me, whom, though attired
So coarſely, thou haſt ſerved with ſuch reſpect!

To whom, Eumæus, thou didſt thus reply.
Eat, noble ſtranger! and refreſhment take
Such as thou may'ſt; God gives, and God denies
At his own will, for He is Lord of all †.

He ſpake, and of the food, untaſted yet,
Part off'ring to the Gods, libation pour'd,
And to Ulyſſes, town-deſtroying Chief,
Now ſeated in his place, the goblet gave.
With bread Meſaulius ſerved them. Him, the ſwain

* Mercury.

† Θεὸς—without a relative, and conſequently ſignifying God in the abſtract, is not unfrequently found in Homer, though fearing to give offence to ſerious minds unacquainted with the original, I have not always given it that force in the tranſlation. But here, the ſentiment is ſuch as fixes the ſenſe intended by the author with a preciſion that leaves me no option. It is obſervable too, that—δύνατα γὰρ ἅπαντα—is an aſcription of power ſuch as the poet never makes to his Jupiter.

Eumæus

Eumæus, in the abſence of his Lord,
Had purchaſed, aided neither by the Queen
Nor the old Lord Laertes, from on board
A Taphian, at his own peculiar coſt.
Theſe rights perform'd, all ſtretch'd their eager hands
Toward the banquet, and, the keen deſires
Of hunger ſated, and the thirſt of each,
Meſaulius clear'd the board, which now the hinds
Full fed, relinquiſh'd willingly to ſeek
Their ſev'ral beds. Black came a moonleſs night,
And Jove all night deſcending faſt in ſhow'rs,
With howlings of the ever wat'ry Weſt.
Ulyſſes, at that ſound, for trial's ſake
Of his good hoſt, if putting off his cloak
He would accommodate him, or require
That ſervice for him at ſome other hand,
Addreſſing thus the family, began.

Hear now, Eumæus, and ye other ſwains
His fellow lab'rers! I ſhall ſomewhat boaſt,
By wine befool'd, which forces ev'n the wiſe
To carol loud, to titter and to dance,
And ſpeak what oft were better far ſuppreſs'd *.

But

* Homer, ſays Athenæus, means not to cenſure all who laugh or ſing or dance, for he was no clown nor of a churliſh temper; but he knew how to diſtinguiſh between things that differ, between

But ſince I have begun, I ſhall proceed,
Prating my fill. Ah might thoſe days return
With all the youth and ſtrength that I enjoy'd,
When ambuſh'd, once, on Ilium's plains we lay,
Ulyſſes, Menelaus and myſelf
By their election, leaders of the band.
Approaching to the city's lofty wall
Through tangled buſhes and the reeds that gird
The bulwarks, down we lay'd us in the marſh,
Beneath our arms. Then, Boreas blowing loud,
A rueful night of nipping froſt enſued,
With ſnow that blanch'd us thick as morning rime,
And ev'ry ſhield with ice was chryſtall'd o'er.
The reſt with cloaks and veſts well cover'd, ſlept
Beneath their bucklers; I alone my cloak,
Improvident, had left behind, no thought
Conceiving of a ſeaſon ſo ſevere,
And cov'ring none ſave ſhield and zone had I.
The night, at length, nigh ſpent, and all the ſtars
Declining in their courſe, with elbow thruſt
Againſt Ulyſſes' ſide I rouſed the Chief,
And thus addreſs'd him ever prompt to hear.

moderation and exceſs, cheerfulneſs and fooliſh levity. He comdemns therefore only ſuch extravagances as too much wine occaſions; loud and much ſinging, to the wearineſs of the hearer, cauſeleſs laughter, and dancing without grace or meaſure.—C.

Laertes'

Laertes' noble ſon, for wiles renown'd!
I freeze to death. Oh, help! or I am loſt.
No cloak have I; ſome evil demon, ſure,
Beguil'd me of all prudence, that I came
Thus ſparely clad; I ſhall, I muſt expire.
So I; he, ready as he was in arms
And counſel both, the remedy at once
Deviſed, and in a whiſper thus replied.
Huſh! leſt perchance ſome other hear—He ſaid,
And leaning on his elbow, ſpake aloud.
My friends! all hear—a monitory dream
Hath reach'd me—We have left the ſhips afar—
Haſte, therefore, one of you, with my requeſt
To Agamemnon, Sov'reign in command,
That he would reinforce us from the camp.
He ſpake, and at the word, Andræmon's ſon
Thoas aroſe, who, caſting off his cloak,
Flew to the ſhips, and cheerful and refreſh'd
The morning found me, wrapp'd in his attire.
Oh for the vigour of ſuch youth again!
Then, ſome good peaſant here would ſpare a cloak,
Moved both by friendſhip and reſpect, to One
Whom now, thus old and ſqualid, ye deſpiſe.
To whom, Eumæus, thou didſt thus reply.
My friend! rehearſing thus Ulyſſes' praiſe
Thou haſt ſo pleas'd me, that thou ſhalt not find

Th' effect unpleaſant to thyſelf. No want
Of cov'ring, therefore, or of aught beſide
Needful to ſolace penury like thine,
Shall harm thee here; yet at the peep of dawn
Gird thy own tatters to thy loins again;
For *we* have no great ſtore of cloaks to boaſt,
And, as for veſts, none more than each his own.
But when Ulyſſes' ſon ſhall once arrive,
He will himſelf with mantle and with veſt
Supply and ſend thee whither moſt thou would'ſt.
So ſaying, he roſe, and nearer made his couch
To the hearth-ſide, well thick'ning it with ſkins
Of ſheep and goats; then lay the Hero down,
O'er whom a ſhaggy mantle large he threw,
Which oftimes ſerved him with a change, when rough
The winter's blaſt and terrible aroſe.
So was Ulyſſes bedded, and the youths
Slept all beſide him; but the maſter-ſwain
Choſe not his place of reſt ſo far remote
From his rude charge, but iſſued arm'd abroad,
Gladd'ning Ulyſſes' heart that he had left
His herds with One ſo faithful to his truſt.
Athwart his ſturdy ſhoulders, firſt, he flung
His faulchion bright, then wrapp'd him in a cloak
Thick-woven, winter-proof; a goat-ſkin, next,
Of ampleſt ſize and thickeſt ſhagg'd with hair

He lifted, and a light keen javelin, laſt,
With which he kept aloof the threaten'd force
Of dogs and men. Thus arm'd, his couch he ſought
Beſide the cavern where his ſleeping herds
Lay warm, and from the Northern blaſt ſecure.

ARGUMENT

OF THE

FIFTEENTH BOOK.

Telemachus, admoniſhed by Minerva, takes leave of Menelaus, but ere he ſails, is accoſted by Theoclymenus, a prophet of Argos, whom at his earneſt requeſt he takes on board. In the mean time Eumæus relates to Ulyſſes the means by which he came to Ithaca. Telemachus arriving there, gives orders for the return of his bark to the city, and repairs himſelf to Eumæus.

BOOK XV.

MEAN-TIME to Lacedæmon's ſpacious vale
Minerva went, that ſhe might ſummon thence
Ulyſſes' glorious offspring to his home *.
Telemachus and Neſtor's ſon ſhe found

In

* The word ἐυτύκτοιον has probably no other meaning than is here given it, though ſome commentators, not to be ſatisfied with what is obvious, fetch a different ſenſe of it from afar, and ſuppoſe it to allude to a cuſtom of the Lacedæmonians mentioned by Plutarch, of introducing into their publick feaſts three choruſſes or companies of ſingers

In Menelaus' veſtibule repoſed,
Piſiſtratus in gentle ſleep immerſed,
But not the gen'rous Ithacan; his mind
No reſt enjoy'd, by filial cares diſturb'd
Amid the ſilent night; when, drawing near
To his couch' ſide, the Goddeſs thus began.
Telemachus! it were a deed unwiſe
To ſojourn longer here, thy fair demeſnes
Abandon'd, and thoſe haughty ſuitors left
Within thy walls; fear leſt, partition made
Of thy poſſeſſions, they conſume them all,
And in the end thy voyage bootleſs prove.
Delay not; from brave Menelaus aſk
Diſmiſſion hence, that thou may'ſt find at home
Thy ſpotleſs mother, whom her brethren urge *

fingers, conſiſting of old men, youths, and boys. The band being properly arranged, one of the Seniors began his ſong in theſe words—B.

Ἄμες ποτ' ἦμες ἄλκιμοι νεανίαι
Stout youths in other days were we.

He was anſwered by one of the young men thus—

Ἄμες δὲ γ' ἐσμέν· αἱ δὲ λῆς, αὐγάσδεο.
Such we are now, as ye may ſee.

And the third ſong was by one of the boys, as follows—

Ἄμες δέ γ' ἐσσόμεσθα πολλῷ κάρρονες.
But we ſhall far ſuperiour be.

* Apollodorus, whom Barnes cites in his note on this paſſage, informs us that Icarius had by his wife Periboea the Neïd or Naiad, five ſons, Thoas, Damaſippus, Imeniſmus, Aletes, and Perileos. He then mentions his daughter Penelope, but takes no notice of her ſiſter Iphthima.

And her own father even now to wed
Eurymachus, in gifts and in amount
Of proffer'd dow'r ſuperiour to the reſt.
Some treaſure, elſe, ſhall haply from thy ſtores
Be taken, ſuch as thou wilt grudge to ſpare.
For well thou know'ſt how woman is diſpoſed;
Her whole anxiety is to encreaſe
His ſubſtance whom ſhe weds; no care hath ſhe
Of her firſt children, or remembers more
The buried huſband of her virgin choice.
Haſte then, and to the woman of thy train
Whom thou ſhalt moſt approve, conſign the charge
Of thy domeſtick int'reſts, till the Gods
Themſelves ſhall guide thee to a noble wife.
This farther counſel alſo well deſerves
Thy ſpecial notice. In the narrow frith
Samos the rude, and Ithaca between,
The chief of all thy mother's ſuitors wait
In cloſeſt ambuſh, urged by fierce deſire
To ſlay thee, ere thou reach thy native ſhore,
But firſt, or I misjudge, the tomb ſhall hide
All thoſe lewd revellers at thy expence.
Yet, ſteer thy galley from thoſe iſles afar,
And voyage make by night; ſome guardian God
Shall waft thee on, and watch and keep thee ſafe.
Then, ſoon as thou attain ſt the neareſt ſhore

Of

Of Ithaca, diſpatching to the town
Thy bark with all thy people, ſeek at once
The ſwineherd; for Eumæus is thy friend.
There ſleep, and to the city ſpeed him forth
With tidings to the Queen, that thou haſt paſs'd
From Pylus, ſafely, to thy native ſhores.
She ſaid, and ſought th' Olympian heights ſublime.
Then from ſweet ſleep awak'ning with his heel
The ſon of Neſtor, him he thus addreſs'd.
Riſe, Neſtor's ſon, Piſiſtratus! lead forth
The ſteeds and yoke them. We muſt now depart.
To whom the ſon of Neſtor thus replied.
Telemachus! what haſte ſoe'er we feel,
We can by no means prudently attempt
To drive by night, and ſoon it will be dawn.
Depart not, therefore, now, but patient wait
Till Menelaus, Atreus' mighty ſon,
With gifts of honour in the chariot placed
And kind farewell diſmiſs thee; for the gifts
Of an ungrudging hoſt, through life inſpire
His gueſt with thoughts of gratitude and love.
Scarce had he ſpoken, when the golden dawn
Appearing, Menelaus, from the ſide
Of beauteous Helen newly ris'n, approach'd;
Whoſe coming when Telemachus perceived,
The Hero, putting on his ſplendid veſt

With

With briſk diſpatch, and o'er his ſhoulders broad
Caſting his graceful mantle, at the door
Received him, and his wiſhes thus expreſs'd.
Atrides, Menelaus, glorious Chief!
Now let it pleaſe thee that I ſeek again
My native ſhores, for now would I depart.
Him anſwer'd Menelaus famed in arms.
Telemachus! I will not long delay
Thy wiſh'd return. I diſapprove alike
The hoſt whoſe aſſiduity extreme
Diſtreſſes, and whoſe negligence offends;
The middle courſe is beſt; alike we err,
Him thruſting forth whoſe wiſh is to remain,
And hind'ring the impatient to depart.
This only is true kindneſs—To regale
The preſent gueſt, and ſpeed him when he would*.
Yet ſtay, till thou ſhalt ſee my ſplendid gifts
Placed in thy chariot, and till I command
My women from our preſent ſtores to ſpread
The table with a plentiful repaſt.
For both the honour of the gueſt demands,
And his convenience alſo that he eat

* The treatment, ſays Ælian, which the ſwallow receives at the hands of man, is conformable to the rule of hoſpitality preſcribed by Homer. We make him welcome while he ſtays, and permit him to depart when he pleaſes.—B. & C.

Sufficient. ent'ring on a length of road.
But would'ſt thou travel, ſo that I would ſhare
Myſelf thy journey, through the midſt of Greece,
I will conduct thee drawn by ſteeds of mine
To many a city, and from none of all
Ungifted ſhall we go, but ſhall in each
Some boon receive, a charger, it may chance,
Or brazen tripod, or a golden cup,
Or, fitly match'd, two mules, a ſturdy pair.
To whom Telemachus, diſcrete, replied.
Atrides, Menelaus, Chief renown'd!
I would at once depart, (for guardian none
Of my poſſeſſions have I left behind)
Leſt, while I ſeek my father, I be loſt
Myſelf, or loſe what I ſhould grudge to ſpare.
Which when the valiant Menelaus heard,
He bade his ſpouſe and her attendant maids
Set forth, at once, refreſhments on the board
Such as their preſent ſtores might well ſupply.
Then Eteoneus came, Boethous' ſon
Newly aris'n, for nigh at hand he dwelt,
Whom Menelaus charged to kindle fire
By which to dreſs their food, and he obey'd.
He, next, himſelf his fragrant chamber ſought,
Not ſole, but by his ſpouſe and by his ſon
Attended, Megapenthes. There arrived

Amidſt

Amidſt his choiceſt treaſures, he produced
Himſelf a goblet, firſt, and, next, conſign'd
An argent beaker to the Prince's hand.
Mean-time, beſide her coffers Helen ſtood
Fill'd with rich mantles, variegated works
Of her own hand. The mantle of them all
Wideſt and moſt magnificent, a ſtar
In ſplendour, and which lay below the reſt,
The beauteous ſpouſe of Menelaus choſe,
And all, proceeding through the palace, ſought
Telemachus again, whom reaching, thus
The Hero of the golden locks began.

May Juno's mate, the Thund'rer, ſuch return
Grant thee, Telemachus, as thou deſir'ſt!
Behold, I give thee from my precious ſtores
The richeſt and the nobleſt treaſure there—
I give thee this bright beaker, argent all,
But round encircled with a lip of gold.
It is the work of Vulcan, which to me
The Hero Phædimus preſented, King
Of the Sidonians, when, on my return,
Beneath his roof I lodg'd. I make it thine*.

So ſaying, Menelaus in his hands
The goblet placed, and Megapenthes, next,

* See the Fourth Book, where this Cup is promiſed.

The

The beaker ſet before him. Laſt of all
Helen the mantle brought, and thus ſhe ſaid.
Accept, my ſon, this alſo. Seeing this
Call me to mind who wove it, and preſent
This mantle, in the joyful nuptial hour,
To thy fair bride, repoſing it, the while,
In thy own mother's keeping. Now, farewell!
Proſp'rous and happy be thy voyage home!
She ſpake, and gave it to him. He the boon
Receiv'd with gladneſs, and his noble friend
Piſiſtratus, within the chariot-cheſt,
Diſpoſed the ſev'ral gifts. This done, their hoſt
The glorious Menelaus to his hall
Led them again, where each his former ſeat,
Exalted throne, or ſofter couch, reſumed.
A maiden, then, with golden ewer charged
And ſilver bowl, pour'd water on their hands,
And ſpread the poliſh'd table, which with food
Various, ſelected from her preſent ſtores,
The miſtreſs of the houſehold charge ſupplied.
Boetheus' ſon ſtood carver, and to each
His portion gave, while Megapenthes, ſon
Of glorious Menelaus, ſerv'd the cup.
Then, all with outſtretch'd hands the feaſt aſſail'd,
And when, nor hunger more nor thirſt they felt,
Telemachus and Neſtor's noble ſon

Then

Then join'd the rapid ſteeds, and, mounting, drove
Through veſtibule and ſounding porch abroad.
Forth iſſued alſo, bearing in his hand
A golden goblet of delicious wine,
The Hero of the golden locks; reſolved
That not without libation firſt perform'd
They ſhould depart; he ſtood before the ſteeds,
And drinking firſt, thus, courteous, them beſpake.

Health to yourſelves, my children! and I wiſh
Much health (ſo tell him) to my glorious friend
The hoary Neſtor, ever, while we warr'd
At Ilium, as a father kind to me.

To whom Telemachus diſcrete replied.
And doubtleſs, ſo we will; nor aught ſuppreſs
Of all thy gracious words or bounteous deeds
Arrived in Pylus; and I would to heav'n
That, reaching home, I might, as ſure, report
All to my father there, as I have found
Beneath thy roof much friendſhip, and depart
Enrich'd with many a noble gift by thee!

While thus he ſpake, on his right hand appear'd
An eagle; in his talons pounced he bore
A white-plumed gooſe domeſtick, newly ta'en
From the houſe-court. Men, women, all alike,
With ſhouts purſued him; but the fearleſs bird
Approaching, firſt, the chariot, on the right

And

And close before it, sprang into the skies.
That sight rejoicing and with hearts reviv'd
They view'd, and thus Pisistratus his speech
Amid them all to Menelaus turn'd.

Now, Menelaus, think, illustrious Chief!
If us, this omen, or thyself regard.

While warlike Menelaus musing stood
What answer fit to frame, his spouse, mean-time,
Fair Helen, thus preventing him, began.

Hear me; for I will answer as the Gods
Teach me, and as I think shall come to pass.
As he, descending from his place of birth
The mountains, caught our pamper'd goose away,
So shall Ulysses, after num'rous toils
And wand'rings, punish all his foes at home,
Perhaps sits framing, even now, the means
Of due revenge, arrived already there.

To whom Telemachus, discrete, replied.
Juno's loud-thund'ring spouse confirm the word!
And I will worship thee as we adore
The Gods themselves, with sacrifice and praise.

He said, and lash'd the coursers; fiery they
And fleet, sprang through the city to the plain.
Thus, journeying, they shook on either side
The yoke all day, and when the setting sun
To dusky evening had resign'd the roads,

At

At Pheræ they arrived, and at the houſe
Where dwelt Diocles, whoſe illuſtrious Sire
Oriſilochus from Alpheus ſprang, repoſed.
But when Aurora, daughter of the Dawn,
Look'd roſy forth, then, binding to the yoke
Their ſteeds again, they mounted. Neſtor's ſon
Urged through the veſtibule and ſounding porch
His willing courſers, and the lo'ty tow'rs
Of Pylus ſoon they ſaw; when, thus, his friend
Piſiſtratus Ulyſſes' ſon beſpake.

What words, Piſiſtratus! ſhall I employ
That may prevail to win thy kind conſent
To my requeſt? The friendſhip that deſcends
From Sire to ſon, Jove's ordinance, is ours.
Our years are equal, and this journey, laſt,
Shall ſerve t'endear us mutually the more.
Me bear not, I conjure thee, noble friend!
Beyond the ſhip, but drop me where ſhe lies,
Leſt antient Neſtor, though againſt my will,
Detain me in his palace through deſire
To feaſt me, for I dread the leaſt delay.

He ſpake; then muſed Piſiſtratus how beſt
He might effect the wiſhes of his friend,
And thus at length reſolved; turning his ſteeds
With ſudden deviation to the ſhore
He ſought the bark, and placing in the ſtern

Both

Both gold and raiment, the illuſtrious gifts
Of Menelaus, thus, in accents wing'd
With ardour, urged Telemachus away.

Diſpatch, embark, command thy crew on board,
Ere my arrival notice give of thine
To the old King; for vehement I know
His temper, neither will he let thee hence,
But, haſting hither, will himſelf enforce
Thy longer ſtay, leſt thou depart the coaſt
Ungifted; nought will fire his anger more.

He ended, laſh'd his ſteeds, the city ſought,
And ſoon arrived at home. Mean-time, his crew
Exhorting, thus Telemachus exclaim'd.

My comrades! fix the maſt, extend the ſail
And climb the bark, for I would now return.

He ſpake; they heard him gladly, and at once
All fill'd the benches. While his voyage he
Thus expedited, and beſide the ſtern
To Pallas ſacrifice perform'd and pray'd,
A ſtranger, born remote, who had eſcaped
From Argos fugitive for blood, a ſeer,
And of Melampus' progeny, approach'd.
Melampus, in old time, in Pylus dwelt,
Mother of flocks, alike for wealth renown'd
And the magnificence of his abode.
He flying mighty Neleus, firſt of men,

Exchanged his country for a foreign land,
And Neleus occupied his ample means
A year complete, poſſeſſing them by force.
Melampus in the houſe of Phylacus
Endured, mean-time, impriſonment and woe,
And burn'd with wrath for Neleus' daughter ſake
By fell Erynnis kindled in his heart *.
But, 'ſcaping death, he drove the lowing beeves
From Phylace to Pylus, well avenged
His injuries at Neleus' hands ſuſtain'd,
And gave to his defrauded brother's arms
King Neleus' daughter fair, the promis'd bride †.
To ſteed-famed Argos, next, he bent his way,
There mark'd by Fate t'inhabit and to rule
Achaia's num'rous people. In that land
He married, built a palace, and became
The father of two valiant ſons, by name

* Her name was Pero.—C.

Iphiclus the ſon of Phylacus had ſeized and detained cattle belonging to Neleus; Neleus ordered his nephew Melampus to recover them, and as ſecurity for his obedience ſeized on a conſiderable part of his poſſeſſions. Melampus attempted the ſervice, failed, and was caſt into priſon; but at length eſcaping, accompliſhed his errand, vanquiſhed Neleus in battle, and carried off his daughter Pero, whom Neleus had promiſed to the brother of Melampus, but had afterward refuſed her.—B.

† His brother's name was Bias. —B. & C.

Antiphates and Mantius. To the firſt
Was born Oicleus, from Oïcleus ſprang
Amphiaraüs, warlike Chief renown'd,
Whom with all tenderneſs, and as a friend
Alike the Thund rer and Apollo prized *;
Yet reach'd he not the bounds of hoary age,
But by his mercenary conſort s arts
Urged thither, died at Thebes †. Two ſons he left,
Alcmæon and Amphilochus; and two,
Left alſo Mantius, of undying fame,
Clytus and Polyphides. Clytus paſs'd
From earth to heav'n, and dwells among the Gods,
Stol'n by Aurora for his beauty's ſake.
But (brave Amphiaraüs once deceaſed)
Phœbus exalted Polyphides far
Above all others in the prophet's part.
He, anger'd by his father, roam'd away
To Hypereſia, where he dwelt renown'd
Throughout all lands, the oracle of all.
His ſon, named Theoclymenus, was he

* As a royal character he was beloved by Jupiter. All ſuch were therefore called διογενεῖς and διοτρεφέες—and as a prophet he was dear to Apollo.—C.

† His wife Eryphyle, bribed by Polynices, perſuaded him, though aware that death awaited him at that city, to go to Thebes, where he fell accordingly.—B. & C.

Who now approach'd; Ulyſſes' ſon he found
Libation off'ring in his bark, and pray'r,
And in wing'd accents ardent him addreſs'd.
Sir! ſince I find thee ſacrificing here,
By theſe moſt hallow'd rites, and by the Gods,
And as thou liv'ſt thyſelf, and hopeſt the lives
Of theſe thy people, I conjure thee, ſolve
My queſtions ſpeedily, nor hide the truth.
Who art thou? whence? where born? and ſprung
from whom?
To whom Telemachus, diſcrete, replied.
I will inform thee, ſtranger! and will ſolve
With truth thy queſtions. Ithacan by birth
I boaſt myſelf, and from Ulyſſes ſprung.
But He, alas! hath reach'd a woful end,
And I, believing it, with theſe have plough'd
The Ocean hither, int'reſted to learn
A father's fate long abſent from his home.
Then anſwer'd godlike Theoclymenus.
I alſo wander, and muſt leave afar
My native home; for I have ſlain a Chief
Of my own tribe in Argos; num'rous friends
And kinſmen had he there, and far and wide
Their pow'r extends. A dreadful death I fear
From their reſentment, and have therefore fled,
Doom'd never to return. But thou receive

Thy

Thy ſuppliant, and afford me in thy bark
A refuge, for I deem them near at hand.
Then anſwer thus Telemachus return'd.
Fear not leſt I refuſe thee. Welcome ſhare
My voyage, and in Ithaca receive
Such entertainment as myſelf enjoy.
He ſpake, and at the ſtranger's hand his ſpear
Accepting, lay'd it kindly on the deck
Then climb'd, himſelf, the bark, and, in the ſtern
His ſeat reſuming, placed him at his ſide.
The moorings loos'd, Telemachus aloud
Exhorted all his followers to the taſk
Of preparation. They with briſk diſpatch
The pine-maſt heaving, in the central beam
Infixt it, and at ſtern and prow ſecured
The tighten'd cords; then, ſtraining at the thongs
Of twiſted hide, unfurl'd the ſhining ſail.
Fair wind, through cloudleſs ether blowing freſh
Minerva ſent them, that the bark might run
Her nimbleſt courſe through all the briny way.
Now ſank the ſun, and duſky ev'ning dimm'd
The waves, when, driven by propitious Jove,
She reach'd the length of Pheræ; thence ſhe ſtretch'd
To ſacred Elis where the Epeans rule,
And through the ſharp Echinades purſued
Her rapid courſe, him bearing doubtful ſtill

Of life or death, ſurpriſal or eſcape*.
Mean-time Ulyſſes and the ſwineherd ate
Their cottage-meſs, and the aſſiſtant ſwains
Theirs alſo; and when hunger now and thirſt
Had ceaſed in all, Ulyſſes thus began,
Proving the ſwineherd, whether friendly ſtill,
And anxious for his good, he would intreat
His ſtay, or haſten him to ſeek the town.
Eumæus, hear me, and let theſe thy friends
Hear alſo. Much deſire I feel to ſeek
At early dawn the city, there to beg,
Leſt I diſtreſs you. But afford me, firſt,
Needful inſtructions, and a truſty guide
Who may conduct me thither; there my taſk
Muſt be to roam the ſtreets, and to obtain
From whom I may, the mendicant's reward,
A little bread, and a few drops to drink.
Ulyſſes' palace I ſhall alſo ſeek,
And to diſcrete Penelope report
My tidings; neither ſhall I fail to mix
With thoſe imperious ſuitors, who, themſelves
Full-fed, may ſpare perhaps ſome boon to me.

* Thoſe iſlands of the Echinades are intended which were near to the opening of the bay of Corinth and the mouth of the Acheloüs.—C.

Me

Me ſhall they find, in whatſoe'er they wiſh
Their ready ſervitor, for (underſtand
And mark me well) the herald of the ſkies,
Hermes, from whom all actions of mankind
Receive their grace and poliſh, is my friend,
So that in menial offices I fear
No rival, whether I be call'd to heap
The hearth with fuel, or dry wood to cleave,
To roaſt, to carve, or to diſtribute wine,
As oft the poor are wont who ſerve the great.
To whom, Eumæus! at thoſe words diſpleaſed,
Thou didſt reply. Gods! how could ſuch a thought,
My gueſt! poſſeſs thee? ſurely thou deſign'ſt
Thy own deſtruction, purpoſing to ſeek
Thoſe ſuitors, and to mingle with a throng
Whoſe impious riots echo to the ſkies.
Them, no ſuch ſervitors attend, as thou,
But youths well-cloak'd, well veſted; ſleek their heads,
And ſmug their countenances; ſuch alone
Are their attendants, and the poliſh'd boards
Groan overcharged with bread, with fleſh, with wine.
Reſt here content; for neither me nor theſe
Thou wearieſt aught, and when Ulyſſes' ſon
Shall come, he will with veſt and mantle fair
Attire, and ſend thee whither moſt thou would'ſt.
To whom, Ulyſſes, Hero toil-inured.

I wiſh thee, O Eumæus! dear to Jove
As to myſelf, for whom thy friendly care
Provides that I ſhall ceaſe, henceforth, to roam
A wretched mendicant; for anguiſh none
Can equal his, who ſtrays by famine urged,
And fears and trembles whereſoe'er he ſtrays.
Since thou detain'ſt me, then, and bidd'ſt me wait
His ſon's arrival, tell me—lives the Sire
Of brave Ulyſſes ſtill, whom here he left
Declining faſt into the vale of years?
And lives his mother? or have both deceaſed
Already, and deſcended to the ſhades?

To whom the maſter ſwineherd thus replied.
Hear then, my gueſt! the truth. Laertes lives,
But importuning Jove with ceaſeleſs pray'r
For ſpeedy riddance of a weary life;
Such pangs he ſuffers for his abſent ſon,
And for the conſort of his early choice,
Whoſe death ſo wrung his heart, that wither'd age
Invaded him, or ere its date arrived.
She died of ſorrow for her glorious ſon,
And died deplorably; may never friend
Of mine, or benefactor die as ſhe *!
While yet, though worn with mis'ry, ſhe ſurvived,

* She is ſaid to have hanged herſelf.—B. & C.

With

With her converſing I could oft abate
My troubles much; for, in my childiſh days
She cheriſh'd me, and ſuch maternal care,
Or hardly leſs, than for her youngeſt-born
The Princeſs Ctimena* ſhe felt, vouchſafed
Continually to me. With her I grew
To riper years, and when we both attained
Our blooming youth, they gave her to a Chief
Of Samos, who repaid the precious gift
With countleſs dow'r. But me, firſt, well-ſupplied
With ſandals, mantle, veſt, ſhe bade forſake
Ulyſſes' palace for the diſtant field,
Yet loved me, ſo ſequeſter'd, ſtill the more.
I miſs her kindneſs now; but gracious heav'n
Makes uſeful to myſelf my labours here;
Hence have I food, and hence I drink, and hence
Refreſh, ſometimes, a worthy gueſt like thee.
But neither gracious word nor bounteous deed
Can reach me now, from Her who rules us all,
So is the houſe infeſted with the plague
Of that lewd throng. Glad would my ſervants be
To reach their miſtreſs' ear, and from herſelf
Her pleaſure learn; beneath the royal roof
To drink and eat, and bring a portion home;

* Siſter of Ulyſſes.—B. & C.

For

For gift and grant make heavieſt labour light *.
Then anſwer thus, Ulyſſes wife return'd.
Alas! good ſwain, Eumæus, how remote
From friends and country waſt thou forced to roam
Ev'n in thy childiſh days! But tell me true.
The city where thy parents dwelt, did foes
Deſpoil it? or did elſe ſome hoſtile band
Surpriſing thee alone, on herd or flock
Attendant, bear thee with them o'er the Deep,
And ſell thee at this Hero's houſe, who pay'd
Doubtleſs for *thee* no ſordid price or ſmall?
To whom the maſter ſwincherd in reply.
Stranger! ſince thou art curious to be told
My ſtory, ſilent liſten, and thy wine
At leiſure quaff. The nights are longeſt now,
And ſuch as time for ſleep afford, and time
For pleaſant conf'rence; neither were it good
That thou ſhould'ſt ſeek thy couch or ere the time,
Since even ſleep is hurtful, in exceſs †.

And

* It ſeems plain, though unnoticed, I believe, either by tranſlators or commentators, that by δμῶες in this place Eumæus intends his own ſervants; for the ſervants of the ſuitors are out of the queſtion, and male ſervants belonging to the houſehold and dwelling in the palace it no where appears that there were any.

† To ſleep too long makes us reſemble more the Dead than the Living. Æſchines de Somno.—C.

For exceſs in ſleep is in its very nature unfriendly both to our minds

And is there here whom wearineſs o'erwhelms
With ſlumber now, let ſuch an one retire,
And, on the morrow, let him eat betimes
His meſs, and drive my maſter's herd abroad.
But we with wine and a well-furniſh'd board
Supplied, will ſolace mutually derive
From recollection of our ſufferings paſt;
For who hath much endured, and wander'd far,
Finds the recital ev'n of ſorrow ſweet;
Now, therefore, hear, for I will tell thee mine *.

There is an iſland (thou haſt heard, perchance,
Of ſuch an iſle) named Syria †; it is placed
Above Ortygia, and a dial owns
True to the tropic changes of the year ‡.

No

minds and bodies, and to our performance of the various duties of life. While we ſleep we are of no more conſequence than the Dead. But he who wiſhes Life indeed, and is chiefly concerned to acquire wiſdom, will keep himſelf as much as poſſible awake, conſidering ſuch a practice as more than any thing eſſential to his well-being. Plato de Legib. Lib. vii.—C.

* It is pleaſant to recollect the Paſt; not only ſuch things as pleaſed us at the moment, but even the unpleaſing, if our condition has ſince changed for the better. The reaſon is, that not to be afflicted is, itſelf, a comfort. Ariſtotle's Rhet. Lib. i. C. ii.—C.

† Not improbably the iſthmus of Syracuſe, an iſland, perhaps, or peninſula at that period, or at leaſt imagined to be ſuch by Homer. The birth of Diana gave fame to Ortygia.—F.

‡ Ὄθι τροπαὶ ἠελίοιο.—The Tranſlator has rendered the paſſage according to that interpretation of it to which ſeveral of the beſt expoſitors

No great extent ſhe boaſts, yet is ſhe rich
In cattle and in flocks, in wheat and wine.
No famine knows that people, or diſeaſe
Noiſome, of all that elſewhere ſeize the race
Of miſerable man; but when old age
Steals on the citizens, Apollo, arm'd
With ſilver bow and bright Diana come,
Whoſe gentle ſhafts diſmiſs them ſoon to reſt.
Two cities ſhare between them all the iſle,
And both were ſubject to my father's ſway
Cteſius Ormenides, a godlike Chief.
It chanced that from Phœnicia, famed for ſkill
In arts marine, a veſſel thither came
By ſharpers mann'd, and laden deep with toys.
Now, in my father's family abode
A fair Phœnician, tall, full-ſized, and ſkill'd
In works of elegance, whom they beguiled.
While ſhe waſh'd linen on the beach, beſide
The ſhip, a certain mariner of thoſe
Seduced her; for all women, ev'n the wiſe
And ſober, feeble prove by love aſſail'd.
Who was ſhe, he enquired, and whence? nor ſhe
Scrupled to tell at once her father's home.

expoſitors incline. Nothing can be ſo abſurd as to ſuppoſe, that Homer, ſo correct in his geography, could mean to place a Mediterranean iſland under the Tropick.

I am

I am of Sidon *, famous for her wealth
By dying earn'd †; from Arybas I ſprang,
Rich Arybas. Me Taphian pirates ſtole
Returning from the field, and hither borne
On board their galley, ſold me to the Chief
Of all this iſland, in whoſe houſe I dwell.

Then anſwer thus her paramour return'd.
Fly, now, with us, and thou ſhalt ſee again
Thy parents in their own high-roof'd abode;
For ſtill they live, and ſtill are wealthy deem'd.

To whom the damſel. Even that might be,
Would ye, ye ſeamen, by a ſolemn oath
Aſſure me of a ſafe conveyance home.

Then ſware the mariners as ſhe required,
And ſhe, their oath completed, ſpake again.

Now, ſilence! no man, henceforth, of you all
Accoſt me, though he meet me on the road,
Or at yon fountain; leſt ſome buſy tongue
Report it in my antient maſter's ear,
Who, with ſuſpicion touch'd, may *me* confine
In cruel bonds, and death contrive for *you*.

* A principal city of Phœnicia.

† Πολυχάλκῳ in this place is underſtood by the Scholiaſt to ſignify the fame πλουσίας; and with good reaſon; for in Sidon were no workers in braſs, but many dyers, the purple found there being in the higheſt eſtimation, and the people enriched by it accordingly.—B. & C.

But be ye cloſe; provide your ſtores in haſte;
And when your veſſel ſhall be freighted full,
Quick ſend me notice; for I mean to bring
What gold ſoever opportune I find,
And will my paſſage cheerfully defray
With ſtill another moveable. I nurſe
The good man's ſon, an urchin ſhrewd, of age
To ſcamper at my ſide; him will I bring,
Whom at ſome foreign market ye ſhall prove
Saleable at what price ſoe'er ye will.
So ſaying, ſhe to my father's houſe return'd.
They ſpent the year complete, their veſſel's hold
Storing with purchaſed goods of every kind,
And when, that taſk perform'd, they needed nought
But to return, their meſſenger arrived
To ſummon down the woman to the ſhore.
Then, ent'ring at my father's palace gate,
An artiſt, ſuch he ſeem'd, for ſale produced
Beads of bright amber, rivetted in gold.
My mother (then at home) with all her maids
Handling and gazing on them with delight,
Propoſed to purchaſe them, and he the nod
Significant, gave unobſerv'd the while
To the Phœnician woman, and return'd.
She, thus admoniſh'd, caught my yielding hand
And led me forth. The tables and the cups

Left

Left by the lords, my father's daily gueſts
And followers, in the veſtibule ſhe found ;
For they, my Sire attending, had with Him
The crowded forum ſought. Three cups ſhe ſeized,
Which to her boſom nimbly ſhe convey'd
And bore them off. An unſuſpecting child
I paced beſide her. Evening now embrown'd
The winding paths, and we, with haſty ſteps
Deſcending to the port, erelong arrived
Where the wide-ſail'd Phœnician galley lay.
They placed us both, then, ent'ring, ſwiftly cleav'd
Their liquid road, by favourable gales,
Jove's gift, impell'd. Six days we day and night
Continual ſailed, but when Saturnian Jove
Now bade the ſev'nth bright morn illume the ſkies,
Then, ſhaft-arm'd Dian ſtruck the woman dead.
She headlong pitch'd at once into the bilge
Like a ſea-coot ; whence heaving her again,
The ſeamen gave her to be fiſhes' food,
And I ſurvived to mourn her. But the winds
And rolling billows bore them to the coaſt
Of Ithaca, where with his proper goods
Laertes purchas'd me ; and thus it chanced
That e'er I ſaw this iſle, my preſent home.

To whom Ulyſſes, glorious Chief, replied.
Eumæus ! thou haſt moved me much, thy woes

Enumerating

Enumerating thus at large. But Jove
Hath neighbour'd all thy evil with this good,
That after num'rous ſorrows thou haſt reach'd
The houſe of a kind maſter, at whoſe hands
Thy ſuſtenance is ſure, and here thou lead'ſt
A tranquil life; but I have late arrived,
City after city of the world explored.

Thus mutual they conferr'd, nor leiſure found
Save for ſhort ſleep, by morning ſoon ſurpriſed.
Telemachus, mean-time, approaching land,
His gallant friends, at once, caſt looſe the ſail,
Lower'd the maſt, and oar'd the veſſel in.
Her anchors heav'd aground, and hawſers tied
Secure, themſelves, forth-iſſuing on the ſhore,
Breakfaſt prepared, and charged their cups with wine*.
When neither hunger now, nor thirſt remained
Unſatisfied, Telemachus began.

Puſh ye the ſable bark without delay
Home to the city. I will to the field
Among my ſhepherds, and, (my rural works
Survey'd,) at eve will to the town return.
To-morrow will I ſet before you wine
And plenteous viands, wages of your toil.

Then godlike Theoclymenus inquired.

* The anchors were lodged on the ſhore, not plunged as ours.

Whither

Whither muſt I, my ſon? whoſe houſe of all
The Chiefs in Ithaca, ſhall me receive?
Shall I directly to the Queen's and thine?
Then thus Telemachus, diſcrete, replied.
I would invite thee to proceed at once
To our abode, ſince nought ſhould fail thee there
Of kind reception, but it were a courſe
Unſafe for thee, ſince elſewhere I muſt ſeek
Myſelf a lodging now, nor will the Queen
My mother ſee thee, for ſhe rarely leaves
Her own retirement, but the ſuitors' eyes
Avoiding, ſits continual at the loom.
But thou may'ſt ſafely ſeek another Chief
By name Eurymachus, the noble ſon
Of Polybus, whom all, with one conſent,
In all our iſland, rev'rence as a God.
Far nobler than the reſt is he, and ſeeks
More ardent than his rivals far, to wed
My mother, and to fill my father's throne.
But long or e'er thoſe nuptials ſhall arrive,
A day, perchance, with direſt evil fraught
Shall find them all.—The Thund'rer only knows.
To him thus ſpeaking, on the right appear'd
Apollo's choſen meſſenger, a ſwift
High-ſoaring falcon *; in his talons clasp'd

* The Ægyptians ſeem to have conſecrated the hawk to Apollo, whom in their language they name Orus; for they affirm that the

A dove he bore, and, as he pluck'd the prey,
Between the youthful hero and his bark
Pour'd like a ſhow'r her plumage to the ground.
Then, calling him apart, the prophet ſeized
His benefactor's hand, and thus he ſaid.

Think not, Telemachus! that by the Gods
Unguided, and by chance, this bird hath ta'en
A flight thus hopeful. Soon as I perceived
I knew him ominous—In all the iſle
No family of a more royal note
Than yours is found, and yours ſhall ſtill prevail.

Then anſwer thus Telemachus return'd.
Fail not this word of thine, my friend! and ſoon
I will enrich thee ſo, that all who meet
Or but behold thee, ſhall pronounce thee bleſt.

Then, to Piræus thus, his friend approved.
Piræus, ſon of Clytius! (for of all
My followers to the ſhore of Pylus, none
More prompt than thou hath my deſires perform'd)
Now alſo to thy own abode conduct
This ſtranger, whom with hoſpitable care
Cheriſh and honour till myſelf arrive.

hawk viſits him; an opinion founded on the nature of the bird, which delights to ſoar aloft, and has, of all others the ſteadieſt and moſt undazzled ſight when the ſun ſhines with brighteſt ſplendour. Ælian de Animal. Lib. x. C. 14.—C.

To

To whom Piræus, gallant youth, replied.
Telemachus! however long thy ſtay,
Punctual I will attend him, and no want
Of kindeſt welcome ſhall he find with me.
So ſaying, he climb'd the ſhip, then bade the crew
Embarking alſo, caſt the moorings looſe,
And each, obedient, to his bench repair'd.
Mean-time Telemachus his ſandals bound,
And lifted from the deck his glitt'ring ſpear.
Then, as Telemachus had giv'n command,
Son of divine Ulyſſes, caſting looſe
The moorings, forth they puſh'd into the Deep
And ſought the city, while with nimble pace
Proceeding thence, the youthful hero ſought
The cottage, where Eumæus, friend ſincere
To both his maſters, watch'd his num'rous charge.

ARGUMENT

OF THE

SIXTEENTH BOOK.

Telemachus dispatches Eumæus to the city to inform Penelope of his safe return from Pylus; during his absence, Ulysses makes himself known to his son. The suitors, having watched for Telemachus in vain, arrive again at Ithaca.

BOOK XVI.

At early dawn, Ulysses and his host
Kindling the cottage fire, their food prepared,
And sent the peasants with their herds abroad.
The watch-dogs, while Telemachus approach'd,
Bark'd not, but fawn'd around him. At that sight,
And at the sound of feet, now drawing nigh,
Ulysses in wing'd accents thus remark'd.
Eumæus! some familiar friend of thine,
Or other whom thou know'st, is on his way

Toward

Toward us, for thy dogs bark not, but fawn
Around him; and his ſteps now ſtrike mine ear.
Scarce had he ceaſed, when his own ſon himſelf
Stood in the veſtibule. Upſprang at once
Eumæus wonder-ſtruck, and letting fall
The cups in which he then ſat mingling wine,
Flew to his youthful lord, and, weeping, kiſs'd
His hands, his forehead, and his radiant eyes.
As when a father folds in his embrace
Arrived from foreign lands in the tenth year
His darling ſon, the offspring of his age,
His only one, for whom he long hath mourn'd,
So kiſs'd the noble peaſant o'er and o'er
Godlike Telemachus! as one eſcaped
From inſtant death, and, plaintive, thus he ſpake.
Light of my eyes, thou com'ſt; it is thyſelf,
Sweeteſt Telemachus! whoſe ſafe return
From diſtant Pylus hopeleſs ſeem'd to me.
Enter, my ſon! that I may feaſt my mind
With contemplation of ſo dear a gueſt
Arrived ſo newly from a foreign ſhore.
Thy farm delights not thee; we ſeldom ſhare
Thy preſence; thee it pleaſes moſt to dwell
In the throng'd city, witneſſing the waſte
And havock made by thy voracious foes.
To whom Telemachus, diſcrete, replied.

My gentle father! I will oft'ner ſee
Thy face hereafter; and I now arrive
For that ſame purpoſe, and from thee to learn
If ſtill my mother occupy content
Her wonted home, or, by ſome other Chief
At length eſpouſed, have left Ulyſſes' bed,
Untenanted and of no future uſe,
To be by noiſome ſpiders webb'd around.

To whom the maſter-ſwineherd in return.
Not ſo, ſhe, patient ſtill as ever, dwells
Beneath thy roof, but all her cheerleſs days
Deſpairing waſtes, and all her nights in tears.

So ſaying, Eumæus at his hand received
His brazen lance, and o'er the ſtep of ſtone
Enter'd Telemachus; at his approach
His ſeat Ulyſſes haſtily reſign'd,
Which thus, replacing him, his ſon refuſed.

Gueſt, keep thy ſeat; our cottage will afford
Some other, which Eumæus will provide.

He ſpake, and, as he bade, Ulyſſes ſat.
Then, with green twigs beneath, and ſkins, above,
Of thickeſt fleece, a ſeat Eumæus raiſed,
And down ſat young Telemachus. His board
With viands, remnants of the former day,
He furniſh'd next, and heaping high with bread
His baſkets, charged an ivy-cup with wine,

And oppoſite to his illuſtrious lord
Ulyſſes ſat. Toward the ready feaſt
Their hands they ſtretch'd, and (hunger now and thirſt
Both ſatisfied) Telemachus, his ſpeech
Addreſſing to their generous hoſt, began.

My father! whence this ſtranger-gueſt of thine
And wherefore here arrived? what country boaſt
The mariners on board whoſe bark he came?
For none on foot comes hither, well I know.

To whom Eumæus, thou didſt thus reply.
My ſon! with truth thy queſtions I reſolve.
He boaſts him ſprung from anceſtry renown'd
In ſpacious Crete, and hath the cities ſeen
Of various lands, by fate ordain'd to roam.
Ev'n now, from a Theſprotian ſhip eſcaped,
He reach'd my cottage—but I yield him thine.
Accept the gift; deal with him as thou wilt;
He is thy ſuppliant, and depends on thee.

Then thus, Telemachus, diſcrete, replied.
Thy words, Eumæus! fill me with diſtreſs.
For, ſay, what gueſt or ſtranger can abide
Secure beneath my roof? myſelf am young,
Nor yet of ſtrength ſufficient to repel,
An offer'd inſult, and my mother's mind
In doubtful balance hangs, if, ſtill with me
An inmate, ſhe ſhall manage my concerns,

For her firſt huſband's ſake, and for the ſake
Of her own good report, or ſhall eſpouſe
The nobleſt of her wooers, and the beſt
Entitled by the ſplendour of his gifts *.
But I will give him, ſince I find him lodg'd
Beneath thy roof, a mantle and a veſt,
A two-edg'd ſword, and ſandals for his feet,
With convoy to the country of his choice.
But let it pleaſe thee to detain him ſtill
An inmate here, and I will hither ſend
Such raiment as he needs, nor ſhall he want
Due ſuſtenance, but ſhall from me receive
Of all ſorts, leſt he burthen thee and thine.
For where the ſuitors come, there ſhall not he
With my conſent, nor ſtand expoſed to pride

* This heſitation and uncertainty of purpoſe which the prince here imputes to his mother, Spondanus underſtands to be inconſiſtent with what is ſaid by Minerva in the beginning of the preceding book, concerning the urgency with which ſhe was preſſed by her father and her brethren to wed Eurymachus. The learned Critick charges Telemachus on this account either with forgetfulneſs of the information given him by Pallas, or with want of faith in it, and adds that on the whole there is an incongruity between the paſſages which ſeems altogether unpardonable. But he is well anſwered by Clarke, who obſerves, that in the fifteenth book, Penelope is not ſaid by Pallas to have *herſelf* made up her mind on the ſubject and to have reſolved to marry Eurymachus, but merely to be *much importuned by her kindred* to do ſo. The inconſiſtence therefore is nowhere but in the imagination of Spondanus.

And

And petulance like theirs, left by ſome ſneer
They wound him, and through him, wound alſo me;
For little is it that the boldeſt can
Againſt ſo many; numbers will prevail.
Him anſwer'd then Ulyſſes toil-inured.
Dear youth! ſince even I may freely ſpeak,
Ye rend my tortured ſoul, while ye relate
The crimes with which thoſe ſuitors dare infeſt
A Prince's manſion, amiable as thou.—
Is thy ſubmiſſion, choice? or have the words
Of ſome conſulted oracle inclined
All hearts againſt thee? can'ſt thou charge the blame
On faithleſs kindred? for we boldly truſt
A kinſman, even in the fierceſt field?
Oh that myſelf had youth as I have will,
Or that renown'd Ulyſſes were my ſire,
* * * * * * * *
Might ſome brave alien ſtrike me to the ground
That moment headleſs, if I fail'd at once
To ſeek thoſe plund'rers in the royal houſe,
And to avenge my ſuff'rings on them all*.

And

* The Greek line—

Ἔλθοι ἀλητεύων· (ἔτι γὰρ καὶ ἐλπίδος αἶσα)

being for very cogent reaſons rejected from this place by Euſtathius and by Clarke alſo, as ſerving only to confuſe the ſenſe, though I had tranſlated it in the firſt edition, I have here omitted.

It

And ſhould I wage an unſucceſsful fight
Alone with many, rather would I die
At my own home, than witneſs evermore
Their unexampled deeds, gueſts ſhoved aſide
Maidens dragg'd forcibly from room to room,
Caſks emptied of their rich contents, and them
Indulging glutt'nous appetite day by day
Enormous, without meaſure, without end.

To whom, Telemachus, diſcrete, replied.
My gueſt! thy queſtions I with truth reſolve.
Me no conſulted oracle hath doom'd
To popular diſlike, nor have I cauſe
Of falſe and faithleſs kindred to complain,
For Jove hath from of old with ſingle heirs
Our houſe ſupplied; Arceſias none begat
Except Laertes, and Laertes none
Except Ulyſſes, and Ulyſſes me
Left here his only one, ere yet of age
To recompenſe his love from whom I ſprang *.

Thence

It was probably, as Clarke obſerves, transferred hither by ſome unſkilful copyiſt from Book xix. 84, where it occurs with a little difference.

* Valuable and ſenſible children will not only love each other the more for the ſake of their common parents, but their parents likewiſe for the ſake of each other; eſteeming it not the leaſt of the many obligations they owe them, that they have given them brothers.

Thence comes it that our palace ſwarms with foes * ;
For all the rulers of the neighbour iſles,
Samos, Dulichium, and the foreſt-crown'd
Zacynthus, others alſo rulers here
In craggy Ithaca, my mother woo,
And day and night all riot at my coſt.
For while ſhe neither can at once reject
Their hated offers, nor imagine means
Of clear deliv'rance from them, they devour
Mean-time my ſubſtance, and will alſo ſoon
Myſelf deſtroy, but heav'n diſpoſes all.
Eumæus! haſte, my father! bear with ſpeed
News to Penelope that I am ſafe,
And have arrived from Pylus; I will wait
Till thou return; and well beware that none

brothers. Homer, therefore, has with great propriety introduced Telemachus complaining of it as a misfortune belonging to his family, to have one ſon only. Plutarch de Fraterno amore.—C.

* Clarke here adduces the following lines from Oppian's Halieutica, Lib. III. V. 358.

Ὡς δ' ὁπότ' ὀρφανικοῖο μετ' ἠϊθέοιο μέλαθρον
Οὔτι σαοφροσύνῃσι μεμηλότες ἥλικες ἄλλοι
Κλητοί τ' αὐτόμολοί τε παννήμεροι ἠγερέθονται,
Κτῆσιν ἀεὶ κείροντες ἀσημάντοιο δόμοιο.

As when beneath ſome noble orphan's roof
Call'd and uncall'd his fellow-ſtriplings ſwarm,
The whole day long, and ſcorning to abſtain
Diminiſh ceaſeleſs his unmanaged means——

Hear

Hear thee beſide, for I have many foes.
To whom Eumæus thou didſt thus reply.
It is enough. I underſtand. Thou ſpeak'ſt
To one intelligent. But ſay beſide,
Shall I not ſeize th' occaſion, as I go,
With the ſame joyful tidings to conſole
Diſtreſs'd Laertes? who while yet he mourn'd
Ulyſſes only, could o'erſee the works,
And dietted among his menials oft
As hunger prompted him; but now, they ſay,
Since thy departure to the Pylian ſhore,
He neither eats as he was wont, nor drinks,
Nor overſees his hinds, but ſighing ſits
And weeping, waſted even to the bone.
To whom Ulyſſes' offspring in return.
Hard though it be, yet to his tears and ſighs
Him leave we now. We cannot what we would.
For were the courſe and order of events
At our control, it were the foremoſt wiſh
Of all our hearts, to ſee my Sire's return.
Thou, therefore, wander not from field to field
In queſt of Him, but, once thy meſſage told,
Speed home again, and let the Queen diſpatch
Her, ſecretly, in whom ſhe moſt confides,
Charged with thy tidings for the Senior's ear.
He ſaid, and urged him forth, who binding on

His

His ſandals, to the city bent his way.
Nor went Eumæus from his cottage forth
Unmark'd by Pallas, but the Goddeſs came,
In ſemblance an accompliſh'd damſel, fair
And of majeſtic mien; before the gate
Her ſtand ſhe took. Ulyſſes from within
Beheld her, but Telemachus, his ſon
Diſcern'd her not; for Pow'rs divine reveal
Their preſence in whoſe ſight ſoe'er they pleaſe.
Ulyſſes, therefore, and Eumæus' dogs
Alone deſcried her, and the affrighted hounds
Bark'd not, but whined, and hid them where they might.
She beckon'd him; he ſaw the gracious ſign
Intelligent, and iſſuing through the court
Before her ſtood, when thus the Goddeſs ſpake.

Laertes' progeny, for wiles renown'd!
No longer from thy ſon his ſire withold,
But ſpeak thee plainly ſuch; then planning here,
Deſtruction, firſt, for all your foes at home,
Haſte to the city, where ye ſhall not want
My preſence long, for I deſire the fight.

Minerva ſpake, and with her rod of gold
Touch'd him; his mantle, firſt, and veſt ſhe made
Pure as new-blanch'd; dilating, next, his form,
She gave dimenſions ampler to his limbs;
Swarthy again his manly hue became,

Round his full face, and black his bushy chin.
The change perform'd, Minerva disappear'd,
And the illustrious Hero turn'd again
Into the cottage; wonder at that sight
Seiz'd on Telemachus; askance he look'd,
Awe-struck, not unsuspicious of a God,
And in wing'd accents eager thus began.

Thou art no longer whom I lately saw,
Thy vesture was not such, nor wore thy cheeks
This healthful hue. The wond'rous change bespeaks
A Deity, and thou descend'st from heav'n.
Oh, smile on us, that we may yield thee rites
Acceptable, and bring thee golden gifts
Elaborate; ah spare us, Pow'r divine!

To whom Ulysses, Hero toil-inured.
I am no God. Why deem'st thou me divine*?
I am thy father, for whose sake thou lead'st
A life of woe, by violence oppress'd.

So saying, he kiss'd his son, while from his cheeks
Tears trickled, tears till then, perforce restrained.
Telemachus, (for he believ'd him not
His father yet) thus, wond'ring, spake again.

My father, said'st thou? no. Thou art not He,

* A line which, as Plutarch observes, might serve as a proper answer to a flatterer.—C.

But

But ſome Divinity beguiles my ſoul
With mock'ries, to afflict me ſtill the more;
For never mortal man could ſo have wrought
By his own pow'r; ſome interpoſing God
Alone could render thee both young and old;
For old thou waſt of late, and foully clad,
But wear'ſt the ſemblance, now, of thoſe in heav'n!
To whom Ulyſſes, ever wiſe, replied.
Telemachus! it is not well, my ſon!
That thou ſhould'ſt greet thy father with a face
Of wild aſtoniſhment, and ſtand aghaſt.
Ulyſſes, ſave myſelf, none comes, be ſure.
Such as thou ſee'ſt me, num'rous toils achieved
And woes ſuſtain'd, I viſit once again
My native country in the twentieth year.
This wonder Athenæan Pallas wrought,
She cloth'd me even with what form ſhe would
For ſo ſhe can. Now poor I ſeem and old.
Now young again, and clad in freſh attire.
So eaſy is it to the Pow'rs above
T'exalt or to debaſe a mortal man.
So ſaying, he ſat. Then threw Telemachus
His arms around his father's neck, and wept.
Pangs of ſoft ſorrow not to be ſuppreſs'd
Seized both; in murmur'd ſounds of tend'reſt tone
They breath'd it forth, more piteous than the bird,

(Eagle,

(Eagle, or hook-nail'd vulture) from whoſe neſt
Some ſwain hath ſtol'n her yet unfeather'd young.
So they their cheeks with big round drops of woe
Bedewing ſtood, nor had the ſetting ſun
Ceſſation of their weeping ſeen, had not
Telemachus his father thus addreſs'd.

What ſhip convey'd thee to thy native ſhore,
My father! and what country boaſt the crew?
For, that on foot thou not arriv'd'ſt, is ſure.

To whom his long-afflicted ſire replied.
My child! I will inform thee. Learn the truth.
Conducted by Phæacia's gallant ſons
I came, a race accuſtom'd to convey
Strangers who viſit them acroſs the Deep.
Me, o'er the billows in a rapid bark
Borne ſleeping, on my native ſhores they lay'd,
Enrich'd with many a precious gift, with braſs,
With tiſſued raiment, and with ſtore of gold,
Which, warn'd from heav'n, in caves conceal'd I left,
And by ſuggeſtion of Minerva ſought
This cottage, where I will, with thee, concert
Fit means to puniſh our voracious foes.
Now, therefore, ſort and ſum them; I would know
Both whence they come, and their united force,
That, next, I may conſult my dauntleſs heart
If we alone may match them, and contend

Ourſelves

Ourſelves with all, or muſt have aid beſide.
Then, anſwer thus his ſon, diſcrete, return'd.
My father! I have ever heard thee praiſed
For wiſdom, and for matchleſs might in arms,
But with aſtoniſhment this word of thine
O'erwhelms me. Can ſo many and ſo brave
Be match'd by two alone? for neither ten
Are they, nor twenty, but more num'rous far.
Learn, now, their numbers, Fifty youths and two
Came from Dulichium; they are choſen men,
And ſix attendants follow in their train;
From Samos twenty youths and four arrive,
Zacynthus alſo of Achaia's ſons
Sends twenty more, and Ithaca ſupplies,
Herſelf, twelve nobles. Medon alſo waits
On theſe, the herald, and the bard divine,
With other two, for culinary ſkill
Selected, and to dreſs the ſumptuous board *.
Should we within the palace, we alone,
Aſſail them all, I fear leſt thy revenge
And thy return alike, diſaſtrous prove
And bitter to thyſelf. But recollect—

* The ſuitors according to this reckoning were in number one hundred and eight, with eight ſervants beſide the herald and the bard; in all, one hundred and eighteen.—B. & C.

Think, if thou canſt, on whoſe confed'rate arm
Strenuous on our behalf we may rely.
To him replied his patient father bold.
I will inform thee. Mark. Weigh well my words.
Will Pallas with the glorious Sire of all
Suffice us? or demands the deſp'rate fight
More ſtrenuous aids and mightier ſtill than they?
Then anſwer thus Telemachus return'd.
Good friends indeed are they whom thou haſt named,
Though throned above the clouds; for their control
Is univerſal both in earth and heav'n.
To whom Ulyſſes, toil-worn Chief renown'd.
Not long will they the glorious ſtrife decline,
When once within my palace ſhall be tried
Whoſe might in arms ſurpaſſes, theirs or ours.
But, thou, departing at the dawn of day,
Rejoin thoſe haughty ſuitors, and, erelong,
Eumæus me ſhall to the city lead
In form a miſerable beggar old.
And ſhould they with diſhonourable ſcorn
Inſult me, patient thou my wrongs endure;
Or ſhould they even drag me by the feet
Abroad, or ſmite me with the ſpear, thy wrath
Refraining, gently counſel them to ceaſe
From ſuch extravagance; but well I know

That

That ceaſe they will not, for their hour is come*.
And mark me well; repoſe what now I ſay
Deep in thy ſoul. What time Minerva's ſelf
Shall prompt me to it, ſhaking then my brows
I will admoniſh thee; thou, ſo apprized,
Remove what arms ſoe'er thou find'ſt below,
And in the chamber's cloſe receſs above
Secure them, and with feign'd compoſure, ſay,
When, miſſing them, the ſuitors aſk the cauſe,
I have but farther placed them from the ſmoke;
For they appear no longer thoſe which erſt
Ulyſſes, going hence to Ilium, left,
So ſmirch'd and ſullied by the breath of fire.
This weightier reaſon (thou ſhalt alſo ſay)
Some God ſuggeſted to me—leſt inflamed
With wine, ye wound each other in your brawls,
Shaming both feaſt and courtſhip; for the view
Itſelf of arms incites to their abuſe.
Yet leave two faulchions for ourſelves alone,

* Ulyſſes not only curbs his own indignation, but underſtanding by his ſon's diſcourſe that he too is indignant and by nature hoſtile to profligate and wicked perſons, his alſo. For as we bridle not the horſe while he runs, but before he ſtarts, ſo likewiſe, before we conduct thoſe who are of hot and fiery temper to the publick games, we prepare them for the conteſt with wholeſome counſel and precaution.

Plutarch de audiend. poetis.—C.

Two bucklers and two ſpears, which we will ſeize
With ſudden force, and Pallas and her Sire
Their hearts ſhall fill with womaniſh diſmay.
Hear alſo this, and hold the caution faſt.
If thou, indeed, be mine, by true deſcent
Ulyſſes' offspring, of my ſafe return
Let none hear news from thee; no, not my ſire
Laertes, nor Eumæus, nor of all
Our menials any, nor herſelf the Queen,
That thou and I, alone, may ſearch the drift
Of our domeſtick women, and may prove
Our ſerving-men, who rev'rences and fears,
And who contemns us both, but chiefly thee
So gracious, and ſo worthy to be loved *.

Him then thus anſwer'd his illuſtrious ſon.
My father! Thou ſhalt underſtand, I truſt,
Hereafter, that thy genuine ſon am I,
Nor want a manly mind. But I account
Thy purpoſed courſe unlikely to avail

* All theſe directions concerning the removal of the weapons were rejected from this place by the Antients, and apparently with good reaſon; for when they occur again in Book XIX. this inſtruction relating to the arms to be left is not mentioned, neither when they actually remove them do the hero and his ſon leave any. Dacier and Barnes however juſtify the inſertion of theſe precepts here, but Clarke would expunge them. Their inconſiſtency with the ſequel ſeems to warrant it.

Thyſelf

Thyſelf or me; for, I intreat thee, think
How tedious were it, at thy ſev'ral farms
To viſit all the ſervants, proving each,
And the proud ſuitors mercileſs devour
Mean-time thy ſubſtance, nor abſtain from aught *.
Learn, if thou wilt, (and I that courſe myſelf
Adviſe) who ſlights thee of the female train,
And who is guiltleſs; but I would not try
From houſe to houſe the men, far better proved
Hereafter, if, in truth, propitious ſigns
From heav'n have promiſed thee the Thund'rer's aid †.
Thus they conferr'd. The gallant bark, mean-time,
Reach'd Ithaca, which from the Pylian ſhore
Had brought Telemachus with all his band.
Within the many-fathom'd port arrived

* For Ulyſſes had ſervants not only in Ithaca but on the continent, who could not be viſited and put to the proof individually but at the coſt of much time.—C. The advice of Telemachus therefore is good, and the poet recommends him by it to our reſpect, as a ſon worthy of ſo wiſe a father.

† If you are not ſecure of the divine aſſiſtance which you have ſo confidently profeſſed to expect, then indeed it may be neceſſary to make trial of the man-ſervants, and to avail yourſelf of the aid of thoſe whom you ſhall find faithful among them. Otherwiſe, to put the women to the proof may be ſufficient; and how they are diſpoſed toward you, you will readily diſcover, ſince they are always on the ſpot. This will be a prudent meaſure, and to this, therefore, I make no objection.

His luſty followers haled her far aground,
Then bore their armour homeward, but the gifts,
A ſplendid ſtore, to Clytius' houſe convey'd.
Next, to the royal manſion they diſpatch'd
An herald, charged with tidings to the Queen,
That, ſafe return'd, Telemachus had ſought
Eumæus' cottage, and the bark had ſent
Home to the city; that the matchleſs dame
Relieved from needleſs fear might ceaſe to mourn.
They, then, the herald and Eumæus, both
Charged with one meſſage, meeting, in the court
Of their illuſtrious lord together ſtood,
And, while the women compaſs'd him around,
The herald ſaid—Telemachus, O Queen,
Thy ſon is ſafe, and even now arrived.
Eumæus, next approaching her, rehearſed
His meſſage alſo from her ſon received,
And, all his errand punctually perform'd,
Leaving the palace, ſought his home again.

Then were the ſuitors troubled, and with hearts
Dejected, iſſuing through th' exteriour court,
All ſat before the porch, when thus the ſon
Of Polybus, Eurymachus, began.

My friends! The daring boy, although we deem'd
This voyage ſuch as he could ne'er achieve,

Hath

Hath yet perform'd it. Send we, therefore, forth
A bark of prime repute, her benches fill'd
With ſtout and ſkilful rowers, who ſhall haſte
To ſummon thoſe ſucceſsleſs watchers home.
Scarce had he ſaid, when turning where he ſat,
Amphinomus beheld a bark arrived
Juſt then in port; he ſaw them furling ſail,
And ſeated with their oars in hand; he laugh'd
Through pleaſure at that ſight, and thus he ſpake.
Our meſſage may be ſpared. Lo! they arrive.
Some God perhaps inform'd them, or they ſaw,
Themſelves, it may be, the returning bark
Too ſwiftly paſſing to be reach'd by theirs.
He ſpake; they, riſing, landed on the beach.
Alert they drew the ſable bark aground,
And by his ſervant each his arms diſpatch'd
To his own home. Then, all, to council cloſe
Aſſembling, neither elder of the land
Nor youth allow'd to join them, and the reſt
Eupithes' ſon, Antinoüs, thus beſpake.
Ah! how the Gods have reſcued him! all day
Perch'd on the airy mountain-top, our ſpies
Succeſſive watch'd; and, when the ſun declined,
We never ſlept on ſhore, but ſtill from eve
To dawn of morning plough'd the vaſt abyſs,
Hoping Telemachus; that we might ſeize

And ſlay him; but his happier fortune Him
Had mean-time guided to his native ſhore.
Now, therefore, ſeated here, contrive we means
For his deſtruction, ſuch as muſt prevail;
For never, while *he* lives, ſhall we obtain
Our purpoſed end, ſo ſubtle is he grown,
And the whole city, now, are on his ſide.
Come, then—prevent him, ere he call the Greeks
To council; for he will not long delay,
But will excite their anger and will tell
Amid them all, how we in vain deviſed
His death; a deed which they will ſcarce applaud,
But, for our puniſhment, will drive us forth
Perhaps, to wander in ſome foreign land.
Prevent him, therefore, quickly; in the field
Slay him, or on the road; ſo ſhall his wealth
And his poſſeſſions on ourſelves devolve,
Which we will ſhare in common, but his houſe
Shall be the Queen's, and his whom ſhe ſhall wed.
If this diſpleaſe you, and ye rather chooſe
That he ſhould live and occupy entire
His patrimony, then, no longer, here
Aſſembled, let us revel at his coſt,
But let the nuptial gift of each, produced,
Plead for him, and the Queen that Prince eſpouſe
Who proffers moſt, and whom the fates ordain.

He

He ceaſed; the aſſembly ſilent ſat and mute.
Then roſe Amphinomus amid them all,
Offspring renown'd of Niſus, ſon, himſelf,
Of King Arctias. Chief was he of all
The ſuitor train who from the pleaſant iſle
Dulichium had arrived, and by his ſpeech
Moſt pleaſed Penelope, for he was mild
And prudent, and his counſel thus propoſed.

Far from my boſom be the wiſh, my friends!
To ſlay Telemachus; the royal race
Is ſacred, and may not be lightly ſlain.
Firſt, therefore, aſk we counſel from above,
For ſhould the mighty Thund'rer in reply
Commend your purpoſe, I will, then, adviſe
Myſelf his death, and help you; but if He
Give unpropitious anſwer, then forbear.

So ſpake Amphinomus, whom all approved.
Ariſing then, into Ulyſſes' houſe
They went, where each his ſplendid ſeat reſumed.

Penelope, mean-time, reſolv'd to appear
Before the ruthleſs ſuitors, whoſe deſign
To ſlay her ſon from Medon ſhe had learn'd,
The herald, for his ear had caught the ſound.
Toward the hall with her attendant train
She moved, and when, moſt graceful of her ſex,
Where ſat the ſuitors ſhe arrived, between

The columns of the ſtately dome ſhe ſtood,
And cov'ring with her white veil's lucid folds
Her lovely features, to Antinoüs ſpake.
Antinoüs, pitileſs, injurious Prince!
The people deem thee wiſe, and thou art held
Worthier than all of equal age, to rule
Their councils; but ſuch worth was never thine.
How haſt thou dared profanely to infringe
Jove's hoſt-protecting ord'nance, and to ſcheme
In his own houſe, the ſlaughter of my ſon?
Know'ſt not, that hither, erſt, thy father fled
Fearing the people furiouſly incenſed
By wrongs which he, with Taphian robbers join'd,
Had done to the Theſprotians, our allies?
They would have rent him piece-meal, and have made
His plentiful poſſeſſions all their own,
But that Ulyſſes check'd them, and repreſs'd
Their fierce revenge, whoſe kindneſs thou repay'ſt
Waſting his wealth; ſoliciting his wife;
Slaying his ſon; and me t' afflict the more
Enacting all theſe miſchiefs for my ſake.
But ceaſe, I charge thee, and bid ceaſe the reſt.
To whom the ſon of Polybus replied,
Eurymachus.—Icarius' daughter wiſe!
Take courage, fair Penelope, and chaſe
Theſe fears unreaſonable from thy mind!

The

The man lives not, nor ſhall, who while I live,
And faculty of fight retain, ſhall harm
Thy ſon Telemachus. For thus I ſay,
And thus will I perform ; his blood ſhall ſtream
A ſable current from my lance's point
That moment ; for the town-deſtroying Chief
Ulyſſes, oft, me placing on his knees,
Hath fill'd my infant graſp with ſav'ry food,
And giv'n me ruddy wine. I, therefore, hold
Telemachus of all men moſt my friend,
Nor hath he death to fear from hand of ours.
But when the Gods ſhall doom him, die he muſt.
So he encouraged her, who yet, himſelf,
Plotted his death. She, re-aſcending, ſought
Her ſtately chamber, and, arriving there,
Deplored with tears her long-regretted Lord,
Till Athenæan Pallas ſoftly bathed
Her cloſing eyelids with the dew of ſleep.
And now, at even-tide, Eumæus reach'd
Ulyſſes and his ſon. A yearling ſwine
Juſt ſlain they ſkilfully for food prepared,
When Pallas came, and ſmiting with her wand
Ulyſſes, wither'd his whole form again,
And made his veſture ſordid as before,
Leſt, knowing him, the ſwain at once ſhould ſeek
Penelope, and let the ſecret forth.

Then

Then foremoſt him Telemachus addreſs'd.
Noble Eumæus! thou art come; what news
Bring'ſt from the city? Have the warrior band
Of ſuitors, hopeleſs of their ambuſh, reach'd
The port again, or wait they ſtill for me?
To whom Eumæus, thou didſt thus reply.
No time for ſuch inquiry, nor to range
The city-ſtreets had I, but anxious wiſh'd
To make my meſſage known, and to return.
But, as it chanced, a nimble herald ſent
From thy companions, met me on the way,
Who reach'd thy mother firſt. Yet this I know,
For this I ſaw. Paſſing above the town
Where they have piled a way-ſide hill of ſtones
To Mercury, I beheld a gallant bark
Ent'ring the port, a num'rous band ſhe bore
Of youths, all warriors, who with ſhields and ſpears
Of glitt'ring point had ſtored her to the brim.
Theirs I conjectured her, and could no more *.

He

* Mercury having by command of Jupiter ſlain Argus the keeper of Iö, was brought into judgment by Juno and the other deities, as the firſt of their order who had defiled himſelf with the blood of a mortal. His judges, however, fearing leſt they ſhould offend Jupiter if they condemned him, ſince in the execution of Jupiter's commands he had perpetrated the deed, acquitted him of the murder, but at the ſame time teſtified their abhorrence of the act, pelting him with their pebbles of ſuffrage till they lay in a heap at his feet.

He ſpake, and, by Eumæus unperceived,
Telemachus his father eyed and ſmiled.
Their taſk accompliſh'd, and the table ſpread,
They ate, nor any his due portion miſs'd,
And hunger, now, and thirſt both ſated, all
To reſt repair'd, and took the gift of ſleep.

feet. It is therefore cuſtomary for travellers, becauſe Mercury preſides over the publick ways and is the tutelary God of all who uſe them, to raiſe heaps of ſtone to his honour, every paſſenger contributing to them as he goes; and theſe heaps they call Ἑρμαίας λόφους or hills of Mercury. The ſtory is cited from Anticlides.—B.

ARGU-

ARGUMENT

OF THE

SEVENTEENTH BOOK.

Telemachus returns to the city, and relates to his mother the principal paſſages of his voyage; Ulyſſes, conducted by Eumæus, arrives there alſo, and enters among the ſuitors, having been known only by his old dog Argus, who dies at his feet. The curioſity of Penelope being excited by the account which Eumæus gives her of Ulyſſes, ſhe orders him immediately into her preſence, but Ulyſſes poſtpones the interview till evening, when the ſuitors having left the palace, there ſhall be no danger of interruption. Eumæus returns to his cottage.

BOOK XVII.

Now look'd Aurora from the Eaſt abroad,
When the illuſtrious offspring of divine
Ulyſſes bound his ſandals to his feet,
Seized his ſtrong ſpear well-fitted to the graſp,
And, ere he ſought the city and his home,
His friend and hoſt Eumæus thus beſpake.

Father!

Father! I ſeek the city, to convince
My mother of my ſafe return, whoſe tears,
I judge, and lamentation ſhall not ceaſe
Till ſhe behold me. But I aſk from thee
This ſervice; introduce into the town,
Thyſelf, this hapleſs gueſt, that he may beg
Proviſion there, a morſel and a drop
From ſuch as may, perchance, vouchſafe the boon.
I cannot, vext and harraſs'd as I am
Feed all, and ſhould he deem ſuch treatment hard,
The worſe for him. Plain truth is my delight.
To whom Ulyſſes, ever-wiſe, replied.
My youthful friend! I would, myſelf, depart.
Better the mendicant in cities ſeeks
His dole, vouchſafe it whoſoever may,
Than in the villages. No longer young
I could not labour hard, nor all perform
That it might pleaſe a maſter to command.
Go then, and when I ſhall have warm'd my limbs
Before the hearth, and when the riſen ſun
Shall ſomewhat chaſe the cold, thy ſervant's taſk
Shall be to guide me thither, as thou bidd'ſt.
For this is a vile garb; the froſty breath
Of morning would benumb me thus attired,
And, as ye ſay, the city is remote.
He ended, and Telemachus in haſte

Set forth, his thoughts all teeming as he went
With dire revenge. Arriving at his home
He paſs'd the threſhold, enter'd, and reclined
His lance againſt a column of the dome.
Him Eurycleа, firſt, his nurſe perceived,
While on the variegated ſeats ſhe ſpread
Their fleecy cov'ring; ſwift with tearful eyes
She flew to him, and the whole female train
Of brave Ulyſſes ſwarm'd around his ſon,
Claſping him, and his forehead and his neck
Kiſſing affectionate; then came, herſelf,
As golden Venus or Diana fair,
Forth from her chamber to her ſon's embrace,
The chaſte Penelope; with tears ſhe threw
Her arms around him, his bright-beaming eyes
And forehead kiſs'd, and with a murmur'd plaint
Maternal, in wing'd accents thus began.

Light of theſe eyes, thou com'ſt, it is thyſelf
Deareſt Telemachus! whoſe ſafe return
I never hoped when once thou hadſt embark'd
For Pylus, ſecretly and well aſſured
Of my diſſent, news ſeeking of thy ſire.
But ſpeak of Neſtor, and deſcribe at large
The welcome ſhown thee by the Pylian ſage.

To whom Telemachus, diſcrete, replied.
My mother! ſpare to grieve me, nor afflict

Thy ſon ſtill ſore diſtreſs'd, although eſcaped,
So newly, from a death which ſeem'd ſo ſure.
Go, bathed and habited in freſh attire,
To thy ſuperiour chamber, where arrived
With thine attendant women, vow to Jove
And to the Gods whole hecatombs, in hope
Of juſt revenge by their effectual aid.
I ſeek the forum, there to introduce
A gueſt, my follower from the Pylian ſhore,
Whom, ſent before me with my gallant friends,
I bade Piræus kindly entertain
At his own houſe, till I ſhould viſit mine.

He ſpake, nor flew his words unmark'd away.
She, bathed and habited in freſh attire,
Sought her ſuperiour chamber, where arrived
With all her female train, to Jove ſhe vow'd
And to the Gods whole hecatombs, in hope
Of juſt revenge by their effectual aid.
Then, ſpear in hand, went forth her ſon, two dogs
Fleet-footed following him. O'er all his form
Pallas diffuſed a dignity divine,
And ev'ry eye gazed on him as he paſs'd.
The ſuitors throng'd him round, joy on their lips
And welcome, but deep miſchief in their hearts.
He, ſhunning all that multitude, a ſeat
Soon found where Antiphus and Mentor ſat

And Halitherſes, from their earlieſt days
His father's friends, and for that cauſe his own,
Who queſtion'd him of all that he had ſeen.
And now Piræus, leading through the town
His gueſt, approach'd the council, whom the Prince
Soon greeted, and as ſoon Piræus ſaid—

Sir! ſend thy menial women to bring home
The precious charge committed to my care,
Thy gifts at Menelaus' hands received.

To whom Telemachus, diſcrete, replied.
Piræus! wait; we know not where will end
Theſe troubles. Should I from the ſuitors' hands
Receive a death-wound privately at home,
And leave my ſubſtance to be ſhared by them,
I rather wiſh thoſe treaſures thine, than theirs.
But ſhould I with ſucceſs for them deviſe
A bloody death, then, wing'd with joy, thyſelf
Bring home thoſe preſents to thy joyful friend.

He ſaid, and introduced his anxious gueſt
Into the royal manſion. There arrived,
Each on his throne or couch his mantle caſt;
Bathed in the poliſh'd vaſe; his limbs bedew'd
With limpid oils, and by the women ſerved
With ſplendid veſt and fleecy mantle warm,
Stepp'd from the bath, and ſought his couch again.
A maiden, next, with golden ewer charged,

And

And ſilver bowl, pour'd water on their hands,
And ſpread the poliſh'd table, which with food
Of all kinds, furniſh'd from the preſent ſtore,
The cat'reſs of the royal houſe ſupplied.
Mean-time, beſide a column of the dome
His mother, on a couch reclining, twirl'd
Her ſlender threads. They to the furniſh'd board
Stretch'd forth their hands, and, hunger now and thirſt
Both ſatisfied, Penelope began.

Telemachus! I will aſcend again,
And will betake me to my mournful bed
Bathed ever with my tears, ſince, following hence
The ſons of Atreus to the Trojan ſhore,
Ulyſſes left it; for our haughty gueſts
Now fill the court again, and ſtill thou keep'ſt
The hope of his return, if thou have heard
Such tidings, cruelly conceal'd from me.

Her anſwer'd then Telemachus diſcrete.
My mother! Learn the truth. We reach'd the ſhores
Of Pylus. There, the venerable Chief,
Neſtor, received me to his royal home,
And with ſuch welcome as a father ſhows
To his own ſon, long-loſt and newly found,
Such kindneſs Neſtor and his noble ſons,
Vouchſafed to me. But never had he learn'd
From mortal lips, he ſaid, my father's fate,

If ſtill he live, or have already died.
He, therefore, ſent me to the Spartan court
With ſteeds and chariot of his own, t'inquire
Of warlike Menelaus. There I found
Helen of Argos, by the will of heav'n
Auth'reſs of trouble both to Greece and Troy *.
At once, the valiant Menelaus aſk'd
What cauſe had urged me to the pleaſant vale
Of Lacedæmon; plainly I rehearſed
The whole occaſion, and he thus replied.

Ye Gods! they are ambitious of the bed
Of a brave man, however baſe themſelves.
But, as it chances when the hart hath laid
Her fawns, new-yean'd and ſucklings yet, to reſt
In ſome reſiſtleſs lion's den, ſhe roams,
Mean-time, the hills, and in the graſſy vales
Feeds heedleſs, but the lion to his lair
Returning, rends them both; with ſuch a force
Reſiſtleſs ſhall Ulyſſes them deſtroy.

* It is an obſervation of Euſtathius, that Telemachus retaining a grateful ſenſe of Helen's kindneſs to him in his late viſit, aſcribes the troubles which ſhe had cauſed not to any imprudence or criminality in her, but to the decree of heaven. It is certain that when ſhe ſpeaks of herſelf as the occaſion of thoſe calamities to both nations, ſhe attempts no ſuch apology; from her we ſhould not have accepted it, but, however inſufficient, it is at leaſt graceful when made by Telemachus.—C.

Jove!

Jove! Pallas! and Apollo! oh that ſuch
As erſt in well-built Leſbos, where he threw
Philomelides* in a wreſtling-match
With mighty force, when all the Greeks rejoiced,
Ulyſſes, now, might mingle with his foes!
Short life and bitter nuptials ſhould be theirs.
But, now, ſuch anſwer as with earneſt ſuit
Thou haſt implored, direct and true, receive.
For I will nought conceal, but will impart
All that the antient Prophet of the Deep†
Hath taught me, with exacteſt truth to thee.
The God declared that he had ſeen thy fire
Gueſt of the nymph Calypſo; by conſtraint
Her gueſt, and from his native land withheld
By ſad neceſſity, for ſhips well-oar'd
Or faithful followers hath he none, whoſe aid
Might ſpeed him ſafely o'er the ſpacious flood.
So Menelaüs ſpake, whom, thus inform'd

* The Engliſh reader is requeſted to obſerve that the laſt ſyllable but one of this name is to be pronounced *long*.

There have been diſputes concerning the perſon ſignified by it, ſome contending that Patroclus is meant, the ſon of Philomela. But beſide that Homer never derives his patronymicks from the name of the mother, it is not likely that the fall of a perſon ſo beloved by the Greeks as Patroclus was, ſhould have occaſioned univerſal joy among them.—B. & C. It is more probable therefore that ſome Leſbian is intended.—See the note on L. 422 of Book IV.—C.

† Proteus.

At once I left, and, favour'd by the Gods
With proſp'rous gales, ſoon reach'd my native home.
He ſpake, and tumult in his mother's heart
So ſpeaking, raiſed. Conſolatory, next,
The godlike Theoclymenus began.
O blameleſs conſort of Laertes' ſon!
Little the Spartan knew; but liſt to me,
For I will plainly propheſy and ſure.
Be Jove of all in heav'n my witneſs firſt,
Then, this thy hoſpitable board, and, laſt,
The houſehold Gods of the illuſtrious Chief
Ulyſſes, at whoſe hearth* I have arrived,
That, even now, within his native iſle
From ſome obſcure retreat Ulyſſes views
Theſe foul enormities, himſelf unſeen,
And plans complete deſtruction for them all.
So ſure an augury, while in my place
On board the gallant bark I ſat, appear'd,
Which I aloud expounded to thy ſon.
Then anſwer, thus, Penelope return'd.
Fail not this word of thine, my friend! and ſoon
I will enrich thee ſo, that all who meet
Or but behold thee, ſhall pronounce thee bleſt.
Thus they conferr'd. Mean-time the ſuitors hurl'd

* The hearth was the altar on which the lares or houſehold-gods were worſhipped.

The

The quoit and lance on the ſmooth area ſpread
Before Ulyſſes' gate, the cuſtom'd ſcene
Of their contentions, ſports, and clamours rude.
But when the hour of ſupper now approach'd,
And from the paſtures on all ſides the ſheep
Came with their wonted drivers, then exclaim'd
Medon, the herald beyond all the reſt
Their fav'rite, and who waited at the board—
Enough of play, young princes! leave the court
That we may dreſs our evening fare within,
Since in well-timed refreſhment harm is none.
He ſpake, whoſe admonition pleas'd. At once
All, riſing, ſought the palace; there arrived,
On couches or on thrones their cloaks they ſpread
And, with a fatted ox, ſheep, goats and brawns
Of hugeſt ſize ſtretch'd lifeleſs on the floor,
Haſt'ned the banquet; nor with leſs diſpatch
Ulyſſes and Eumæus now prepared
To ſeek the town, when thus the ſwain began.
Since then, my friend! obedient to the will
Of my young lord, thou haſt reſolved to ſeek
The diſtant town, although I wiſh thee much
My fellow-lab'rer here, yet, leſt he chide,
Whoſe ſharp reproof would grieve me and diſtreſs,
Haſte, let us hence. Day verges to a cloſe,

And ſoon the breath of eve will chill thee more.
To whom Ulyſſes, ever-wiſe, replied.
It is enough. I underſtand. Thou ſpeak'ſt
To one intelligent. We will depart,
And lead, thyſelf, the way; but give me, firſt,
If thou have one well-ſeaſon'd and at hand,
A ſtaff to lean on, for ye ſpeak the road
A rugged one, and dang'rous to the foot.
So ſaying, his tatter'd wallet o'er his back
He caſt, ſuſpended by a leathern twiſt,
Eumæus gratified him with a ſtaff,
And forth they went, leaving the cottage kept
By dogs and ſwains. He city-ward his King
Led on, in form a ſqualid beggar old,
Halting, and in unſeemly garb attired.
But when, ſlow-travelling the craggy way,
They now approach'd the town, and had attain'd
The marble fountain deep, which with its ſtreams
Pellucid all the citizens ſupplied,
(That fountain Ithacus had framed of old
With Neritus and Polyctor, over which
A grove of water-nouriſh'd alders hung
Encircling it around, while cold the rill
Ran from the rock, on whoſe tall ſummit ſtood
The Naiads' altar, whom no trav'ller fail'd,

Come

Come whence he might, to worſhip ere he paſs'd *.)
Melantheus, ſon of Dolius, at that fount
Met them ; the choſen goats of ev'ry flock,
The ſuitors' deſtin'd ſupper, from the field
He drove, two ſwains aſſiſting him. The churl
Them ſeeing, in rude accents, ſuch as fired
Ulyſſes with reſentment, thus began.

Ay—this is well—The villain leads the vile—
Thus evermore the Gods join like to like.
Thou clumſy ſwineherd, whither would'ſt conduct
This morſel-hunting mendicant obſcene,
Gleaner of ſcraps and fragments ? many a poſt
Shall chafe his brawny ſhoulders, while he ſeeks
Nor ſword nor tripod, but the ſcoundrel meed
Of mammocks, ſuch as others caſt away.
Would'ſt thou afford him to me for a guard
Or ſweeper of my ſtalls, or to ſupply
My kids with leaves, he ſhould on bulkier thewes
Supported ſtand, though nouriſh'd but with whey.
But no ſuch uſeful arts hath he acquired,

* Ithacus and Neritus were ſons of Pterelaus, who derived himſelf from Jove. At firſt they dwelt in Cephallenia, but, paſſing thence into the neareſt iſland, and finding it, on account of its elevated form, a convenient place for the conſtruction of a city, they built one, which, after Ithacus, was named Ithaca ; a name by which afterward the whole iſland was denominated ; and the mountain adjoining to the city, received the name of Neritus.—B. & C.

Nor

Nor likes he work, but rather much to extort
From others food for his unſated maw.
But mark my propheſy, for it is true;
At famed Ulyſſes' houſe ſhould he arrive,
Hurl'd by the gueſts ſhall many a footſtool whizz
Around his ears, and from his ribs rebound.

So ſpake the babbler, and, approaching, ſmote
With brutal force of his uplifted heel
Ulyſſes' haunch, yet ſhook not from his path
The firm-ſet Chief; irreſolute awhile
He ſtood, and doubtful, whether with his ſtaff
To ſtrike him dead, or, heaving him on high,
To daſh him headlong downward on the ſtones,
But, prudent, curb'd his vengeance. With diſdain,
Mean-time, Eumæus eyed him, and, aloud,
With lifted hands the Naiads thus implored.

Nymphs of theſe fountains, progeny of Jove!
If e'er Ulyſſes on your altar burn'd
The thighs of fatted lambs or kids, Oh grant
That, under conduct of ſome gracious Pow'r,
The long-regretted Chief may ſoon return!
So ſhall thoſe lips be taught an humbler ſtrain,
Nor while thou roam'ſt the city, ſhall the flocks,
Left with bad ſhepherds, periſh day by day.

To whom Melanthius anſwer thus return'd.
Gods! with what force and fluency the whelp

Hath

Hath ſpoken! He ſhall hence on board my bark
With me, hereafter, to a diſtant ſhore,
Where I will ſell him at no little gain.
I would, that he who bears the ſilver bow
As ſure might pierce Telemachus this day
In his own houſe, or that the ſuitors might,
As that ſame wand'rer ſhall return no more!

He ſaid and went. They ſlowly paced behind,
But, ſwifter, he, ſoon reach'd Ulyſſes' houſe,
Where, ent'ring with a fearleſs ſtride, he join'd
The ſuitors, and his fav'rite of them all
Eurymachus. The ſewer with diſpatch
His portion ſet before him, and his bread,
As quick, the miſtreſs of the ſtores ſupplied.
Ulyſſes and his faithful guide, the while,
Eumæus, drawing near, the ſound perceived
Symphonious of the tuneful voice and lyre,
For Phemius had begun. They pauſed. The Chief
Seized faſt Eumæus' hand, and thus he ſaid.

Ulyſſes' houſe, Eumæus! is, in truth,
A noble pile; diſcernible with eaſe
From all beſides. Not one alone it ſeems
But many. Spacious are the courts; the walls
Creſted with curious ſculpture, and well-framed
The maſſy folding-doors. No man, methinks,
Should e'er achieve by force his entrance here.

But

But many a gueſt ſits banquetting within,
Full well I know; ſo faſt the ſav'ry ſteam
Fumes upward, and ſo ſweetly ſounds the lyre,
Divine aſſociate of the feſtal board.

To whom, Eumæus, thou didſt thus reply.
Thou haſt well judged; no wonder; thou art quick
On ev'ry theme; but, now, bethink thee well
What courſe were wiſeſt. Ent'ring, if thou wilt,
The manſion, to the ſuitors' preſence tend,
Me leaving here; or I will enter firſt
While thou remain'ſt; but fear to tarry long,
Leſt ſome proud herald, ſeeing thee without,
Chaſe thee with ſtones, or ſtrike thee. This concern
Aſks ſerious thought; delib'rate and decide.

Him anſwer'd, then, the patient Hero bold.
It is enough. I underſtand. Thou ſpeak'ſt
To one intelligent. Lead thou the way
Me leaving here, for neither ſtrokes nor ſtones
Are ſtrange to me. Familiar with the toils
Of battle and with ſtormy ſeas, I boaſt
Much patience. Follow, next, what follow may!
But hunger hath a cry which never man
Might ſilence. Many an evil he endures
For hunger's ſake. It is a craving gulph
To ſatiate which, we plough the barren Deep
For battle arm'd, and ravage diſtant ſhores.

Thus

Thus they convers'd; when, lying near, his head
Ulyſſes' dog, the faithful Argus heav'd,
And ſet his ears erect. The Chief himſelf
Had rear'd him, but, departing to the ſhores
Of Ilium, left the trial of his worth
To youths ofttimes indebted to his ſpeed
For wild-goat, hart, and hare. Forlorn he lay,
A poor unheeded caſt-off, on the ground,
Where mules and oxen had before the gate
Much ordure left, with which Ulyſſes' hinds
Should, in due time, manure his ſpacious fields.
There lay, by vermin worried to the bone
The wretched Argus; ſoon as he perceived
Long-loſt Ulyſſes nigh, down fell his ears
Clapp'd cloſe, and with his tail glad ſign he gave
Of gratulation, impotent to riſe
And to approach his maſter. At that ſight
Ulyſſes, unperceived, a ſtarting tear
Wiped off, and of Eumæus thus inquired *.

I can but wonder ſeeing ſuch a dog

* The poet, ſays Plutarch, has well exemplified the effect of unexpected evils. Ulyſſes weeps for the death of Argus, but ſits with dry eyes in the preſence of weeping Penelope. The reaſon is, that for her tears he was prepared beforehand and knew likewiſe that he had a remedy for them, but the death of his dog occurred to him on the ſudden, and for that he had made no preparation.

De animi Tranquillitate.—C.

Thus lodg'd, Eumæus! beautiful he ſeems,
But wanted, I ſuſpect, due ſpeed to match
His comely ſhape; a table-guard, belike,
And for his looks prized more than for his uſe.
To whom Eumæus, thou did'ſt thus reply.
He is the dog of one far hence deceas'd.
But had he now ſuch body, plight, and ſtrength,
As when his lord, departing to the ſhores
Of Ilium, left him, thou ſhould'ſt view, at once,
With wonder, his agility and force.
He never in the ſylvan deep receſs
The wild beaſt ſaw that 'ſcaped him, and he track'd
Their ſteps infallible; but comfort none
Enjoys he now; for diſtant far from home
His lord hath died, and, heedleſs of his dog,
The women neither houſe nor give him food.
For whom Jove dooms to ſervitude, he takes
At once the half of that man's worth away *.
He ſpake, and paſſing the wide portal, came
Where the imperious ſuitors feaſting ſat.
And Argus, ſoon as in the twentieth year

* The following ſentence of Theognis expreſſes the ſame opinion.

Οὔποτε δουλείη κεφαλὴ εὐθεῖα πέφυκεν,
Ἀλλ' αἰεὶ σκολιή. ——— C.

No ſervant's head ſtands upright on his ſhoulders;
Theirs always have a twiſt.

He

He had beheld once more with ſparkling eyes
His lord Ulyſſes, cloſed them, and expired*.
Long ere the reſt, Telemachus perceived
The ſwineherd's entrance, and with beck'ning brows
Invited his approach. Eumæus caſt
His eye around, and, ſeeing near at hand
The ſewer's ſeat, which he was wont to fill
While with their portions of the feaſt he ſerved
The num'rous gueſts, he placed it right before
Telemachus, whoſe herald, ſoon, with bread
From the full baſket, and with various meats,
An ample ſhare, ſupplied the welcome ſwain.
Him ſoon Ulyſſes follow'd, ent'ring ſlow
The palace, like a ſqualid beggar old,
Staff-propp'd, and in looſe tatters foul attired.
Within the portal on its aſhen ſill
His ſeat he found, and, as he ſat, reclined

* The opinion of the antients was that Argus might have lived a little longer had not his joy at the ſight of his old maſter overpowered him.

As for the age to which the life of a dog may reach, Ariſtotle ſays, that the Spartan dog lives ten years; the bitch about twelve; the dogs of other countries about fourteen or fifteen, ſome even twenty. So that Homer aſcribing twenty to Argus is by many deemed not to have exceeded. Ælian on the contrary is ſo much of a different opinion that he calls it a *luſus Homericus*.—B. & C. The age of dogs probably varies according to their various kinds, countries and treatment.

Againſt a cypreſs pillar, ſtrait and tall
And ſhaven ſmooth, the labour'd work of art.
Then took Telemachus a loaf entire
Forth from the ſhining baſket, and of fleſh
A portion, ſuch as with both hands he might,
And gave his friend Eumæus thus in charge.
Theſe to the ſtranger; bid him alſo ſeek
Some dole from ev'ry ſuitor; baſhful fear
Ill ſuits the mendicant by want oppreſs'd.
He ſpake, and, as he bade, Eumæus ſought
Ulyſſes, whom approaching, thus he ſaid.
Telemachus, oh ſtranger, ſends thee theſe,
And counſels thee to importune for more
The ſuitors, one by one; for baſhful fear
Ill ſuits the mendicant by want oppreſs'd.
To whom Ulyſſes, ever-wiſe, replied.
Jove, King of all! all happineſs impart
To dear Telemachus, and ev'ry wiſh
That warms his gen'rous boſom moſt, fulfil.
He ſpake, and in his open palms received
The plenteous boon, which ſpreading at his feet,
On his unſeemly wallet, while the bard
Still ſang, he fed, and when the tuneful voice
And lyre were heard no more, he ceaſed to feed.
Then with loud tumult of the ſuitors rang
The lofty dome, and Pallas, whiſp'ring, bade

Ulyſſes

Ulyſſes aſk a dole of remnant bread
From each, for trial of the ſmoother ſort
And of the more auſtere; although ſhe teem'd
With like unſparing vengeance for them all.
From right to left * his progreſs he began
Petitioning, with outſtretch'd hands, the throng,
As one familiar with the beggar's art.
He moved them and they gave, but view'd him ſtill
With wonder, and inquiries mutual made
Who, and whence was he? Then the goatherd roſe
Melanthius, and th' aſſembly thus addreſs'd.

Hear me, ye ſuitors of th' illuſtrious Queen!
This uninvited ſtranger have I met
Elſewhere; the ſwineherd brought him; but he comes
I know not whence, nor yet from whom he ſprang.

So he; then thus Antinoüs ſtern rebuked
The ſwineherd. Ah, notorious as thou art,
Why haſt thou ſhown this vagabond the way
Into the city? are we not enough
Infeſted with theſe whining hungry drones?
And haſt thou ſought him as a needful aid
Of others like himſelf, who ſwarming here
Feed, never ſated, at thy maſter's coſt?

* That he might begin auſpiciouſly. Wine was ſerved in the ſame direction.—F.

To whom Eumæus, thou didſt thus reply.
Antinoüs! though of high degree, thou ſpeak'ſt
Not wiſely. For who roams from ſhore to ſhore
In queſt of any man, unleſs he claim
For ſome conſpicuous talent, ſuch regard?
The prophet, and the healer of diſeaſe,
The ſkilful artiſt, and the bard inſpired
With ſtrains that charm his hearers, theſe we ſeek,
And theſe in ev'ry nation under heav'n
Are dearly prized. But who would ſeek afar,
To his own hurt, th' unprofitable Poor?
But thou of all the ſuitors roughly treat'ſt
Ulyſſes' ſervants moſt, and chiefly me;
Proceed; I fear thee little, while the Queen,
With her illuſtrious ſon, inhabits here *.

To whom Telemachus, diſcrete, replied.
Peace! anſwer not at large a man like him.
Antinoüs hath a tongue accuſtom'd much
To tauntings, and promotes them in the reſt.

Then, turning to Antinoüs, quick he ſaid—
Antinoüs! thy paternal kindneſs claims

* The argument ſeems to be this. You aſk me why I have invited a vagabond? I anſwer, becauſe, in general, they only who exerciſe ſome publick function are objects of ſuch favour. As for the poor, they are never ſo diſtinguiſhed. I have therefore invited this indigent perſon, ſenſible that had he not been aſked hither by me, he would have remained unaſked by every body.

My

My filial thanks, who bidd'ſt me ſternly drive
The friendleſs ſtranger hence; but God forbid * !
Impart to him. I grudge not, rather much
Myſelf exhort thee. Neither fear the Queen
In ſuch a cauſe, nor let the meaner fear
Of ſervants check thee. But thy boſom glows
With no ſuch warmth; thou pleaſure find'ſt it none
T' impart; thy ſole delight is to receive.

To whom Antinoüs anſwer thus return'd.
High-ſoaring and intemp'rate in thy ſpeech
How haſt thou ſaid, Telemachus? Would all
As much beſtow on him, he ſhould not ſeek
Admittance here again three months to come.

So ſaying, he ſeized the ſtool which, banquetting,
He preſs'd with his nice feet, and from beneath
The table forth advanced it into view.
The reſt all gave to him, with bread and fleſh
Filling his bag. Now, therefore, he prepared
Returning to his threſhold, there to taſte
His mendicated meſs, but pauſed awhile
Beſide Antinoüs, whom he thus beſpake.

Kind ſir, vouchſafe to me! for thou appear'ſt
Not leaſt, but greateſt of the Achaians here,
And haſt a kingly look. It might become

* Here again Θεὸς occurs in the abſtract.

Thee therefore above others to beſtow,
So ſhould I praiſe thee whereſoe'er I roam *.
I alſo lived the rich poſſeſſor once
Of ſuch a ſtately manſion, and have giv'n
To num'rous wand'rers (whenceſoe'er they came)
All that they needed; I was alſo ſerved
By many, and enjoy'd whate'er denotes
The envied owner opulent and bleſt.
But Jove (for ſuch his pleaſure was) diſperſed
At once my riches, prompting me to ſeek,
With rovers of the flood, the diſtant ſhores
Of Ægypt, for my ſure deſtruction there.
Within th' Ægyptian ſtream my barks I moor'd,
And charging my companions not to ſtray
But cloſely guard the ſhips, ſelected ſome
Who ſhould aſcend the riſing-grounds, and thence
Deſcry the country; but on evil bent,
And unreſtrain'd by fear, theſe flew, at once,
To rapine; waſted the delightful fields
Of the Ægyptians, captive brought away
Their wives and little ones, and ſlew the men.
The city ſoon alarm'd, at early dawn
Forth came the citizens, both horſe and foot,

* Bocchus in the Jugurthine war of Salluſt ſays—It is leſs diſhonourable to a king to be overcome in battle, than in munificence.—C.

And

And with the ſplendour of their dazzling arms,
Fill'd all the plain. Then Jove with panick dread
Poſſeſs'd my people; none found courage more
To ſtand, for miſchiefs ſwarm'd on ev'ry ſide.
There, num'rous by the glitt'ring ſpear we fell,
While others they conducted thence alive
To toilſome ſervitude; but me they gave
Far thence in Cyprus landed, to the King
Dmetor Iaſides, from whom I 'ſcaped
In evil plight, and, now, ſeek refuge here.
Then anſwer thus Antinoüs harſh return'd.
What demon introduced this nuiſance here,
This troubler of our feaſt; ſtand yonder, keep
Due diſtance from my board, or thou ſhalt ſee
Ægypt and Cyprus with a vengeance ſoon,
Bold mendicant and deſtitute of ſhame!
Thou haunteſt each, and, inconſid'rate, each
Gives thee, becauſe a gift at others' coſt
Is cheap, and, plentifully ſerv'd themſelves,
They ſquander, heedleſs, viands not their own *.
To whom Ulyſſes while he ſlow retired,

* This ſpeech is admirably adapted to the proud and injurious character of Antinous, who, while he himſelf ſets the other ſuitors an example of rapine and has no mercy on the goods of Ulyſſes, the moment he ſees them giving a ſcrap to a beggar, both accuſes them of profuſion, and hypocritically covers his own obduracy with the pretext of equity and conſideration.—C.

Gods! how illib'ral with that ſpecious form!
Thou would'ſt not grant the poor a grain of ſalt
From thy own board, who at another's fed
So nobly, canſt not ſpare a cruſt to me.

He ſpake; then raged Antinoüs ſtill the more,
And in wing'd accents, low'ring, thus replied.

Take ſuch diſmiſſion now as thou deſerv'ſt,
Opprobrious! haſt thou dared to ſcoff at me?

So ſaying, he ſeized his ſtool, and on the joint
Of his right ſhoulder ſmote him; firm as rock
He ſtood, by no ſuch force to be diſplaced,
But ſilent ſhook his brows, and dreadful deeds
Of vengeance ruminating, ſought again
His ſeat the threſhold, where his bag full-charged
He grounded, and the ſuitors thus addreſs'd.

Hear now, ye ſuitors of the matchleſs Queen!
If, fighting in protection of our own,
Or ſheep or oxen, we receive a blow,
We deem the grievance ſlight; but me the fierce
Antinoüs ſtrikes, for that I dare complain
Of hunger, ſource of num'rous ills to man.
If then, ye Gods! with pitying eyes ye ſee
The poor man injured, bid the Furies ſeize
Antinoüs ere his nuptial hour arrive!

To whom Antinoüs anſwer thus return'd,
Son of Eupithes. Stranger! thou haſt food;

Eat

Eat, therefore, and be ſtill, or now depart;
Leſt my young friends, to recompence aright
Thy curſes, drag thee by the feet or hands
This moment forth, and thou be flay'd alive.
He ſaid, whom even they with horrour heard
Themſelves, and thus, indignant, One replied.
Antinoüs! thou didſt not well to ſmite
This hapleſs vagrant, and the Gods, perchance,
For thy miſdeed will doom us all to die;
For, in ſimilitude of ſtrangers oft,
The Gods, who can with eaſe all ſhapes aſſume,
Repair to populous cities, where they mark
The outrageous and the righteous deeds of men *.
So they, for whoſe reproof he little cared.
But in his heart Telemachus bewail'd
His father's wrongs, yet wept not, but his brows
In ſilence ſhaking, teem'd with dire revenge,
And ſoon as news of a poor wand'rer bruiſed
And in her houſe inſulted, reach'd her ears,

* Diodorus Siculus affirms it to have been the eſtabliſhed belief of the Ægyptians, that the Gods, either in a human form or in the form of ſome animal held ſacred, viſited occaſionally all the habitable parts of the earth. A circumſtance, he obſerves, not worthy to be accounted fabulous, but probable, if indeed the world be of their creation.—Homer having viſited Ægypt and received this doctrine from the prieſts of the country, mentions it here as a verity concerning which there could be no diſpute or queſtion.—C.

The Queen, amid'ſt her women, thus exclaim'd —
So ſtrike Apollo, glorious Archer, thee!
She ſaid, and thus Eurynome replied.
Might pray'rs of ours prevail, no ſuitor there
Should ſee bright charioted Aurora more,
Her anſwer'd then Penelope diſcrete.
Nurſe! I deteſt them all, for all alike
They teem with miſchief; but Antinoüs' looks
Dark as the frowns of Fate, appal me most.
A ſtranger, urged by want, the palace roams
Imploring food from all, which all beſides
Vouchſafed him largely, but Eupithes' ſon,
Antinoüs, bruiſed his ſhoulder with a ſtool.
While thus the Queen converſing with her train
In her own chamber ſat, Ulyſſes made
Plenteous repaſt. Then, calling to her ſide
Eumæus, thus ſhe ſignified her will,
My noble friend Eumæus! hither call
Yon ſtranger; I would greet him, and would aſk
If he have ſeen Ulyſſes, or have heard
Tidings, perchance, of our unhappy lord,
For much a wand'rer by his garb he ſeems.
To whom, Eumæus, thou didſt thus reply.
Were thoſe Achaians ſilent, thou ſhould'ſt hear,
O Queen! a tale that would thy ſorrow ſooth.
Three nights I houſed him, and within my cot

Three days detain'd him, (for his ſhip he left
A fugitive, and came direct to me)
But half untold his ſtory yet remains.
As when his eye one fixes on a bard
From heav'n inſtructed in ſuch themes as charm
The ear of mortals; ever as he ſings
The people preſs, inſatiable, to hear,
So, in my cottage, ſeated at my ſide,
That ſtranger with his tale enchanted me.
Laertes, he affirms, hath been his gueſt
Erewhile in Crete, where Minos had his birth,
And thence, deſpoil'd of all, and driv'n by fate
From ſhore to ſhore, arriving ſuppliant here,
He tells, that in Theſprotia's neighbour realm
He of Ulyſſes heard, both that he lives,
And that he comes with riches laden home.
To whom Penelope, diſcrete, replied.
Haſte; call him. I would hear, myſelf, his tale.
Mean-time, let theſe, or in the palace-gate
Or in the palace, laugh; their hearts are light,
For their full boards intruſion ſuffer none;
Their meats, their wines, their own domeſticks cheer,
And none beſides; while hither, day by day,
Themſelves reſorting, with our ſheep and beeves
And fatted goats their ceaſeleſs riot feed,
Nor ſpare the richeſt wines. Thus hourly ſhrink

Our

Our copious ſtores, and there is no control;
For no ſuch friend as was Ulyſſes once
Have I to expel the miſchief. But might he
Reviſit once his native ſhores again,
Then, aided by his ſon, he ſhould avenge,
Incontinent, the wrongs which now I mourn.

Then ſneezed Telemachus with ſudden force
That all the palace rang; his mother laugh'd,
And in wing'd accents thus the ſwain beſpake.

Haſte—bid him hither—that propitious ſneeze—
(Didſt thou not hear it?) was my ſon's reply,
The voice of inſtant doom. Their death impends,
Nor ſhall one ſuitor of them all eſcape.
And mark me well. Should confirmation wait
On his report, he ſhall from me receive
Mantle and tunick both for his reward*.

She ſpake; he went, and where Ulyſſes ſat
Arriving, in wing'd accents thus began.

Penelope, my venerable friend!
Invites thee, mother of the godlike youth
Telemachus; much troubled, ſhe would learn

* The ſneeze was accounted by the Antients a favourable omen, becauſe it proceeds from the head, the moſt honourable part of the perſon. For which reaſon it was cuſtomary to bow to the ſneezer. B. & C.——In an epigram of the Anthologia it is ſaid—

Οὐδὲ λέγει, Ζεῦ σῶσον, ἐὰν πταρῇ.—C.
Nor ſays, God bleſs me! if he ſneeze.

From thee ſome tidings of her abſent lord;
And ſhould the ſequel prove them, will requite
Thy truth with ſuch a boon as moſt thou need'ſt,
With veſt and mantle; but ſhe gives no more;
With plenteous food the people, if they pleaſe,
Can well ſupply thee; ſeek it where thou may'ſt *.
Then thus Ulyſſes, Hero toil-inured.
Eumæus! I could even now relate
Truth, and truth only, to the prudent Queen
Icarius' daughter; for of him I know
Much, and have ſuffer'd ſorrows like his own.
But that this churliſh multitude I fear,
The ſuitors; whoſe enormities and acts
Of outrage echo through the vault of heav'n.
For while, this moment, guilty of no crime
Beſides, I roam'd the palace, aſking bread,
Antinoüs, ſave a bruiſe, vouchſafed me nought;
Nor could Telemachus avert the blow,
Nor other here. Now, therefore, let the Queen,
Howe'er impatient, till the ſun deſcend
Poſtpone her queſtions, better far reſolved
What time ſhe may ſupply me with a ſeat
Leſs diſtant from the fire; for, thinly clad,
As well thou know'ſt, I reach'd thy friendly door.
He ceas'd; whoſe anſwer heard, Eumæus went,

* This ſeems added by Eumæus to cut off from Ulyſſes the hope that might otherwiſe tempt him to uſe fiction.

And,

And, meeting him ere yet the ſwain had paſs'd
Her threſhold, thus Penelope enquired.

Com'ſt thou alone? What means our wand'ring gueſt,
Eumæus; fears he ſtill ſome heavier harm?
Or is it awe that checks him? Ill beſits
A baſhful awe the wand'rer and the poor.

To whom, Eumæus, thou did'ſt thus reply.
He hath well ſpoken; none who would decline
The rudeneſs of this contumelious throng
Could anſwer otherwiſe; he prays thee much
To wait till ſunſet, and that courſe, O Queen,
Thou wilt, thyſelf, prefer; ſince more at eaſe,
Far more, thou ſhalt converſe with him alone.

Then anſwer thus Penelope return'd.
The ſtranger, I perceive, is not unwiſe,
Whoe'er he be; for under heav'n are none
Proud, inſolent, and profligate as theſe.

So ſpake the Queen, whom (all his meſſage told)
Eumæus leaving, join'd the throng again,
And in cloſe-whiſper'd accents, leſt his words
Should reach the ſuitors, thus the Prince addreſs'd.

Friend and kind maſter! I return to keep
My charge, the ſwine, with whatſoe'er beſides
Yields ſuſt'nance for us both. Keep thou, mean-time,
All here with vigilance, but chiefly watch
For thy own good, and ſave *thyſelf* from harm;

For

For num'rous here brood miſchief, whom the Gods
Exterminate, ere yet their plots prevail!
To whom Telemachus, diſcrete, replied.
My father, finiſhing thy next repaſt,
Return as thou haſt ſaid, and hither drive
At early dawn freſh victims for the day,
Well-choſen; with aſſiſtance of the Gods
Myſelf and mine, the while, ſhall reſt ſecure.
He ended; then reſumed once more the ſwain
His poliſh'd ſeat, and, both with wine and food
Now ſated, to his charge return'd, the court
Leaving and all the palace throng'd with gueſts;
They (for it now was evening) all alike
Turn'd jovial to the ſong and to the dance.

ARGU-

ARGUMENT

OF THE

EIGHTEENTH BOOK.

The beggar Irus arrives at the palace; a combat takes place between him and Ulyſſes, in which Irus is by one blow vanquiſhed. Penelope appears to the ſuitors, and having reminded them of the preſents which ſhe had a right to expect from them, receives a gift from each. Eurymachus, provoked by a ſpeech of Ulyſſes, flings a footſtool at him, which knocks down the cup-bearer; a general tumult is the conſequence, which continues till by the advice of Telemachus, ſeconded by Amphinomus, the ſuitors retire to their reſpective homes.

BOOK XVIII.

Now came a publick mendicant, a man
Accuſtom'd, ſeeking alms, to roam the ſtreets
Of Ithaca; one never ſated yet
With food or drink; yet muſcle had he none,
Or force, though tall and of gigantic ſize.
Arnæus, in the day which gave him birth,
His mother call'd him, but, jocoſely bent

The

The ſuitors, with whoſe meſſages he ſped
From place to place, for his employment' ſake,
All named him, Irus. From his own abode,
Arriving there, this coarſe intruder ſought
T' expel Ulyſſes, whom he thus rebuked.
Forth from the porch, old man! or by the feet
I drag thee forth. Perceiv'ſt thou not a wink
On ev'ry brow? They bid me to the taſk,
Which I, through rev'rence of thy years alone,
As yet decline. Riſe, therefore, or with fiſts
We muſt contend, in evil hour for thee *.
To whom Ulyſſes, low'ring, thus replied.
Friend! neither word auſtere nor deed of mine
Hath injur'd thee, nor, whatſoe'er thou gain,
Shall I with envious eyes regard the boon.
The ſill may ſerve us both. Thou doſt not well
To grudge *me* food, who ſeem'ſt thyſelf forlorn
Not leſs than I; ſince what the wand'rer wins,
Or leſs or more, is all the gift of heav'n.
But move me not to box; leſt, ſore incenſed,

* Comedy perhaps derives its origin from the works of Homer, who firſt diſcovered that the moſt ſerious and ſublime ſubjects would admit of ludicrous epiſodes. He therefore introduces to the profligate ſuitors the beggar Irus challenging his hero to box, and making a ridiculous figure on the occaſion. For provocation, as well as pain and miſery, is univerſally incident to the nature and condition of man, and is a part of the diſcipline by which he is qualified to endure the ills of life.—Dionyſ. Halicarn.—C.

Though

Though worn with age ſufficient force I find
To fill thy mouth and boſom with thy blood.
So, my attendance ſhould tomorrow prove
More tranquil here; for thou ſhould'ſt leave, I judge,
Ulyſſes' manſion, never to return.

Then anſwer'd Irus, kindling with diſdain.
Ye Gods, how voluble in his harangue
The hungry wretch! How like a wither'd hag
Begrimed with ſmoke, he prates! but ah beware!
For I intend thee miſchief, and to daſh
With both hands ev'ry grinder from thy gums,
As men untooth a pig pilf'ring the corn *.
Come—gird thee, that all here may view the ſtrife—
But how wilt thou oppoſe one young as I.

Thus on the threſhold of the lofty gate
They, wrangling, chafed each other, whoſe diſpute
The high-born youth Antinoüs mark'd; he laugh'd
Delighted, and the ſuitors thus addreſs'd.

Oh friends! no paſtime ever yet occurr'd
Delectable as this which heav'n itſelf
Now yields us. Irus and the ſtranger brawl
As they would box. Haſte—urge them leſt they cool.

* It was a law in Salamis, an iſland abounding with corn, that if a ſwine entered a field and browzed, her teeth ſhould be knocked out.—B.&C. An effectual cure perhaps, but leſs humane and equitable than our practice of pounding.

He

He ſaid; they, laughing, ſtarted at the word,
And flew at once on all ſides to ſurround
The tatter'd pair; when thus Antinoüs ſpake.
Attend ye noble ſuitors to my voice.
The paunches of two goats lie broiling here,
Which, fill'd with fav'ry pulp, we placed apart
For ſupper; the victorious ſhall of theſe
Election make*, and ſhall with us thenceforth
Feaſt always; nor ſhall mendicant, except
Himſelf alone, find entrance here again.
He ſpake, whom all approv'd; next, artful Chief
Ulyſſes thus, diſſembling, them addreſs'd.
Princes! unequal is the ſtrife between
A young man and an old with mis'ry worn;
But hunger, always counſellor of ill,
Me moves to fight, that many a bruiſe received,
I may be foil'd at laſt. Now, therefore, ſwear
A ſolemn oath, that none, for Irus' ſake,
Shall interfere to ſmite me, that, ſubdued
By force ſuperiour, I may yield the prize.
He ceas'd, and, as he bade, all preſent ſwore
A ſolemn oath; then thus, amid them all
Telemachus, illuſtrious youth, began.

* A fit prize, it is obſerved, for two hungry combatants quarrelling for food.—B. & C.

Gueſt! if thy ſpirit prompt thee to the taſk,
Fearleſs of all beſides, expel him hence.
For whoſo dares ſmite thee, ſhall ſoon receive
Himſelf a large requital; I am here
In the hoſt's office, and the royal Chiefs
Antinoüs and Eurymachus, alike
Diſcrete, accord unanimous with me.

He ceas'd, whom all approved. Then, girding cloſe
His rags about his loins, Ulyſſes bared
His round and brawny thighs, his ample cheſt,
Huge arms and ſhoulders broad; while, at his ſide,
Dilating more the Hero's limbs and more
Minerva ſtood; the aſſembly with fixt eyes
Aſtoniſh'd gazed on him, and, looking full
On his next friend, a ſuitor thus remark'd *.

* Dionyſius Halicar. obſerves on this paſſage that the firſt inſtance of a naked runner at the Olympick games was Acanthus the Spartan, in the 15th Olympiad. Before that time, as we learn from Homer, the moſt credible as well as the moſt antient of the poets, the Greeks univerſally, for decency-ſake, girded themſelves in their publick conteſts. Accordingly we ſee the cuſtom obſerved by Ulyſſes and Ajax when they wreſtle at the funeral of Patroclus. And more evidenly ſtill it is inculcated in the Odyſſey, where Ulyſſes in his combat with Irus, rather that not be girded at all, girds himſelf with his rags, and Irus, who wiſhes to decline the fight and is not able to perform that office for himſelf, is forcibly girded by the ſervants.

Antiq. Rom. lib. vii.—C.

Irus in Irus ſhall no more be found,
Irus himſelf the cauſe. What youthful force
Surviving in old age thoſe tatters hid!
So he—mean-time in Irus' heart aroſe
Horrible tumult; yet, his loins by force
Girding, the ſervants dragg'd him to the fight
Pale, and his fleſh all quiv'ring as he came;
Whoſe terrours thus Antinoüs rebuked.
Now, wherefore liv'ſt, and why waſt ever born
Thou mountain-maſs of earth! if ſuch diſmay
Shake thee at thought of combat with a man
Enfeebled by diſtreſs and worn with age?
But mark, I threaten not in vain; ſhould he
Subdue thee, and in force ſuperiour prove,
My bark ſhall bear thee, caſt into her hold,
T'Epirus, realm of Echetus, the peſt
And terrour of mankind*; of noſe and ears
He ſhall deſpoil thee with his ruthleſs ſteel,
And tearing by the roots the parts away

* Echetus was one of the tyrants of Sicily, infamous for oppreſſing his ſubjects and murthering ſtrangers. He had ſuch renown for cruelty, that when a criminal of a diſtant country was adjudged worthy of uncommon puniſhment, he was ſent to Echetus; whoſe invention of painful and ignominious means of torture was ſo inexhauſtible and ſo wantonly exerciſed, that, at laſt, his people, unable to endure him longer, very properly ſtoned him.—B. & C.

Homer calls him a King and not a Tyrant, becauſe the word Τυραννος was unknown to him.—C.

That mark thy ſex, ſhall caſt them to the dogs*.
He ended, and ſtill more the trembler's limbs
Shook under him; into the middle ſpace
They led him, and each raiſed his hands on high.
Then ſtood Ulyſſes muſing and in doubt,
Whether to ſtrike him lifeleſs to the ground
At once, or fell him with a managed blow.
To ſmite with managed force at length he choſe
As wiſeſt, leſt, betray'd by his own ſtrength,
He ſhould be known. Each rais'd his fiſt, and each
Aſſail'd his oppoſite. Him Irus ſtruck
On the right ſhoulder; but Laertes' ſon
Full on the neck and cloſe beneath his ear
Smote Irus with a force that ſnapp'd the bones.
He, ſpouting through his lips a crimſon ſtream,
With chatt'ring teeth and hideous outcry fell,
And with his heels, recumbent, thump'd the ground.
Loud laugh'd the ſuitors, lifting each his hands,
As they would die; when, ſeizing faſt his heels,
Ulyſſes dragg'd him through the palace-door,
Athwart his area to the diſtant porch,
Where, placing him reclined againſt the wall,
He gave him his rude ſtaff, and thus he ſaid.

* Tradition ſays that Echetus, for a love-affair, condemned his daughter to loſe her eyes, and to grind iron barley-grains, while her lover was doomed to ſuffer what Antinoüs threatens to Irus.—F.

There

There ſeated now, dogs drive and ſwine away,
Nor claim (thyſelf ſo baſe) ſupreme control
O'er other gueſts and mendicants, leſt harm
Befall thee, next, ſtill heavier to be borne.

So ſaying, his old patch'd wallet by the twiſt
Once more he ſlung, and, turning to the ſill
His ſeat reſumed. The ſuitors as he turn'd
Turn'd alſo; ſtill they laugh'd, and, at his ſide
Aſſembling, thus their gratitude expreſs'd.

Jove, and all Jove's aſſeſſors in the ſkies
Vouchſafe thee, ſtranger, whatſoe'er it be,
Thy heart's deſire! who haſt our ears reliev'd
From that inſatiate beggar's irkſome tone.
T'Epirus, realm of Echetus, that fierce
And ruthleſs tyrant, ſhall he ſoon depart.

Thus greeted, with delight Ulyſſes caught
The joyful omen. Then Antinoüs placed
The well-fill'd paunch before him, and two loaves
From his own ſtore Amphinomus, who charged
His goblet alſo, drank to him, and ſaid,

My father, hail! O ſtranger, be thy lot
Hereafter bleſt, however, now, ſevere!

To whom Ulyſſes, ever-wiſe, replied.
Amphinomus! to me thou ſeem'ſt endued
With ſuch diſcretion as befits the ſon
Of ſuch a ſire, whoſe fair report I know,

Dulichian Nyſus opulent and good.
By rumour thou art his; and prudence ſhow'ſt
That ſpeaks that rumour true. Now, therefore, hear.
Earth nouriſhes, of all that breathe or creep,
No creature weak as man; for while the Gods
Grant him firm health and plenty, neither fear
Nor thought hath he, that he ſhall ever mourn;
But when the Gods with evils unforeſeen
Smite him, he bears them with a grudging mind;
For ſuch as the complexion of his lot
By the appointment of the Sire of all,
Such is the colour of the mind of man.
Myſelf have alſo known in other days
Both wealth and eaſe; but I was then ſelf-will'd,
And many wrong'd, embolden'd by the thought
Of my own father's and my brethren's pow'r.
Deal, therefore, none unjuſtly, but let each
Uſe modeſtly what gift ſoe'er of heav'n *.
So do not theſe. Theſe ever bent I ſee

* Euripides in his Hecuba ſpeaks to the ſame purport.

Οὐ τοὺς κρατοῦντας χρὴ κρατεῖν ἃ μὴ χρεών·
Οὐδ' εὐτυχοῦντας εὖ δοκεῖν πράξειν ἀεί·
Κἀγὼ γὰρ ἦν ποτ', ἀλλὰ νῦν οὐκ εἰμ' ἔτι,
Τὸν πάντα δ' ὄλβον ἡμαρ ἓν μ' ἀφείλετο.—C.

Let not the powerful abuſe his pow'r,
Nor the happy dream of being always ſuch;
Such once was I, but am not now—my good
Was all torn from me in a single day.

On

On deeds injurious, the poſſeſſions large
Conſuming, and diſhonouring the wife
Of one, who will not, as I judge, remain
Long abſent from his home, but is, perchance,
Ev'n at the door. Thee, therefore, may the Gods
Steal hence in time! ah, meet not his return
To his own country! for no bloodleſs ſtrife
Shall his, believe me, with the ſuitors prove,
Should once he reach his long-ſought home again.

He ended, and, libation pouring, quaff'd
The generous juice, then in the prince's hand
Replaced the cup; he, penſive, and his head
Inclining low, paſs'd from him; for his heart
Foreboded ill; yet 'ſcaped not even he,
But in the ſnare of Pallas caught, his life
To the heroic arm and ſpear reſign'd
Of brave Telemachus. He, therefore, ſought
The throne whence he had ris'n, and ſat again.

And, now, Minerva, Goddeſs azure-eyed,
Inſpired Icarius daughter with the thought
T' appear before the ſuitors; ſo t' expoſe
Their impious drift the more, and that herſelf
Still more illuſtrious in Ulyſſes' eyes
Might ſhine, and in her ſon's. She forced a ſmile,
Diſſembling her diſtreſs, and thus ſhe ſaid.

A wiſh, Eurynome! ne'er felt before,

(For I deteſt them all) now prompts me much
To appear before the ſuitors; I, perchance,
May ſomewhat ſpeak that ſhall induce my ſon
T' aſſociate leſs with thoſe, who give him words
Of oily ſmoothneſs, but his death intend *.

Then anſwer thus Eurynome return'd.
My daughter! thou haſt wiſely ſaid and well.
Bathe, therefore, firſt, and o'er thy cheeks diffuſe
The grace of unction; then, ſuppreſſing nought,
Adviſe thy ſon; but ſhow not there thy face
Sullied with tears, for 'vantage none derives
From ceaſeleſs grief; and thou haſt cauſe of joy,
Since thy Telemachus a bearded youth
Thou ſee'ſt, whom ſuch it was thy pray'r to ſee †.

Her

* Thus Demoſthenes, as cited by Clarke,
Orat. de Falsâ Legatione,

Ὅστις δ' ὁμιλῶν ἥδεται κακοῖς ἀνὴρ,
Οὐ πώποτ' ἠρώτησα, γιγνώσκων ὅτι
Τοιοῦτός ἐστιν οἷς περ ἥδεται ξυνών.

But I no converſe ever held with men
Who chooſe baſe company, aware that all
Reſemble thoſe whoſe fellowſhip they love.

† Madame Dacier is perſuaded that Eurynome does not ſuggeſt as matter of conſolation to her miſtreſs, the maturity of her ſon, but as an argument to enforce the meaſure ſhe has juſt recommended. The learned lady is of opinion that Penelope being mother of a ſon now arrived at manhood, might reaſonably enough be reminded that a little attention to the embelliſhments of dreſs could hardly be ſuperfluous.

A wonderful

Her anſwer'd, then, Penelope diſcrete.
Perſuade not me, though ſtudious of my good,
Eurynome! to bathe or to anoint
My face with oil; for when Ulyſſes ſail'd,
On that ſame day, the Pow'rs of heav'n deform'd
And wither'd all my beauties; therefore haſte,
Hippodamia bring, and bring with her
Autonöe, for I ſhall need them both
T' attend me there; ſince decency forbids
That I ſhould enter to the men, alone.
She ceas'd, and, as ſhe bade, her antient nurſe
Haſted to ſummon whom ſhe had enjoin'd.
Then, Pallas azure-eyed, occaſion found
To viſit with the balmy dews of ſleep
Icarius' daughter; on her wonted couch
Reclining, ſoon as ſhe reclin'd, ſhe dozed,
And yielded to ſoft ſlumber all her frame.
Then, that the ſuitors might admire her more,
The glorious Goddeſs cloth'd her, as ſhe lay,
With beauty of the ſkies; her lovely face
With ſuch ambroſial unguent, firſt, ſhe bathed
As Cytherea chaplet-crown'd employs

A wonderful interpretation, as Clarke obſerves, not to ſay a fooliſh one. It proves however that a very learned perſon may be much a ſtudent of Homer, and may even write a commentary on him, without acquiring in the ſmalleſt degree a taſte for his ſimplicity.

Herſelf

Herſelf, when in the fight-entangling dance
She joins the Graces; more majeſtick ſize
And ſtature, next, ſhe gave her, and her hue
Made fairer than the elephantine bone
Freſh from the carver's hand. Theſe gifts conferr'd
Divine, the glorious Deity retired.
And now, loud-prattling as they came, arrived
Her handmaids; ſleep forſook her at the ſound,
She wiped a falling tear, and thus ſhe ſaid.

Care-ſoothing ſleep—how welcome to the ſoul
Diſtreſs'd as mine! I would that with a touch
As gentle chaſte Diana would herſelf
This moment ſet me free, that I might waſte
My life no longer in heart-felt regret
Of a lamented huſband's various worth
And virtue, for in Greece no peer had he!

She ſpake, and, her magnificent receſs
Forſaking, downward went; nor went ſhe ſole
But with thoſe two fair menials of her train.
Arriving, moſt majeſtick of her ſex,
In preſence of the num'rous gueſts, beneath
The portal of the ſtately dome ſhe ſtood
Between her maidens, cover'd, not conceal'd,
And ſhining through her veil. The ſudden blaze
Aſtoniſh'd them, and with intenſe deſire
Fill'd each, to make the beauteous prize his own;

When,

When, thus, the Queen her liſt'ning ſon beſpake.
Telemachus! thou art no longer wiſe
As once thou waſt, and even when a child.
For though thy bloom, thy ſtature and thy ſize
Beſpeak thee ſuch that, even at a glance,
A ſtranger would diſcern thy princely birth,
Still is thy judgment weak and immature.
For what is this? why ſuffer'ſt thou a gueſt
To be abuſed in thy own palace? how?
Know'ſt not that if the ſtranger ſeated here
Endure vexation, the diſgrace is thine *?
Her anſwer'd, then, Telemachus diſcrete.
I blame thee not, my mother, that thou feel'ſt
Thine anger moved; yet want I not a mind
Of ſtrength to mark and to diſcern between
Evil and good; for, though not now a child,

* Euſtathius conſiders this allegation of the mother as a charge againſt her ſon that he has been too tame a ſpectator of the injury done to the ſtranger by Antinoüs when he threw a ſtool at him; and the anſwer of Telemachus, in which he takes not the leaſt notice of that incident, but exculpates the ſuitors reſpecting the combat between Ulyſſes and Irus, he conſiders as an artful evaſion to which he has recourſe for the ſake of peace, and that he may cut ſhort at once a diſagreeable ſubject the diſcuſſion of which could at preſent anſwer no good purpoſe. But Clarke, who ſeems to have more probability on his ſide, can ſee no reaſon why Penelope may not be ſuppoſed to allude to the combat, in which caſe the anſwer of Telemachus is direct and natural.

I find

I find not, truly promptitude of thought
Sufficient always, overaw'd and check'd
By ſuch a multitude, all bent alike
On miſchief, of whom none takes part with me.
But Irus and the ſtranger have not fought,
Urged by the ſuitors, and the ſtranger prov'd
Victorious. Oh Apollo, Pallas, Jove!
I would that in the houſe and in the court
The ſuitors all ſat vanquiſh'd, with their heads
Depending low, and with enfeebled limbs,
Even as that ſame Irus, with his chin
Propp'd on his boſom in the portal ſits
Drooping as he were drunk, too feeble, now,
To ſtand erect, or ſeek his proper home.
So they; and now addreſſing to the Queen
His ſpeech, Eurymachus thus interpoſed.
O daughter of Icarius! could all eyes
Throughout Iäſian * Argos view thy charms,
Diſcrete Penelope! more ſuitors ſtill
Aſſembling in thy courts at early dawn
Would banquet here; for thou ſurpaſſeſt far
In beauty, ſtature, worth, all womankind †.

* From Iäſus, once King of Peloponneſus.

† Ariſtotle's opinion, which was probably that of his countrymen, was that to be large and tall is eſſential to female beauty. Diminutive perſons, he ſays, may be elegant and juſtly formed, but beautiful they cannot be.——Ethic. lib. iv. c. 7.—C.

To whom replied Penelope diſcrete.
Eurymachus! my talents and my charms
The Gods ordain'd ſhould wither all and die
When, with the Greeks, Ulyſſes ſail'd to Troy.
Could he, returning, guide, as he was wont
My doubtful ſteps, I ſhould at once diſplay
More worth, and merit far ſuperiour praiſe.
But grief now marrs me, ſuch perpetual ſtorms
Have been my portion.—When he left his home,
Claſping my wriſt with his right hand, he ſaid.
My love! for I imagine not that all
The warrior Greeks ſhall ſafe from Troy return,
Since fame reports the Trojans brave in fight,
Skill'd in the ſpear, mighty to draw the bow,
And nimble vaulters to the backs of ſteeds
High-mettled, which to ſpeedieſt iſſue bring
The dreadful ſtruggle of all-waſting war—
I know not, therefore, whether heav'n intend
My ſafe return, or I muſt periſh there.
But manage thou at home. Neglect not ought
My parents of my filial aid bereft,
But, rather for that cauſe, more kindly ſtill
Think on them; and what time our ſon thou ſeeſt
Mature, then wed; wed even whom thou wilt,
And hence to a new home.—So counſell'd he;
And all his counſel ſhall be now perform'd.

For

For, ah! the night arrives, when hapleſs I,
My wealth all waſted by the will of Jove,
Muſt meet, perforce, the nuptials which I dread:
But this thought now torments me, and my mind
Continual haunts. Such was not heretofore
The ſuitor's cuſtom'd practice; all who choſe
To engage in competition for a wife
Well-qualified and well-endow'd, produced
From their own herds and fatted flocks a feaſt
For the bride's friends, and ſplendid preſents made,
But ne'er conſumed, as ye, bread not their own.
She ceaſed; and in his heart Ulyſſes felt
Some joy, that ſoothing them, ſhe ſought to draw
From each ſome gift, although on other views,
And more important far, himſelf intent *.

Then

* If the joy of Ulyſſes on this occaſion proceeded from a principle of covetouſneſs, ſays Plutarch, comedy never furniſhed the character of a pimp ſo odious. But if he rejoices becauſe he conſiders the liberality of the ſuitors as a ſymptom of ſuch ſelf-ſecurity as cannot fail to deliver them into his hands, he then has reaſon.—C.

Spondanus however, and not unſatisfactorily, juſtifies his complacence on a different ground, aſcribing it to his perſuaſion that although Penelope exacted gifts from the ſuitors, ſhe did it only to feed them with falſe hopes, and that this was ſufficiently underſtood by her huſband.—C.

But perhaps a juſter account of the matter than either may be, that the point of delicacy in affairs of a lucrative kind, was not much underſtood or conſulted by the antients. Diomede would otherwiſe have been brought with difficulty to conſent to the exchange

Then thus Antinoüs, Eupithes' ſon.
Icarius' daughter! deign but to receive
Such gifts as we ſhall bring, for gifts demand
That grace, nor can be decently refuſed;
But neither fields nor manſions of our own
Seek we, be ſure, till firſt thy choice be made
Of the Achaian, chief in thy eſteem.
Antinoüs ſpake, whoſe anſwer all approved.
Then each diſpatch'd his herald who ſhould bring
His maſter's gift. Antinoüs' herald, firſt,
A mantle of ſurpaſſing beauty brought,
Wide, various, with no fewer claſps adorn'd
Than twelve, all golden; twelve on either ſide.
From the ſame hand Eurymachus received
A ſun-bright chain of amber and of gold.
The gift by rich Eurydamas deſign'd
Two ſervants bore; a broad ear-pendant, each,
Of dazzling light profuſe, and triple-gemm'd,
And, next, a collar from his herald's hand,
A ſplendid ornament, Polyctor's ſon,

change of arms with Glaucus, which he had himſelf the conſcience to propoſe. And we find Ulyſſes in the next book accounting for his long abſence in his diſcourſe with Penelope, by telling her that though he had amaſſed immenſe treaſures, he was buſied in amaſſing more. A modern wife would conſider ſuch voluntary delay, for ſuch a reaſon, as no very ſtriking ſymptom of her huſband's impatience to ſee her again. But Penelope ſeems well contented.

Piſander,

Piſander, took. Thus ev'ry ſuitor gave,
And each a gift diſſimilar from all.
Then ſought the Queen her chamber, after whom
Her maidens bore the gifts. Mean-time to dance
And pleaſant ſong, till evening ſhould arrive,
The ſuitors turn'd, and when the duſky ſhades
Of evening fell, three vaſes on the floor
They placed, that ſhould illume the ſpacious hall;
Theſe with dry fuel-wood all newly riv'n
And intermixt with torches they ſupplied,
And damſels watch'd by turns and fed the fires
Whom, thus, Ulyſſes, ever wiſe, addreſs'd.

Ye ſervants of your long-regretted lord
Ulyſſes, to th' interiour houſe retire,
And to your virtuous Queen, that following there
Your ſev'ral taſks, ſpinning and combing wool,
Ye may amuſe her; I, mean-time, for theſe
Will furniſh light, and ſhould they chooſe to ſtay
Till golden morn appear, they ſhall not tire
My patience aught, for I can much endure.

He ſaid; they, titt'ring, on each other gazed.
But one, Melantho with the blooming cheeks,
Rebuked him rudely. Dolius was her ſire,
But by Penelope ſhe had been reared
With care maternal, and in infant years
Supplied with many a toy; yet even ſhe

Felt

Felt not her miſtreſs' ſorrows in her heart,
But, of Eurymachus enamour'd, oft
His lewd embraces met; ſhe, little won
By brave Ulyſſes' kindneſs, thus replied.
Why—what a brainſick vagabond art thou!
Who neither to the ſmithy wilt, for ſleep,
Nor to the publick portico repair,
But here remaining, with audacious prate
Diſturb'ſt this num'rous company, reſtrain'd
By no reſpect or fear; is wine the cauſe
That thus thou ſpeak'ſt, or waſt thou born a fool?
Or art thou drunk with joy that thou haſt foiled
The beggar Irus? Tremble, leſt a man
Stronger than Irus ſuddenly ariſe,
Whoſe fiſts ſhall on thy batter'd brows deſcend
With dreadful force, and drive thee foul as blood,
Thine own, can make thee, to ſome other home*.
To whom Ulyſſes, frowning ſtern, replied.
Snarler! I will this moment to the Prince
Thy maſter, in whoſe ear I will report
Thy ſpeech, and he ſhall hew thee limb by limb.
So ſaying, he ſcared the women; back they flew
Into the houſe, but each with falt'ring knees

* The ſmith's ſhop was a place into which the houſeleſs poor were permitted to enter at night, and where they ſlept at the forge-ſide.—Euſtath.—C.

Through dread, for they believ'd his threats ſincere.
He, then, illumin'd by the triple blaze,
His ſtation ſtill maintaining, watch'd the fires,
But in his ſoul, mean-time, far other thoughts
Revolved, tremendous, not conceived in vain *.

Nor Pallas (that they might exaſp'rate more
Laertes' ſon) permitted to refrain
From heart-corroding bitterneſs of ſpeech
Thoſe ſuitors proud; Eurymachus began,
The ſon of Polybus; and while he mock'd
Ulyſſes ſharply, ſet them in a roar.

Hear me, ye ſuitors of the illuſtrious Queen!
I ſhall promulge my thought. This man, methinks,
Not unconducted by the Gods, hath reach'd
Ulyſſes' manſion, for to me the light
Of yonder torches altogether ſeems
His own, an emanation from his head,
Which not the ſmalleſt growth of hair obſcures.

He ceas'd, and, next, the city-waſting Chief
Ulyſſes thus addreſs'd. Art thou diſpoſed,

* None of Homer's incidents are without their conſequences. He ſends away the women that Ulyſſes may have the fairer opportunity to converſe with Penelope, and eſpecially that having withdrawn themſelves, they may, by the aid of Euryclea, be effectually excluded, while the hero and his ſon remove the arms. A meaſure which without that precaution could hardly have been effected ſecretly. See next Book. L. 20.

So

So that myſelf were willing, to commence
A labourer at my farm? thou ſhalt not want
Sufficient wages; thou may'ſt there collect
Stones for my walls, and plant my thriving oaks
For which I would ſupply thee through the year
With food, and clothes, and ſandals for thy feet.
But thou haſt learn'd leſs creditable arts,
Nor haſt a will to work, preferring much
By beggary from ſtreet to ſtreet t' obtain
Wherewith to feed thy never-ſated maw.
Then anſwer, thus, Ulyſſes wife return'd.
Forbear, Eurymachus; for were we match'd
In work againſt each other, thou and I,
Mowing in ſpring-time, when the days are long,
I with a well-bent ſickle in my graſp,
And thou with one in thine, for trial ſake
Of our ability to toil unfed
Till night, graſs ſtill ſufficing for the proof.—
Or if, again, it were our taſk to drive
Yoked oxen of the nobleſt breed, ſleek-hair'd,
Big-limb'd, both batten'd to the full with graſs,
Their age and aptitude for work the ſame
Not ſoon to be fatigued, and were the field
In ſize four acres, with a glebe through which
The ſhare might ſmoothly ſlide, then ſhould'ſt thou ſee
How ſtrait my furrow ſhould be cut and true.—

Or ſhould, this day, Saturnian Jove excite
Here, battle, or elſewhere, and I were arm'd
With two bright ſpears and with a ſhield, and bore
A brazen caſque well-fitted to my brows,
Me, then, thou ſhould'ſt perceive in fight engaged
Amid the foremoſt Chiefs, nor with the crime
Of idle beggary ſhould'ſt upbraid me more.
But thou art much a railer, one whoſe heart
No pity moves, and to thyſelf appear'ſt
A mighty man and valiant, for no cauſe
But that thy ſocial intercourſe is ſmall—
Thou haſt few friends, and thoſe of little worth.
But ſhould Ulyſſes come, theſe ample doors
Should ſeem, at once, to thee too ſtrait a paſs
To ſhoot thee forth with ſpeed enough abroad.

He ceaſed—then tenfold indignation fired
Eurymachus; he furrow'd deep his brow
With frowns, and in wing'd accents thus replied.

Wretch! for this inſolence with which thou dar'ſt
Offend this num'rous company, myſelf
Will now requite thee well. Is wine the cauſe
That thus thou ſpeak'ſt, or waſt thou born a fool?
Or thou art frantick haply with delight
That thou haſt foil'd yon vagabond obſcure.

He ſaid, and ſeized a ſtool. Ulyſſes ſaw,
Not fearleſs of its flight, th' uplifted harm,

And

And at the knees of the Dulichian Prince
Amphinomus an inſtant refuge ſought.
He, therefore, in his ſtead, th' attendant ſtruck
Who bore the beaker; ſmitten from his hand
Down dropp'd the veſſel, rang againſt the ground,
And with loud ſhrieks the ſuff'rer fell ſupine.
Then tumult loud aroſe; the gloomy roof
Reſounded, and a ſuitor thus exclaim'd.

I would that, ere he cauſed ſuch tumult here,
This mendicant had died! we now contend
Not for the Queen, but for a beggar's ſake,
And muſt deſpair, ſince thus we can diſpute
For ſuch a cauſe, that peace and ſocial joy
Shall ever crown our banquets here again.

So he; and, next, amid them all aroſe
Telemachus himſelf, and thus he ſpake.
Sirs! ye are mad; forgetful of your wine
And of your food alike; ſome angry God
Confounds you; finiſh, therefore, duly, now,
Your joyleſs feaſt, and ſeek your ſev'ral homes,
At your own time, for none goes forced by me.

He ceaſed; they gnawing ſtood their lips, aghaſt
With wonder that the Prince had in his ſpeech
Such freedom ſhown and boldneſs. Then aroſe
The ſon of Niſus offspring of the King
Aretus, brave Amphinomus, and ſaid—

My friends! let none with contradiction thwart
And rude reply words rational and juſt;
Ceaſe; neither ſtrike the ſtranger here, nor ſtrike
A ſervant of renown'd Ulyſſes, more,
But let ſome youth, attendant on the wine
From right to left diſpenſe it, that, a laſt
Libation made, we may retire to reſt
Each at his proper home, and leave the Prince
To accommodate beneath his father's roof
The ſtranger, for the Prince's gueſt is he.

He ceaſed, whom all approved. The hero, then,
Dulichian Mulius, herald of himſelf
Amphinomus, a beaker charging high
Served all. They, pouring to the bleſſed Gods
Libation, drank; and when ſuch meaſure each
Had ta'en as pleaſed him, fought their ſev'ral homes*.

* Mulius, although the ſervant of Amphinomus, is dignified with the appellation of Hero, becauſe he was an Herald alſo, and all Heralds were deemed ſacred perſons and held in the higheſt honour by the Antients.

ARGU-

ARGUMENT

OF THE

NINETEENTH BOOK.

Ulyſſes and Telemachus remove the arms from the hall to an upper-chamber. The Hero then confers with Penelope, to whom he gives a fictitious narrative of his adventures. Euryclea, while ſhe bathes Ulyſſes, diſcovers him by a ſcar on his knee, but he prevents her communication of that diſcovery to Penelope.

BOOK XIX.

THUS him the ſuitors in his palace left
Contriving with Minerva's aid fit means
To ſlay them all, when to his ſon he ſaid—
Telemachus, we muſt diſpoſe, my ſon!
All theſe our implements of war within;
* And ſhould the ſuitors, miſſing them, inquire

* Theſe lines, to the end of the paragraph, were judged by the Antients to be here in their proper place, but not in the ſixteenth book where they occur in the firſt inſtance, with the addition of four more.—C.

Where are they? thou ſhalt anſwer calmly thus—
I have convey'd them from the reach of ſmoke,
For they appear no longer thoſe which erſt
Ulyſſes, ſailing hence for Ilium, left,
So ſmirch'd and ſullied by the breath of fire.
This weightier reaſon (thou ſhalt alſo ſay)
Some God ſuggeſted to me,—leſt, inflamed
With wine, ye wound each other in your brawls,
Shaming both feaſt and courtſhip; for the view
Itſelf of arms incites to their abuſe.

He ceaſed; and, at his word, th' obedient Prince
Call'd Euryclea forth, his nurſe, and ſaid—

Nurſe! ſhut the women cloſe; while I remove
My father's arms, through long neglect of mine
In childhood, ſullied by theſe ſmoky fires.
My chamber beſt will ſuit them, danger none
Of ſmoke is there, and thither ſhall they now.

Then thus the gentle matron in return.
I would, my ſon that thou would'ſt uſe the pow'r
Which thy diſcretion gives thee, to control
And manage all! But their removal hence
If none may witneſs, who ſhall bear the light?

To whom Telemachus diſcrete replied.
This gueſt; for no man, at my table fed,
Come whence he may, ſhall be an idler here.

He ended, nor his words flew wing'd away,

But

But Euryclea bolted ev'ry door.
Then, ſtarting to the taſk, Ulyſſes caught,
And his illuſtrious ſon, the weapons thence,
Helmet, and boſſy ſhield, and pointed ſpear,
While Pallas from a golden lamp diffuſed
A beauteous light around them. At that ſight
Alarm'd, the Prince his father thus addreſs'd.

Whence—whence is this, my father? I behold
A prodigy! the houſe on either ſide,
With all its num'rous arches, columns, beams,
Shines in my ſight, as with the blaze of fire!
Some Pow'r celeſtial, doubtleſs, is within.

To whom Ulyſſes, ever-wiſe, replied.
Soft! aſk no queſtions. Give no vent to thought.
Such is the cuſtom of the Pow'rs divine.
Hence, thou, to reſt. I ſtay that I may move
And int'reſt much thy mother, and provoke
Her women alſo; neither ſhort nor made
With ſlight concern ſhall her inquiry prove.

He ended, and the Prince, at his command,
Guided by flaming torches, ſought the couch
Where he was wont to ſleep, and there he ſlept
On that night alſo, waiting the return
Of ſacred dawn. Thus left, Ulyſſes, deep
In thought immerſed, ſat framing fitteſt means
By Pallas' aid, for ſlaughter of his foes.

At length, Diana-like, or like herſelf,
All-golden Venus, (her apartment left)
Enter'd Penelope. Beſide the hearth
Her women planted her accuſtom'd ſeat
With ſilver wreathed and ivory. That throne
Icmalius form'd, and had with niceſt art
A footſtool to the ſplendid frame adjoin'd,
Which ever with an ample fleece they ſpread.
There ſat diſcrete Penelope; then came
Her beautiful attendants from within,
Who ſoon diſplaced the tables, and from each
The ſcatter'd food collected and the cups
From which thoſe inſolent companions drank.
Its embers, next, from each inverted vaſe
They pour'd, and with freſh billets piled them high,
Both for illumination and for warmth.
Then yet again Melantho with rude ſpeech
Opprobrious, thus, aſſail'd Ulyſſes' ear.

Haſt thou reſolved, then, ſtranger! to remain
All night a troubleſome intruder here,
That thou may'ſt watch the women? Hence—abroad—
Glad of ſuch fare as thou haſt found, or ſoon
With torches beaten we will thruſt thee forth.

To whom Ulyſſes, frowning ſtern, replied.
Why theſe invectives, miſtreſs? and thy wrath—
Why thus purſues it me? for that my face

Shines

Shines not with oil? for that my garb is mean?
For that I beg? to my diſtreſs impute
Theſe crimes; all mendicants commit the ſame.
I alſo lived the rich poſſeſſor once
Of ſuch a ſtately manſion, and have giv'n
To num'rous wand'rers, whenceſoe'er they came,
All that they needed; I was alſo ſerved
By many, and enjoy'd whate'er denotes
The envied owner opulent and bleſt.
But Jove (for ſuch his pleaſure was) reduced
My much to nought *. Thou, therefore, alſo fear
Leſt, faireſt of thy ſiſter-menials now,
Thou forfeit all thoſe beauties; fear beſides
Leſt by ſome rudeneſs thou provoke the Queen,
And leſt Ulyſſes come, of whoſe return
Hope yet ſurvives; but even though the Chief
Have periſh'd, as ye think, and comes no more,
Conſider yet the Prince; his growth; his age;
Apollo's gifts; no woman here can hide,
As erſt ſhe might, her treſpaſs from his eye,
For all his heedleſs years have paſs'd away.

He ended, whom Penelope o'erheard,

* Ζεὺς γάρ τοι τὸ τάλαντον ἐπιῤῥέπει ἄλλοτε ἄλλᾳ·
Ἄλλοτε μὲν πλουτεῖν, ἄλλοτε δ' οὐδὲν ἔχειν.
Theogn: Gnom:—C.
Jove makes our ſcale, at pleaſure, riſe or fall,
Now giving much, now ſtripping us of all.

And her attendant ſharply thus rebuked.

Shameleſs, audacious woman! known to me
Is thy great wickedneſs, which with thy life
Thou ſhalt atone; for thou waſt well aware,
(Hearing it from myſelf) that I deſign'd
This ſtranger's ſtay, for cloſe inquiry-ſake
Of my long loſt and moſt lamented lord.

Then to her miſtreſs of the ſtores ſhe ſaid—
Eurynome! bring hither for the gueſt
A cover'd ſeat, for ſitting he ſhall hear
And anſwer beſt my queſtions, like to prove
Not few, nor ſatisfied with ſhort reply.

She ſpake; Eurynome with briſk diſpatch
A ſeat ſupplied with fleecy cover ſpread,
On which, at once, the toil-accuſtom'd Chief
Repoſing, thus Penelope began.

Stranger! my firſt inquiry ſhall be this—
Who art thou? whence? where born, and ſprung
from whom?

Then anſwer thus Ulyſſes, wiſe, return'd.
O Queen! uncenſurable by the lips
Of mortal man! thy glory climbs the ſkies
Unrivall'd, like the praiſe of ſome great King
Who o'er a num'rous people and renown'd
Preſiding like a Deity, maintains
Juſtice and truth. Their harveſts overſwell

The

The ſower's hopes; their trees, o'erladen, ſcarce
Their fruit ſuſtain; no ſickneſs thins the folds;
The finny ſwarms of ocean crowd the ſhores,
And all are rich and happy, for his ſake *.
Me therefore, queſtion of what elſe thou wilt
In thy own palace, but forbear t'inquire
From whom I ſprang, and of my native land,
Leſt recollection of thoſe tender themes
Augment my woes; for I have much endured;

* Although Homer numbers a plentiful ſupply of fiſh among the bleſſings of a rich and happy people, Athenæus obſerves that he never ſets fiſh on the table. The poet, he ſays, frequently characterizes the Helleſpont by the epithet *fiſhy*, he deſcribes the Phæacians as a people altogether maritime, he was acquainted with the many havens of Ithaca and the iſles in its neighbourhood, in which both *fiſh* and wild-fowl abounded, and has repreſented a ſea well-ſtored with *fiſh* as a circumſtance of felicity, yet in no ſingle inſtance does he ſet fiſh before his heroes.—C.

This whole paſſage has been imitated by Heſiod

Ἔργ: καὶ Ἡμερ: I, ver. 223.

Οἵ δὲ δίκας ξείνοισι καὶ ἐνδημοισι διδοῦσιν
Ἰθείας, καὶ μή τι παρεκβαίνουσι δικαίου,
Τοῖσι τέθηλε πόλις, λαοὶ δ' ἀνθεῦσιν ἐν αὐτῇ·—
Τοῖσι φέρει μὲν γαῖα πολὺν βίον· ὄρεσι δὲ δρῦς
Ἄκρη μέν τε φέρει βαλάνους, μέσση δὲ μελίσσας·
Εἰροπόκοι δ' ὄιες μαλλοῖς καταβεβρίθασι &c.—C.

But they who both the ſtranger and their own
Treat juſtly, nor o'erpaſs the bounds of right,
Their city thrives, their citizens are bleſt,
Their ſoil yields plentifully, acorns load
Their topmoſt bough while bees poſſeſs the trunk,
And their flocks pant beneath a cumb'rous fleece.

Tears are forbidden us, and ſighs, beneath
Another's roof; uninterrupted grief
Is evil; and thy women might ſuſpect,
(Perchance thyſelf) that wine too largely ta'en,
Not ſorrow, cauſed the deluge of my tears.
Him anſwer'd then Penelope diſcrete.
Alas! my talents, ſtranger! and my charms
The Gods ordain'd ſhould wither all and die
When, with the Greeks, Ulyſſes ſail'd to Troy.
Could he, returning, guide, as he was wont,
My doubtful ſteps, I ſhould at once diſplay
More worth, and merit far ſuperiour praiſe.
But grief now marrs me, ſuch perpetual ſtorms
Have been my portion; for as many Chiefs
As hold dominion in the neighbour iſles
Samos, Dulichium, and the foreſt-crown'd
Zacynthus; others, alſo, rulers here
In pleaſant Ithaca, me, loth to wed,
Woo ceaſeleſs, and my ſtores conſume, the while.
I therefore, neither gueſt nor ſuppliant heed,
Nor publick herald more, but with regret
Of my Ulyſſes wear my ſoul away.
They, mean-time, preſs my nuptials, which by guile
I ſtill procraſtinate. Some God the thought
Suggeſted to me, to deſign a robe
Of ampleſt meaſure and of ſubtleſt woof,

And

And thus t' addreſs them, uſing no delay.
Princes, my ſuitors! ſince the godlike Chief
Ulyſſes is no more, enforce not now
My nuptials; wait till I ſhall finiſh firſt
A ſun'ral robe (leſt all my threads decay)
Which for his royal father I prepare
Laertes, looking for the mournful hour
When ruthleſs Fate ſhall ſeize him for her own.
Elſe, I the cenſure dread of all my ſex,
Should he, ſo wealthy, want at laſt a ſhroud.
Thus ſpeaking I prevail'd. Thenceforth I wove
All day that ample web, and by the blaze
Of torches, ravell'd it again at night.
Three years by this pretext deceived, they ceaſed
To preſs me more; but when the fourth arrived,
And the ſame ſeaſon after many moons
And fleeting days return'd, then, paſſing, ſafe,
The dogs by theſe my careleſs women left
Still chain'd, they reach'd my chamber, my deſign
At once diſcern'd, and threaten'd fierce revenge.
Thus, through neceſſity, not choice, at length
Have I completed the laborious taſk,
Nor other ſpecious plea can I deviſe
Or refuge find, for day by day themſelves
My parents urge my nuptials, and my ſon
(Of age to note it) with diſguſt obſerves

His

His wealth conſumed; for abler youth than he
To rule his houſe, or by the Gods endow'd
With more illuſtrious qualities is none.
Yet, ſtranger, after all, ſpeak thy deſcent;
For whenceſoe'er thou cam'ſt, nor antient oak
Nor hollow rock, I judge, gave birth to thee *.
Her anſwer'd then Ulyſſes, ever-wiſe.
Unblemiſh'd conſort of Laertes' ſon!
Reſolv'ſt thou ſtill to learn from whom I ſprang?
Learn then; but know that thou ſhalt much augment
My preſent grief, natural to a man
Who hath, like me, long exiled from his home
Through various cities of the ſons of men
Wander'd remote, and num'rous woes endured.
Yet will I tell thee, with what pain ſoe'er.
There is a land amid the ſable flood
Call'd Crete; fair, fruitful, circled by the ſea.
Num'rous are her inhabitants, a race
Not to be ſumm'd, and ninety towns ſhe boaſts †.
Various

* When a man's birth or his anceſtry could not be traced, or for reaſons of his own he choſe to conceal them, he was ſaid to be deſcended either from the oaks or rocks. The expreſſion was proverbial.—B. & C.

† The poet, who here aſcribes only ninety, in the catalogue aſcribes to Crete an hundred cities; the reaſon is ſaid to be, that after the Trojan war, the return of Idomeneus to his home being oppoſed

Various their ſpeech is; ſome Achaians are,
And ſome indigenous; Cydonians theſe,
Thoſe Dorians; others of Pelaſgian race.
One city far in ſize the reſt exceeds,
Cnoſſus; a city ſway'd by Minos erſt,
Who, ever at a nine-years-cloſe, conferr'd
With Jove himſelf; from him my father ſprang,
Deucalion; and Deucalion's conſort bore
Two ſons, Idomeneus the King, and me*.
To Troy my royal brother with the ſons
Of Atreus ſail'd. The youngeſt-born am I;
Not more behind Idomeneus in years
Than in renown, and Æthon is my name.
There I beheld and entertain'd beneath
My roof, Ulyſſes; for a furious wind
Had driv'n him from Malea (while he ſought

oppoſed by Leucus his adopted ſon, to whom he had delegated the throne in his abſence, ten cities were deſtroyed in the conteſt.

Others ſay that the epithet ἑκατόμπολις is not to be underſtood preciſely, but as a general term ſignifying only a great number of cities.—B. & C.

* Minos, the ſon of Jupiter and Europa, was fabulouſly reported to viſit always at the end of nine years his omniſcient father, that he might receive from him inſtructions in the art of government, in which accordingly he became ſo expert, that after his death he was appointed chief judge of the wicked.—B. & C.

The ground of the fable, according to Casaubon, was, that every nine years he reviſed his laws and corrected them.—C.

The ſhores of Troy) to Crete. His barks he moor'd
Within the ſtream Amniſus, for the cave
Of Ilithya known, a dang'rous port,
Where ſcarce, at laſt, his fleet eſcaped the ſtorm.
He, landing, inſtant to the city went,
Seeking Idomeneus, of whom he ſpake
As of a friend long-known and much eſteem'd.
But *he* was far remote, ten days advanced,
Perhaps eleven, on his courſe to Troy.
Beneath my roof he, therefore, found his home,
(A plenteous one, himſelf,) and for his band
By publick contribution I procured
Corn, wine, and beeves, till they could wiſh no more.
Twelve days his noble Greecians there abode,
Port-lock'd by Boreas blowing with a force
Reſiſtleſs even on the land, ſome God
So rouſed his fury; but the thirteenth day
The wind all fell, and forth they ſail'd again.
With many a ſpecious fiction, thus he ſooth'd
Her liſt'ning ear*; ſhe, melting at the ſound,
With drops of tend'reſt grief her cheeks bedew'd;
And as the ſnow, by Zephyrus diffuſed,

* The original line is obſerved by Strabo to be juſtly deſcriptive of all that Homer has invented, who, as Ariſtotle remarks, has given an example to all writers who deal in fiction, how they ought to feign, mingling truth with falſehood, and making falſehood look like truth.—C.

Melts

Melts on the mountain tops, when Eurus breathes,
And fills the channels of the running ſtreams,
So melted ſhe, and down her lovely cheeks
Pour'd faſt the tears, him mourning as remote
Who ſat beſide her *. Soft compaſſion touch'd
Ulyſſes of his conſort's ſilent woe;
Yet wept not he, but, well-diſſembling ſtill,
Suppreſs'd his grief, faſt rivetting his eyes,
As they were each of horn or hammer'd ſteel,
Till ſhe, with overflowing tears at length
Satiate, replied, and thus inquired again.

Now, ſtranger! mark me well; now prove thy truth.
If thou, indeed, haſt entertain'd in Crete
My ſpouſe and his brave followers, as thou ſay'ſt,
Deſcribe his raiment and himſelf; his own
Appearance, and the appearance of his friends.

Then her Ulyſſes anſwer'd, ever-wiſe.
Hard is the taſk, O Queen! (ſo long a time

* The original word ſignifying *to melt* is uſed thrice in the courſe of this ſhort paſſage, on which Hermogenes obſerves, that when there is an appropriate term for a thing and that term perfectly intelligible, it is not well to ramble in queſt of another. He who does, may discover indeed his command of language, but the variety he gains by it is unſeaſonable, and deſtroys the energy of his diction.

Homer knew this, and though he could eaſily have ſubſtituted another term, he would not. How can ſnow diſappear better than by *melting*, or what word could better expreſs the tenderneſs of Penelope?—C.

Hath ſince elaps'd) to tell thee. Twenty years
Have paſs'd ſince he forſook my native iſle,
Yet, from my beſt remembrance, I will give
A likeneſs of him, ſuch as now I may.
A double cloak, thick-piled, Mœonian-dyed,
The noble Chief had on; two golden claſps
Secured it, and the claſps diſplay'd in front
A well-wrought pattern with much art deſign'd *.
An hound between his fore-feet holding faſt
A dappled fawn, gaped eager on his prey.
All wonder'd, ſeeing, how in lifeleſs gold
Expreſs'd, the dog with open mouth her throat
Attempted ſtill, and how the fawn with hoofs
Thruſt trembling forward, ſtill eſſayed to fly.
That glorious mantle much I noticed, ſoft
To touch, as the dried garlick's gloſſy film;
Such was the ſmoothneſs of it, and it ſhone
Sun-bright; full many a maiden, truſt me, view'd
The ſplendid texture with admiring eyes.
But mark me now; deep treaſure in thy mind
This word. I know not if Ulyſſes wore
That cloak at home, or whether of his train

* Hence Barnes obſerves on the great antiquity of Moſaick work among the Greecians, derived originally from the Sidonians, the Hebrews and Ægyptians, and ſecondarily from the Medes and Perſians and the people of India.

Some warrior gave it to him on his way,
Or elſe ſome hoſt of his; for many loved
Ulyſſes, and with him might few compare.
I gave to him, myſelf, a brazen ſword,
A purple cloak magnificent, and veſt
Of royal length, and, when he fought his bark,
With princely pomp diſmiſs'd him from the ſhore.
An herald alſo waited on the Chief,
Somewhat his ſenior; him I next deſcribe.
His back was bunch'd; his viſage ſwarthy; curl'd
All o'er his fleecy poll; and he was named
Eurybates; Ulyſſes' neareſt friend,
And of a mind congenial with his own.

He ceaſed; ſhe, conſcious of the proofs, with tears
More copious ſtill conſeſs'd them genuine all,
And, when, at length, tears fail'd her, thus replied.

Till now my gueſt for pity's ſake, henceforth
Such ſhalt thou be for friendſhip's dearer ſake.
I folded for him with theſe hands the cloak
Which thou deſcrib'ſt, produced it when he went
And gave it to him; I that ſplendid claſp
Attach'd to it myſelf, t'adorn the more
My godlike huſband, who ſhall never reach
His native home, nor tread theſe ſhores again;
Hard, therefore, was his lot, that e'er he ſail'd.

To whom Ulyſſes, ever-wiſe, replied.

Unblemiſh'd conſort of Laertes' ſon !
No longer pine with needleſs grief, nor vex
Thy gentle heart for loſt Ulyſſes' ſake.
And yet I blame thee not ; a wife deprived
Of her firſt mate to whom ſhe had produced
Fair fruit of mutual love, would mourn his loſs,
Although of worth inferiour far to thine,
Whom fame affirms the ſemblance of the Gods.
But ceaſe to mourn ; for I will now relate
A faithful tale, nor will from thee withhold
Such tidings of Ulyſſes living ſtill,
And of his homeward courſe, as I have heard
Not diſtant far, but in the neighbour land
Of the Theſprotians. He returns enrich'd
With many precious ſtores from thoſe obtain'd
Whom he hath viſited ; but he hath loſt,
Departing from Thrinacia's iſle, his bark
And all his lov'd companions in the Deep,
For Jove was adverſe to him, and the Sun,
Whoſe beeves his followers ſlew. They periſh'd all
Amid the billowy flood ; but Him, the keel
Beſtriding of his bark, the waves at length
Caſt forth on the Phæacians' land, a race
From Neptune ſprung, who rev'renced like a God
Thy huſband, honour'd him with num'rous gifts,
And offer'd him, themſelves, ſafe paſſage home.

Ulyſſes,

Ulyſſes, therefore, had attain'd long ſince
His native ſhore, but that he deem'd it beſt
To travel far, that he might ſtill amaſs
More wealth; ſo far he paſſes all mankind
In gainful arts, in which no peer hath he.
This knowledge from Theſprotia's King I gain'd,
From gen'rous Phidon; to myſelf he ſwore
In his own houſe, the goblet in his hand,
That both the bark was launch'd, and all her crew
Then waiting to conduct him to his home.
But me he firſt diſmiſs'd; for, as it chanced,
A galley of Theſprotia lay prepared
To ſeek Dulichium; many a cheſt was there
With treaſures of Ulyſſes fill'd, a ſtore
To feed the houſe of an inferiour prince
To the tenth generation; ſo immenſe
His riches were within that palace lodg'd.
Of him he ſpake as to Dodona gone,
T'implore Jove's counſel in his oaken bow'rs,
Whether, ſo late returning, he ſhould ſeek
His kingdom openly, or in diſguiſe.
Him, therefore, deem ſecure; nor diſtant far,
Nor doom'd to longer exile from his home
And from his friends. I ſwear a ſolemn oath.
Firſt Jove be witneſs, King and Lord of all!
Next theſe domeſtick Gods of the renown'd

Ulyſſes, in whoſe royal houſe I ſit,
That thou ſhalt ſee my ſaying all fulfill'd.
Ulyſſes ſhall this ſelf-ſame year return,
This ſelf-ſame month, ere yet the next begin.
Him anſwer'd then Penelope diſcrete.
Fail not this word of thine, my friend! and ſoon
I will enrich thee ſo, that all who meet
Or but behold thee, ſhall pronounce thee bleſt.
But ah! my ſoul forebodes far other end;
Neither Ulyſſes will return, nor thou
Receive ſafe conduct hence; for we have here
None, ſuch as once Ulyſſes was, to rule
His houſehold with authority, and to ſend
With honourable convoy to his home
The worthy gueſt, or to regale him here.
Give him the bath, my maidens; ſpread his couch
With linen ſoft, with fleecy gaberdines
And rugs of ſplendid hue, that he may lie
Waiting, well-warm'd, the golden morn's return *,
At early dayſpring alſo ſerve him well
With bath and unction, that, his ſeat reſumed
Here in the palace, he may be prepared
For breakfaſt with Telemachus; and woe
Be that man's portion who ſhall incommode

* A gaberdine is a ſhaggy cloak of coarſe but warm materials. Such always make part of Homer's bed-furniture.

Or

Or cauſe him pain; for Him will I caſhier
Next moment, burn his anger as it may.
For whence, my gueſt! ſhould thy belief ariſe
That I deſerve paſt other of my ſex
The praiſe of wiſdom, if unbathed, unoiled,
Ill-clad, thou ſojourn here? man's life is ſhort.
Whoe'er is cruel, and to cruel arts
Addicted, all on him, while yet he lives,
Call plagues and curſes down, and after death
Scorn and proverbial mock'ries hunt his name.
But the benevolent and juſt, who treats
The ſtranger kindly, from his lips obtains
A good report, which others, where he dwells,
With pleaſure hear, and further ſtill diffuſe *.
Her anſwer'd, then, Ulyſſes ever-wiſe.
Unblemiſh'd conſort of Laertes' ſon!
Warm gaberdines and rugs of ſplendid hue
To me have odious been, ſince firſt the ſight
Of Crete's ſnow-mantled mountain-tops I loſt,
Sweeping the billows with extended oars.
No; let me paſs, as I am wont to paſs
The ſleepleſs night; for on a ſordid couch

* The brevity of human life is mentioned as a reaſon why man ſhould be diligent to ſecure to himſelf the good opinion of others, that his fame ſurviving him he may ſeem to live the longer. This paſſage is recommended very pathetically by Barnes to the eſpecial notice of the rich and powerful.

Outſtretch'd,

Outſtretch'd, full many a night have I repoſed
Till golden-charioted Aurora dawn'd.
Nor me the foot-bath pleaſes more; my foot
Shall none of all thy miniſt'ring maidens touch,
Unleſs there be ſome antient matron grave
Among them, who hath pangs of heart endured
Num'rous, and keen as I have felt myſelf;
Her I refuſe not. She may touch my feet*.
Then, anſwer, thus, Penelope return'd.
Dear gueſt! for of all trav'llers here arrived
From diſtant regions, have I none received
Prudent as thou, nor whom for his diſcrete
And faultleſs manners I have more eſteem'd,
I have a matron even to thy wiſh,
Who when my poor ill-fated lord was born
Received and nurſed him; ſhe ſhall waſh thy feet,
Though, now, ſcarce able.—Euryclea, riſe!

* The Scholiaſt informs us that the original lines correſponding with theſe four, were rejected by the Antients, and Euſtathius rejects them likewiſe, deeming it unlike Ulyſſes to fruſtrate his own deſign of ſecreſy by chooſing a woman to waſh his feet who could hardly fail to diſcover him. Spondanus is of opinion that foreſeeing the ſervices ſhe might render him, he choſe her on purpoſe that ſhe might diſcover him. But Barnes's judgment on the paſſage ſeems the ſoundeſt, who thinks that the poet means to repreſent Ulyſſes as forgetful of the ſcar till his recollection of it comes too late, when, as his only remedy, he turns himſelf from the light. Thus underſtood, the whole is conſiſtent, natural and probable.—C.

Waſh

Waſh one coeval with thy Lord; for ſuch
The feet and hands, I doubt not, are become
Of our Ulyſſes, now; ſince man beſet
With ſorrow once, ſoon wrinkled grows and old.
She ſaid, then Eurycléa with both hands
Cov'ring her face, in tepid tears profuſe
Diſſolved, and thus in mournful ſtrains began.
Alas! my ſon, affliction for thy ſake
Diſtracts me. Surely Jove of all mankind
Moſt hated thee, though piety like thine
He found not oft; for never mortal man
So many thighs of fatted victims burn'd,
And choſen hecatombs produced as thou
To Jove the Thund'rer, him entreating ſtill
That he would grant thee a ſerene old age,
And to inſtruct, thyſelf, the prince, thy ſon.
Yet thus the God requites thee, cutting off
All hope of thy return—oh antient ſir!
Him too, perchance, where'er he ſits a gueſt
Beneath ſome foreign roof, the women taunt,
As all theſe ſhameleſs ones have taunted thee,
Fearing whoſe mock'ry thou forbidd'ſt their hands
This office, which Icarius' daughter wiſe
To me conſigns, and which I, glad, perform.
Yes; not for her ſake only, but for thine
This taſk will I perform; for thou haſt raiſed

A tempeſt

A tempeſt in my ſoul. Hear now the cauſe!
Full many a gueſt forlorn we ſhelter here,
But none of all hath in his form and ſize,
In ſhapely feet, in deep and mellow voice
Such likeneſs of Ulyſſes ſhown as thou.
To whom Ulyſſes, ever ſhrewd, replied.
Such cloſe ſimilitude, O antient dame!
As thou perceiv'ſt between us, all alike
Who have beheld us both, have ever found.
He ſaid; then taking the reſplendent vaſe
Allotted always to that uſe, ſhe firſt
Infuſed cold water largely, then, the warm.
Ulyſſes (for beſide the hearth he ſat)
Turn'd haſtily toward the ſhade, alarm'd
Leſt, handling him, ſhe ſhould at once remark
His ſcar, and all his ſtratagem unveil.
She then, approaching, miniſter'd the bath
To her own King, and at firſt touch diſcern'd
That token, by a ſavage boar of old
Impreſs'd, what time he to Parnaſſus went
To viſit there Autolycus and his ſons,
His mother's noble ſire, who far-excell'd
In furtive arts and oaths all human-kind *.

For

* Autolycus, the ſon of Mercury according to the Scholiaſt, was a moſt dextrous thief after the example of his father, and ſo ingenious both in ſtealing and in hiding what he had ſtolen, that he amaſſed great

For ſuch endowments he by gift receiv'd
From Hermes' ſelf, whom with the thighs of lambs
And kids he gratified, and, in return,
The watchful Hermes never left his ſide.
He, viſiting Laertes on a time,
Then King in Ithaca, the new-born ſon
Of his own daughter found, whom on his knees
At cloſe of ſupper Euryclea placed,
And thus the royal viſitant addreſs'd.
Thyſelf, Autolycus! deviſe a name
For this thy daughter's ſon, by num'rous pray'rs
Of thine and fervent, from the Gods obtained.
Then anſwer thus Autolycus return'd.
My daughter and my daughter's ſpouſe! the name
Which I ſhall give your boy, that let him bear.
Since, after much ſucceſs at others' coſt,

great riches. The poet, however, ſeems rather to applaud than to cenſure his practice; on which account Plato cautions his diſciples againſt the paſſage; telling them that they are in danger of learning from Homer, who evidently approves the conduct and character of Autolycus, that honeſty and thievery may conſiſt together, and that provided a man pilfers only from his enemies for the benefit of himſelf and his friends, no great harm is done.—C.

Homer's morals ſeem to allow to a good man diſſimulation, and even an ambiguous oath, ſhould they be neceſſary to ſave him from a villain. Thus in Book XX. Telemachus ſwears by Zeus, that he does not hinder his mother from marrying whom ſhe pleaſes of the wooers, though at the ſame time he is plotting their deſtruction with his father.—F.

And

And much hoſtility provoked, I come,
Call him Oduſſeus*; and, in future time,
When he ſhall viſit, at an age mature
My manſion in Parnaſſus, where, of late,
His mother dwelt, and where my treaſures lie,
Rich, will I ſend him thence, and joyful home.
Ulyſſes, therefore, that he might obtain
Thoſe princely gifts, went thither. Him arrived,
With right-hand gratulation and with words
Of welcome kind, Autolycus receiv'd,
Nor leſs his offspring; but the mother moſt
Of his own mother clung around his neck,
Amphithea; ſhe with many a fervent kiſs
His forehead preſs'd, and his bright-beaming eyes.
Then bade Autolycus his noble ſons
Set forth a banquet. They, at his command,
A bullock introduced, five years his age,
Which flaying firſt, they ſpread him carved abroad,
Then ſcored his fleſh, transfixed it with the ſpits,
And roaſting all with culinary ſkill,
Gave each a ſhare. Thus, ſitting, they prolong'd
All day the feaſt, and till the ſun declined;

* To call him Ulyſſes here (a name without meaning) when Autolycus calls him Oduſſeus, for the ſake of its meaning, would be not to tranſlate but to misrepresent the poet. Oduſſeus is immediately derived from the verb Oduſſaò, *I am angry.*

But

But when the ſun declined, and darkneſs fell,
Each ſought his couch, and took the gift of ſleep.
Then, ſoon as day-ſpring's daughter roſy-palm'd
Aurora look'd abroad, forth went the hounds,
And, with the hounds, Ulyſſes and the youths,
Sons of Autolycus, to chaſe the boar.
Arrived at the Parnaſſian mount, they climb'd
The buſhy ſides, and to the loftieſt lairs
Erelong attain'd. It was the pleaſant hour
When from the gently-ſwelling flood profound
Emerging bright, the ſun firſt ſmote the fields.
The hunters ſcour'd the thickets; foremoſt ran
The queſting hounds, behind them came the youths,
Sons of Autolycus, with whom advanced
The illuſtrious Prince Ulyſſes, preſſing cloſe
The hounds, and brandiſhing his maſſy ſpear.
There, hid in thickeſt ſhades, an huge boar lay.
That covert neither rough winds blowing moiſt
Could penetrate, nor could the noon-day ſun
Smite through it, or faſt-falling ſhow'rs pervade,
So thick it was, and underneath, the ground
With litter of dry foliage ſtrew'd profuſe.
Hunters and dogs approaching him, his ear
The ſound of feet perceived; upridging high
His briſtly ſpine and glaring fire, he ſprang
Forth from the ſhrubs, and in defiance ſtood

Near

Near and right oppoſite. Ulyſſes, firſt,
Aſſail'd him with his elevated ſpear
Ardent to wound him, but the boar, his thruſt
Preventing, gall'd him firſt above the knee.
Much fleſh, obliquely ſtriking him, he tore
With his rude tuſk, yet reach'd not to the bone.
But him Ulyſſes piercing in the brawn
Of his right ſhoulder, urged his weapon through.
He, ſcreaming, fell and died. With inſtant haſte
Around Ulyſſes his companions throng'd;
With dext'rous promptitude his wound they braced,
With chaunted charms reſtrain'd the ſable blood
And ſought at once their home; thence, ſoon as heal'd,
His hoſts, rejoicing in his cure, diſmiſs'd
Their happy gueſt, enrich'd with many a gift *.
His parents, in his native iſle, with joy
Their ſon received, and of his hurt inquired;
He told them all the truth—how while he ſcour'd
The thickets of Parnaſſus with his friends
Sons of Autolycus, a ſavage boar
Impreſs'd the deep memorial with his tooth.
That ſcar, while chafing him with open palms,
The matron knew; ſhe left his foot to fall;

* Hæmorrhages, gout, ſciatica, and all ſorts of ſprains were ſuppoſed by the Antients to be curable by ſong, when once the patient found himſelf capable of attending to it.—B. & C.

Down

Down dropp'd his leg into the vaſe; the braſs
Rang, and, o'ertilted by the ſudden ſhock,
Poured forth the water, flooding wide the floor.
Her ſpirit joy at once and ſorrow ſeized;
Tears fill'd her eyes; her intercepted voice
Died in her throat; but, with a trembling hand
Stretch'd forth to claſp his beard, at length ſhe ſpake.

Thou art himſelf, Ulyſſès. Oh my ſon!
Dear to me, and my maſter as thou art,
I knew thee not, till I had touch'd the ſcar*.

She ſaid, and right toward the Queen her eyes
Directed, all impatient to declare
Her own Ulyſſès even then at home.
But ſhe, though ſeated oppoſite, immerſed
In deepeſt thought by Pallas, neither heard
Nor aught obſerved of all. Then, ſeizing faſt
Her throat with his right hand, and with his left
Preſſing her nearer on himſelf, he ſaid.

* Dionyſius Halicar. was ſo charmed with the poet's whole deſcription of this incident, that while we contemplate it, he ſays, we rather ſeem to view a picture than to read a poem, and accounts them not much miſtaken who ſhall affirm that the beſt leſſons in his art any where to be found, a painter may find in Homer. And Cicero's opinion of his deſcriptive powers was equally honourable to him, as appears from what he ſays on the ſubject in his Tuſculan Diſputations, L. v. S. 39, where noticing the blindneſs of the bard and his faculty of making all things clearly ſeen by his readers, he expreſſes himſelf with rapturous admiration.—C.

Nurſe! why would'ſt thou deſtroy me? From thy breaſt
The milk that fed me flow'd. Much grief, much toil
Have I ſuſtain'd, and in the twentieth year
Regain my country. Thou haſt learn'd the truth;
Such was the will of heav'n. But huſh—be ſtill—
Leſt others alſo learn it from thy lips.
For this I ſay, nor ſhall the threat be vain;
If God, propitious, grant me to deſtroy
Thoſe ſuitors, when I ſhall my wrongs avenge
On all theſe worthleſs ones who ſerve the Queen,
Although my nurſe, thyſelf ſhalt alſo die.

Him anſwer'd Eurycleа then, diſcrete.
What ſpeaks my ſon! How 'ſcaped that dreadful word
Thy guarded lips; my faithfulneſs of old
Thou know'ſt, and even now ſhalt prove me firm
As iron, ſecret as the ſtubborn rock.
But hear and mark me well. Should'ſt thou prevail,
By Pow'r divine aſſiſted, to deſtroy
The haughty ſuitors, I will then, myſelf,
Teach thee to judge the women, and diſcern
Th' unfaithful many from the duteous few.

To whom Ulyſſes, ever-wiſe, replied.
Nurſe! wherefore this? Inſtruction none I need,
Sufficient of myſelf. Hold thou thy peace.
Be that thy part, and leave the reſt to heav'n.

He ſpake; then, leaving him, forth went the nurſe

That ſhe might ſerve him with a ſecond bath,
For the whole firſt was ſpilt. Thus, laved at length,
And ſmooth'd with oil, Ulyſſes nearer pull'd
His ſeat toward the glowing hearth to enjoy
More warmth, and drew his tatters o'er the ſcar.
When, prudent, thus Penelope began.

One queſtion, ſtranger, I ſhall yet propound,
Though brief; for ſoon the hour of ſoft repoſe
Sweet even to the moſt forlorn, on whom
Sleep ſheds his grateful influence, will arrive.
But meaſure none hath heav'n to my diſtreſs
Aſſign'd; my ſole delight is to conſume
My days in ſighs, while here retired I ſit,
Taſking my women, and myſelf employ'd;
But (night return'd, and all to bed retired)
I preſs mine alſo, yet with deep regret
And anguiſh lacerated, even there.
As when at ſpring's firſt entrance, her ſweet ſong
The azure-creſted nightingale renews,
Daughter of Pandareus; within the grove's
Thick foliage perch'd, ſhe pours her echoing voice
Now deep, now clear, with ever-varied ſtrains
Deploring Itylus, whom ſhe deſtroy'd
(Her ſon by royal Zethus) unaware *,

* Her name was Aëdon. She intended to ſlay the ſon of her huſband's brother Amphion, incited to it by envy of his wife, who

So changeful are my thoughts, while here I muſe
Uncertain, whether I ſhall ſtill remain
For my ſon's ſake at home, a faithful guard
Of his and mine, houſe, women, houſehold-ſtores,
My ſpotleſs honour, and my nuptial bed,
Or whether of my wooers I ſhall chooſe
Who nobleſt ſeems, and offers richeſt dow'r.
My ſon, while infant and of heedleſs years
Would not that I ſhould leave him and forſake
His father's home; but now, to manhood thriv'n,
He ev'n entreats me to depart, incenſed
For his fair patrimony thus conſumed.
But I have dream'd. Hear, and expound my dream.
My geeſe are twenty, which within my walls
I feed with ſodden wheat*; they ſerve to amuſe
Sometimes my ſorrow. From the mountains came
An eagle, huge, hook-beak'd, brake all their necks,
And ſlew them; ſcatter'd on the palace-floor
They lay, and he ſoar'd ſwift into the ſkies.
Dream only as it was, I wept aloud,
Till all my maidens, gather'd by my voice,
Arriving, found me weeping ſtill, and ſtill
Complaining, that an eagle had at once
Slain all my geeſe. But, to the palace-roof

had ſix children, while herſelf had only two, but through miſtake ſhe ſlew her own ſon Itylus, and for her puniſhment was transformed by Jupiter into a nightingale.—B. & C.

Stooping

Stooping again, he ſat, and, with a voice
Of human ſound, my tears forbidding, ſaid—
Take courage, daughter of the glorious Chief
Icarius! no vain dream haſt thou beheld,
But, in thy ſleep, a truth. The ſlaughter'd geeſe
Denote thy ſuitors, and myſelf who ſeem
An eagle in thy ſight, am yet indeed
Thy huſband, who have now, at laſt, return'd,
Death, horrid death deſigning for them all.
He ſaid; then waking at the voice, I caſt
An anxious look around, and ſaw my geeſe
Beſide their tray, all feeding as before.
Her then Ulyſſes anſwer'd, ever-wiſe.
O Queen! interpretation cannot err
Unleſs perverſely, ſince Ulyſſes' ſelf
So plainly ſpake th' event. Sure death impends
O'er ev'ry ſuitor, he ſhall ſlay them all.
To whom Penelope diſcrete replied.
Dreams are inexplicable, O my gueſt!
And ofttimes mere deluſions that receive
No juſt accompliſhment. Two ſev'ral gates
Tranſmit thoſe airy phantoms. One of horn,
And of ſawn iv'ry, one*. Such dreams as paſs

* The difference of the two ſubſtances may perhaps ſerve to account for the preference given in this caſe to the gate of horn; horn being tranſparent, and as ſuch emblematical of truth, while ivory, from its whiteneſs, promiſes light, but is, in fact, opaque. F.

The gate of ivory, prove empty ſounds,
While others, through the poliſh'd horn effuſed,
Whoſe eye ſoe'er they viſit, never fail.
But thence, methinks, that awful dream of mine
Came not; thrice welcome were it elſe to me
And to my ſon. Now mark my words; attend.
The dreaded morn appears, which ſends me far
From this loved home for ever. To decide
Their rival claims, this day ſhall I produce
Twelve rings inſerted in twelve pointed ſtakes,
Which, ſet by line, like galley-ribs, his mark
Oftimes Ulyſſes made, and, from afar,
Would ſpeed his well-aim'd arrow through them all.
Such is the teſt to which I ſhall invite
This day the ſuitors. Him who ſooneſt bends
The ſtubborn bow, and with ſucceſsful aim
His keen ſhafts levelling, thrids all the rings,
I follow, this dear manſion of my youth
Leaving, ſo fair, ſo fill'd with ev'ry good,
Though ſtill to love it even in my dreams.

Her anſwerd then Ulyſſes, ever-wiſe.
Unblemiſh'd conſort of Laertes' ſon!
Delay not; bring them, inſtant, to the proof;
For ere long-lab'ring they prevail to bend
That bow ſo ſtubborn, and to ſpeed the ſhaft
Through thoſe twelve rings, Ulyſſes will arrive.

To

To whom Penelope, diſcrete, replied.
Could'ſt thou, my gueſt! unwearied, ſtill conſole
And ſooth me thus, theſe wakeful lids of mine
Should never cloſe; but ſleep is by the will
And ord'nance of the Gods, and to reſiſt
Sleep always, far exceeds all pow'r of Man.
I, therefore, ſeeking my receſs above,
Will lay me, ſighing, down on my ſad couch
Moiſt with my tears, e'er ſince Ulyſſes went
To that bad city, never to be named.
There will I ſleep; but ſleep thou here below,
Either, thyſelf, preparing on the ground
Thy couch, or on a couch by theſe prepared.
So ſaying, not ſole, but with her female train
Attendant on her ſteps, aſcending thence
She ſought her ſtately chamber; there arrived,
She mourn'd her lov'd Ulyſſes, till, at length,
By Pallas ſhed ſoft ſlumbers ſeal'd her eyes.

ARGUMENT

OF THE

TWENTIETH BOOK.

Ulyſſes, doubting whether he ſhall deſtroy or not the women ſervants who commit lewdneſs with the ſuitors, reſolves at length to ſpare them for the preſent. He aſks an omen from Jupiter, and that he would grant him alſo to hear ſome propitious words from the lips of one in the family. His petitions are both anſwered. Preparation is made for the feaſt. Whilſt the ſuitors ſit at table, Pallas ſmites them with a horrid frenzy. Theoclymenus, obſerving the ſtrange effects of it, propheſies their deſtruction, and they deride his prophecy.

BOOK XX.

But in the veſtibule the godlike Chief
Ulyſſes lay. The fleeces of his ſheep
Slain by the ſuitors, o'er a bullock's hide
New-ſtripp'd he caſt, then preſs'd his haſty couch,
And cover'd by the dame, his antient nurſe,
With a warm mantle, meditating lay

Woe

Woe to his enemies. Mean-time, the train
Of women wonted to the ſuitors' arms,
All ſought their ſev'ral mates, and, as they went,
Titt'ring and jeſting lewdly, fill'd his heart
With doubts tumultuous, whether, then, at once
To ſlay, or to permit them yet to give
Their luſty paramours one laſt embrace.
As growls the maſtiff ſtanding on the ſtart
For battle, if a ſtranger's foot approach
Her cubs new-whelp'd—ſo growl'd Ulyſſes' heart,
While wonder fill'd him at their impious deeds.
But, ſmiting on his breaſt, he thus reproved
The mutinous inhabitant within.

Heart! bear it. Worſe than this thou didſt endure
What time, invincible by force of man,
The Cyclops on thy brave companions fed.
Then thou waſt patient, though a thouſand fears
Poſſeſs'd thee, till thy wiſdom ſet thee free.

His own heart thus he diſciplined, which bore
With firmneſs the reſtraint, and in his breaſt
Rebell'd not; yet he turn'd from ſide to ſide.
As when ſome hungry ſwain o'er glowing coals
A paunch for food prepares, from ſide to ſide
He turns it oft, and ſcarce abſtains the while,
So he from ſide to ſide roll'd, pond'ring deep
How likelieſt with ſucceſs he might aſſail

Thoſe ſhameleſs ſuitors; one to many oppoſed *.
Then Pallas, ſtooping from the ſkies, in form
A woman, o'er the muſing hero's head
Her ſtation took, and thus the Goddeſs ſpake.

Why ſleep'ſt thou not, unhappieſt of mankind?
Thou art at home; here dwells thy wife, and here
Thy ſon; a ſon, whom all might wiſh their own.

Whom thus Ulyſſes anſwer'd, ever-wiſe.
O Goddeſs! juſt is all that thou haſt ſaid;
But, not without ſolicitude, I muſe
How, with ſucceſs, alone, I ſhall aſſail
My ſhameleſs, num'rous, never-failing gueſts
The ſuitors; this thought pains me; but a thought,

* Spondanus underſtands the Simile as deſigned to illuſtrate the quickneſs and variety of thought with which Ulyſſes was exerciſed while in queſt of an expedient to ſlay the ſuitors. Madame Dacier ſuppoſes his burning impatience to be the point of compariſon, but Clarke the reſtleſs motion of his body merely; and if Homer may be allowed the beſt interpreter of his own meaning, Clarke is certainly right; for the frequent turnings of Ulyſſes on his bed are the only circumſtance to which he applies it.

The Simile has been cenſured by many as mean and tending to degrade the Hero. Euſtathius vindicates it on the ground of the Hero's aſſumed character, which is that of a mendicant.—C. But though he is believed to be ſuch by all about him, to the reader he is known to be Ulyſſes; if therefore no better plea can be urged in its favour, it muſt be given up. A far better however will be ſoon found, if diveſting himſelf of falſe delicacy, the reader will conſider its ſimplicity; how natural it is, how appoſite, and how forcibly it impreſſes the ſubject.

Still

Still weightier, more. If, through your ſov'reign aid,
(Thine and thy Father's) I ſhould ſlay them all,
How ſhall myſelf eſcape? oh Goddeſs! think*.
To whom the blue-eyed Goddeſs in reply.
Oh void of faith! a mortal man will truſt
His friend, though mortal and in valour leſs
And wiſdom than himſelf; but I who keep
Thee in all difficulties, am divine.
I tell thee plainly. Were we throng'd around
By fifty bands, all ambuſh'd, and prepared
To ſlay thee, thou ſhould'ſt yet ſecurely drive
The flocks and cattle of them all away.
But yield to ſleep's ſoft influence; ſleepleſs nights
Themſelves are painful, and erelong, be ſure,
Thou ſhalt emerge from under all thy woes.
So ſaying, ſhe ſhed o'er Ulyſſes' eyes
Soft ſlumbers, and when ſleep that ſooths the mind
And nerves the limbs afreſh had ſeized him once,
Departing, ſought th' Olympian heights again.
But his chaſte ſpouſe awaking, wept reclined
On her ſoft couch, and, nobleſt of her ſex,
Satiate at length with tears, her pray'r addreſs'd
To Dian firſt of all the Pow'rs above.
Diana! virgin Goddeſs! ſprung from Jove!

* That is, how ſhall I eſcape the vengeance of their kindred?

I would

I would that with a ſhaft this moment ſped
Into my boſom, thou would'ſt here conclude
My mournful life! or, oh that, as it flies,
Snatching me through the pathleſs air, a ſtorm
Would whelm me deep in Ocean's reſtleſs tide!
So, ſudden tempeſts caught the daughters fair
Of Pandareus áway*; their parents died
By wrath divine, and they were left forlorn;
But Venus nouriſh'd them with curds, with wine
And honey; Juno gave them to ſurpaſs
All women both in feature and in mind;
With graceful ſtature eminent thyſelf
Didſt deign to bleſs them, and in female taſks
Ingenious, Pallas with ſuperiour ſkill.
But when the foam-ſprung Goddeſs to the ſkies
A ſuitreſs went on their behalf, to obtain
Bleſt nuptials for them from the Thund'rer Jove,
(For Jove the happineſs, himſelf, appoints,
And the unhappineſs of all below)
Mean-time, ſwift Harpies raviſhing away
Thoſe virgins, gave them to the Furies Three,
That they might ſerve them†. O that me the Gods

Inhabiting

* Aëdon, Cleothera, Merope.—B. & C.

† We have here a different hiſtory given us of Aëdon, who in Book xix. (ſee the note on Line 634) is ſaid to have been transformed

Inhabiting Olympus ſo would hide
From human eyes, or Dian ſtrike me dead!
That while Ulyſſes yet hath all my thoughts,
My days concluded, I might 'ſcape the pain
Of gratifying ſome inferiour Chief!
This is ſupportable, when (all the day
To ſorrow giv'n) the mourner ſleeps at night;
For ſleep, if once it veil the tearful eye,
All reminiſcence blots of all alike,
Both good and ill; but me the Gods afflict
Not ſeldom ev'n in dreams, and at my ſide,
This night the likeneſs of Ulyſſes lay,
Such as myſelf beheld him when he ſail'd
With his brave Ithacans; my bounding heart
No fleeting dream believed it, but a truth.
While thus ſhe ſpake, in orient gold enthroned
Came forth the morn. Ulyſſes, at the voice,

formed into a nightingale. In his comment on this paſſage the Scholiaſt tells us that Pandareus, ſon of Merops and the nymph Orea, having married Harmathöe daughter of Amphidamas, by her had three daughters, Aëdon, Cleothera, and Merope. Their father, arriving in Crete, ſtole a dog belonging to Jupiter from his temple, and in puniſhment of that crime it was, that he and his wife were ſlain, and their three children diſpoſed of as Penelope here mentions.—B. & C.

It ſeems ſtrange that two ſuch very different cataſtrophes ſhould be related of the ſame perſon; to attempt either to reconcile or to account for them would be a vain labour.

Well-

Wellnigh believed himſelf already known,
And that his wife ſtood weeping at his ſide.
He ſtarted, gather'd in his arms the cloak
And fleeces, placed them on a ſeat within,
But carried forth the ranker hide abroad,
Where, thus, with lifted hands to Jove, he pray'd.

Eternal Sire! if, after num'rous woes
By land and on the Deep, I reach, at length,
With full conſent of heav'n my native home,
Vouchſafe me from the lips of one awake
Within theſe walls, an omen, and bid ſound
Thy own peculiar ſignal from above.

Such pray'r he made, and Jove omniſcient heard.
Sudden he thunder'd from the radiant heights
Olympian; glad, Ulyſſes heard the ſound.
A woman, next, then lab'ring at the mill
Hard by, where all his num'rous mills he kept,
Gave him the ſign propitious from within.
Twelve damſels toil'd to turn them, day by day,
Meal grinding, ſome, of barley, ſome, of wheat,
Marrow of man *. The reſt (their portion ground)
All ſlept; one only from her taſk as yet
Ceas'd not, for ſhe was feebleſt of them all;
She reſted on her mill, and thus pronounced

* μυελὸν ἀνδρῶν.

Unconſcious

Unconſcious for whoſe ſake, th' auſpicious word.
Jove, Father, Governor of heav'n and earth!
Loud thou haſt thunder'd from the ſtarry ſkies
By no cloud veil'd; a ſign propitious, giv'n
To whom I know not; but oh grant the pray'r
Of a poor bond-woman! appoint their feaſt
This day, the laſt that in Ulyſſes' houſe
The ſuitors ſhall enjoy, for whom I drudge,
Grinding, to wearineſs of heart and limb,
Meal for their uſe. Here feaſt they never more!
She ended, and the liſt'ning Chief received
With equal joy both ſigns, convinced by both
That he ſhould puniſh ſoon thoſe guilty men.
And now, returning to their ſev'ral taſks,
The women on the palace-hearth renew'd
Its ſprightly blaze, and from his couch aroſe
Godlike Telemachus; he, ſoon attired,
His belted faulchion o'er his ſhoulder flung,
Bound his bright ſandals, graſp'd his ſturdy ſpear
Steel-pointed, and advancing to the porch,
Of Euryclea, thence, aloud enquired.
Nurſe! have ye with reſpectful notice ſerv'd
Our gueſt? or hath he found a ſordid couch
E'en where he might? for, prudent though ſhe be,
Sometimes my mother errs; with kindneſs treats
The

The worthleſs, and the worthy with neglect.
He ceas'd, and Euryclea thus replied.
Son! blame not Her, who merits now no blame.
The gueſt ſat drinking till he would no more,
And ate, till, queſtion'd, he replied—Enough.
And when the hour invited to repoſe
Herſelf and him, ſhe gave her women charge
To ſpread his couch. Yet he, like one forlorn,
And, through deſpair, indiff'rent to himſelf,
Both bed and rugs refuſed, and in the porch
On fleeces ſlept, and on a raw rank hide,
Beneath a cloak caſt over him by me.
She ceas'd; then, graſping his bright-headed ſpear,
With his fleet hounds beſide him, iſſued forth
Telemachus to join th' aſſembled Greeks
In council; with majeſtic gait he moved,
And Euryclea, daughter wife of Ops,
Piſenor's ſon, the women thus enjoin'd.
Haſte—ſtand not idle—ſweep the palace-floor
And ſprinkle it; then give the ſumptuous ſeats
Their purple coverings. Let others cleanſe
With ſponges all the tables, waſh and rinſe
The beakers well, and the reſplendent cups;
Run others to the fountain, and bring thence
Water with ſpeed; for all the ſuitor-train

In

In haſte to celebrate this joyous day,
Apollo's feſtival, will ſoon arrive *.
She ſpake, whom all, obedient, heard; forth went
Together, twenty to the chryſtal fount,
While others well their taſks perform'd at home.
Then came the ſerving-men and ſplit the wood †;
The women, next, with water from the fount,
Whom ſoon the ſwine-herd follow'd, driving three
Selected brawns, which in the ſpacious court
He feeding left, and, with a friendly voice
Addreſſing him, Ulyſſes thus beſpake.
Gueſt! look the Greecians on thee with reſpect
At length, or ſtill diſdainful as before?
Then, anſwer thus Ulyſſes wiſe return'd.
Yes—and I would that vengeance from the Gods
Might pay their inſolence, who thus uſurp
Dominion here, and, in another's houſe,
With no reſpect of right, or dread of ſhame,
Much evil daily work, and purpoſe more.
Thus they conferr'd; and now Melanthius came
The goat-herd, driving, with the needleſs aid
Of thoſe two ſwains, the fatteſt of his goats

* The new moon —B. & C.

† Inſtead of μνηστῆρες Dr. Bentley in two MSS. found δρηστῆρες, which ſeems the better reading, the taſk of cleaving wood being work fitter for the ſervants than the ſuitors. They in fact enter afterward, ſee L. 292.—C.

To feaſt the ſuitors. In the ſounding porch
The goats he tied, then, drawing near, in terms
Reproachful thus aſſail'd Ulyſſes' ear.

How, ſtranger? perſever'ſt thou, begging, ſtill
To vex the ſuitors? wilt thou not depart
Till blows ſhall ſeparate us, and thou taſte,
For thy regale to-day, this fiſt of mine?
Thou art unreaſonable thus to beg
Here always—have the Greeks no feaſts beſide?

He ſpake, to whom Ulyſſes anſwer none
Return'd, but ſhook his brows, and, ſilent, framed
Terrible purpoſes. Then, third, approach'd
A maſter-ſwain, Philœtius; fatted goats
He for the ſuitors brought, with which he drove
An heifer; from the continent they came
Thence in the public ferry wafted o'er.
He tied them in the ſounding porch, then ſtood
Beſide the ſwineherd, whom he thus beſpake.

What foreign gueſt, Eumæus! hath arrived
Of late amongſt us? Is his country known?
His lineage and degree? not ſuch by birth
I judge him as he ſeems, but rather far
Some hapleſs Prince. The Gods indeed delight
To plunge the wand'rers of the world in woe,
When thus they deſtine even Kings to mourn.

He ceas'd; and, with his right hand, drawing nigh,
Welcom'd

Welcom'd Ulyſſes, whom he thus beſpake.
Hail, hoary gueſt! hereafter may'ſt thou ſhare
Delights not fewer than thy preſent pains!
Oh Jove, of all the Gods Thou moſt ſevere!
Kings reign by Thee; yet though by Thee they reign,
Thou ſpar'ſt not even Kings, whom oft we ſee
Plunged by thyſelf in gulphs of deepeſt woe.
Soon as I ſaw thee, Sir! tears dimm'd my ſight
And ſweat bedew'd my forehead, at the thought
Of dear Ulyſſes; for if yet he live
And ſee the ſun, ſuch tatters, I ſuppoſe,
He wears, a wand'rer among human-kind.
But if already with the dead he dwell
In Pluto's drear abode, oh then, alas
For kind Ulyſſes! who conſign'd to me,
While yet a boy, his Cephalenian herds,
Now multiplied to ſuch a countleſs ſtore
As only care like mine could have produced.
Theſe, by command of others, I tranſport
For their regale, who neither heed his ſon,
Nor fear the righteous vengeance of the Gods,
But long have wiſh'd impatient to divide
And ſhare the ſubſtance of our abſent Lord.
Me, therefore, this thought occupies, and haunts
My mind not ſeldom; while his heir ſurvives
It were no ſmall offence to drive his herds

Afar, and migrate to a foreign land ;
Yet here to dwell, afflicted and oppreſs'd,
Their ſlave for whom I rear them, ſeems to me
Still leſs ſupportable ; and I had fled,
And I had ſerv'd ſome other mighty Chief
Long ſince, (for patience fails me to ſuſtain
My preſent lot) but that I cheriſh ſtill
Some hope of my long-baniſh'd lord's return,
To rid his palace of theſe lawleſs gueſts.

To whom Ulyſſes, ever-wiſe, replied.
Herdſman ! ſince neither void of ſenſe thou ſeem'ſt
Nor yet diſhoneſt, but myſelf am ſure
That thou art owner of a mind diſcrete,
Hear, now, my ſolemn oath. I firſt adjure
Jove and this hoſpitable board, and, next,
The Lares * of the noble Chief, whoſe hearth
Protects me now, that, ere thy going hence,
Ulyſſes ſurely ſhall have reach'd his home,
And thou ſhalt ſee him, if thou wilt, thyſelf,
Slaying theſe tyrant troublers of his houſe.

Him anſwer'd then Philœtius. Jove perform
As thou haſt ſaid ! and quickly ſhalt thou ſee
This arm, how prompt and ſtrenuous in his aid.

Eumæus alſo ev'ry pow'r of heav'n

* Houſehold Gods who preſided over the hearth.

Entreated,

Entreated, that Ulyſſes might poſſeſs
His home again. Thus mutual they conferr'd.
Mean-time the ſuitors ſecretly prepared
Death for Telemachus; but while they ſat
Conſulting, unpropitious, on the left
An eagle ſoar'd, which graſp'd a tim'rous dove.
Then, thus, Amphinomus the reſt beſpake.
My friends! theſe conſultations how to ſlay
Telemachus, will never ſmoothly run
To their effect; but let us to the feaſt.
So ſpake Amphinomus, whoſe counſel pleaſed.
Then, all into the royal houſe repaired,
And on the thrones and couches throwing off
Their mantles, ſlew the fatted goats, the ſheep,
The ſwine, and heifer from the diſtant herd.
The roaſted entrails firſt they ſhared, then fill'd
The beakers, and the ſwineherd placed the cups;
Philœtius, chief intendant of the beeves,
Serv'd all with bread in platted baſkets neat,
While all their cups Melanthius charged with wine,
And they aſſail'd at once the ready feaſt.
Mean-time Telemachus, with honeſt guile,
Within the ſpacious hall, but cloſe beſide
The threſhold placed his father, for whoſe uſe
A ſordid ſeat he found and ſcanty board.
A portion of inteſtines, next, he ſet

Before him, fill'd a golden goblet high,
And thus, in preſence of them all, began.

There ſeated now, drink as the ſuitors drink.
I will, myſelf, their biting taunts forbid,
And violence. This edifice is mine,
Not public property; my father firſt
Poſſeſs'd it, and my right from him deſcends.
Suitors! control your tempers and your tongues,
Nor with your hands offend, leſt ſtrife enſue.

He ceas'd; they gnawing, ſat, their lips, aghaſt
With wonder that Telemachus in his ſpeech
Such boldneſs uſed. Then ſpake Eupithes' ſon,
Antinoüs, and the aſſembly thus addreſs'd.

Let paſs, my friends! theſe menaces, though rude
And ſcarcely to be borne; the will of Jove
Concurr'd not, elſe, our orator's harangues,
Now, rapid in their courſe, had ceaſed to flow.

So ſpake Antinoüs, whom Ulyſſes' ſon
Heard unconcern'd. * And now the heralds came
In ſolemn pomp, conducting through the ſtreets
An hecatomb, and in the duſky grove
Of Phœbus, glorious archer of the ſkies,
The Greecians met. Mean-time the ſav'ry roaſt

* This is a public proceſſion and a general aſſembly of the people of Ithaca. They celebrate the feſtival in the grove of Apollo; but the ſuitors themſelves feaſt as uſual in the houſe of Ulyſſes, and their banquet in particular is intended in what follows.—C.

Finiſh'd,

Finiſh'd, and from the ſpits withdrawn, the gueſts
Shared equally the feaſt, and, as they ſerved
The ſuitors, in like ſort th' attendants ſerved
Ulyſſes alſo; for the Hero's ſon
Himſelf, Telemachus, had ſo enjoined.
But Pallas (that they might exaſp'rate more
Ulyſſes) ſuffer'd not the ſuitor Chiefs
To banquet, guiltleſs of heart-piercing ſcoffs
And violence. There was a ſuitor named
Cteſippus, born in Samos; coarſe he was
And inſolent, and in his father's wealth
Confiding, had preſumed to woo the wife
Of long-exiled Ulyſſes. From his ſeat
That man the haughty ſuitors thus addreſs'd.

Ye noble ſuitors, I would ſpeak; attend!
The gueſt is ſerved; he hath already ſhared
Equal with us; nor leſs demand the laws
Of hoſpitality; for neither juſt
It were nor decent, that a gueſt, received
Here by Telemachus, ſhould be denied
His portion of the feaſt. But, now, myſelf
Will give him wherewithal he may requite
The woman his attendant when he bathed,
Or whatſoever menial elſe he will.

So ſaying, he from a baſket near at hand
Heav'd an ox-foot, and with a vig'rous arm

Hurl'd it. Ulyſſes gently bow'd his head,
Shunning the blow, but gratified his juſt
Reſentment with a broad ſardonic ſmile
Of dread ſignificance*. He ſmote the wall.
Then thus Telemachus rebuked the deed.

Cteſippus, thou art fortunate; the bone
Struck not the ſtranger, for he ſhunn'd the blow;
Elſe, had I ſurely driv'n my glitt'ring lance
Right through thee; then, had no connubial rites
Of thine in Ithaca thy ſire employ'd,
But thy funereal. No man therefore treat
Me with indignity within theſe walls;
For though of late all-heedleſs and a child,
I now can well diſtinguiſh good from ill.
We have endured much wrong, our flocks devour'd,
Our corn and wine conſumed; for what could I

* The Scholiaſt informs us that the Sardians had a barbarous law among them, according to which on the three days which they ſet apart for the worſhip of Saturn, they not only ſacrificed the moſt beautiful of their captives, but of their Elders alſo all whoſe age exceeded ſeventy years. If theſe victims wept when they were led to the altar, their tears were deemed diſhonourable and a proof of meanneſs, but if they cheerfully embraced the by-ſtanders and laughed, they were much applauded. Hence, he ſays, the laughter of a man in circumſtances of miſery came to be called Sardonic laughter.—B. & C.

But Pauſanias derives the expreſſion from a poiſonous herb which, he ſays, grew in Sardis, of which whoever ate died laughing.—C.

Single,

Single, againſt your numbers? be content
Now, therefore, and abſtain from future harm
And outrage done to me; but if alone
My death can ſatisfy you, death itſelf
I would account more eligible far,
Than thus to witneſs your atrocious deeds
Day after day; to ſee my gueſts abuſed,
With blows inſulted, and the women dragg'd
With lewd and forceful licenſe, to the ſhame
And foul diſhonour of my noble home.

He ſaid, and all ſat ſilent, till at length
Thus Agelaüs ſpake, Diaſtor's ſon.

My friends! let none with contradiction thwart
And rude reply, words rational and juſt;
Aſſault no more the ſtranger, and let all
The women of renown'd Ulyſſes dwell
In quiet here. My counſel to the Queen
And to Telemachus, ſhall gentle be,
May it but pleaſe them. Long as hope ſurvived
Within your boſoms of the ſafe return
Of wiſe Ulyſſes to his native iſle,
So long good reaſon was that ſhe ſhould hold
While yet ſhe might, our wooing in ſuſpenſe;
For had Ulyſſes come, that courſe had proved
Wiſeſt and beſt; but that he comes no more
Appears, now, manifeſt. Thou, therefore, Prince!

Seeking thy mother, counſel her to wed
That ſuitor who ſhall yield her ampleſt dow'r,
That thou, for thy peculiar, may'ſt enjoy
Thy own inheritance in peace and eaſe,
And ſhe, departing, find another home.
To whom Telemachus, diſcrete, replied.
I ſwear by Jove, and by my father's woes,
Who either hath deceaſed afar from home,
Or roams we know not where, that hindrance none
Retards my mother's nuptials framed by me;
Chooſe whom ſhe may, my farewell gifts ſhall ſpeak
Me well content, ſo bounteous ſhall they be.
But to diſmiſs her rudely were an act
Unfilial—That I dare not—God forbid!
So ſpake Telemachus. Then Pallas ſtruck
The ſuitors with delirium; wide they ſtretch'd
Their jaws with unſpontaneous laughter loud;
Their meat dripp'd blood; tears fill'd their eyes, and dire
Preſages of approaching woe, their hearts.
Then godlike Theoclymenus exclaimed *.
Ah miſerable men! what curſe is this
That takes you now? night wraps itſelf around
Your faces, bodies, limbs; the palace ſhakes
With peals of groans—and oh, what floods ye weep!

* Who had ſought refuge in the ſhip of Telemachus when he left Sparta, and came with him to Ithaca.

I ſee

I ſee the walls and arches dappled thick
With gore; the veſtibule is throng'd, the court
On all ſides throng'd with apparitions grim
Of ſlaughter'd men deep ſinking in the gloom
Of Erebus; the ſun is blotted out
From heav'n, and midnight whelms you premature *.
He ſaid, they, hearing, laugh'd; and thus the ſon
Of Polybus, Eurymachus replied.
This wand'rer from a diſtant ſhore hath left
His wits behind. Hoa there! conduct him hence
Into the forum; ſince he dreams it night
Already, teach him there that it is day †.
Then anſwer thus the godlike ſeer return'd.
No need, Eurymachus! of guides have I
To lead me hence; for I have eyes and ears,
Two feet uncrippled, and a mind exempt

* See'ſt thou not the ſuitors aſſembled for the enjoyment of youthful pleaſures, regaling themſelves with fatted goats, filled with the tender fleſh of kids, liſtening to the ſound of the flute, charging their goblets to the brim, ſporting with the diſcus, ſending the javelin to the mark—Who would not affirm that, thus entertained, they are happy? But the prophet and the inſtructor of others gives them a hint of the Future —

Ah miſerable men! What curſe is this &c.

Maxim: Tyr. Diſſertat. XXXI.—C.

† This anſwer of Eurymachus will ſeem unnatural to the laſt degree, unleſs the reader underſtand that the prodigies enumerated by Theoclymenus are ſeen by himſelf only.

From

From ſickly dotage and deluſions wild.
Theſe ſhall conduct me forth, for well I know
Your doom at hand, a doom which, truſt me, none
Shall 'ſcape of all the ſuitors, whoſe delight
Is miſchief, and t' inſult what gueſt ſoe'er
Ulyſſes' hoſpitable doors receive.

He ſaid, and, iſſuing from the palace, ſought
Piræus' * houſe; he welcom'd his return.
Then all the ſuitors on each other caſt
A look ſignificant, and, to provoke
Telemachus, with gibes his gueſts purſued,
And inſolently thus a youth remark'd.

Telemachus! thy gueſts, of all who roam,
Are ſure the vileſt. Witneſs, this forlorn
And hungry wretch, who never drinks or eats
Save what he begs, and whoſe unmanly breaſt
No courage warms;—a cumb'rer of the ground.
Next, comes another, ſubject, as it ſeems,
To ſudden fits of prophecy. But hear,
For I will teach thee, wilt thou but be taught.
E'en let us bind them, and tranſporting both
To Lemnos, ſell them at what price we may.

So ſpake the ſuitor, whom Ulyſſes' ſon
Heard unconcern'd, and, ſilent, look'd and look'd

* To whom Telemachus had conſigned the care of him on his firſt arrival. —B. & C.

Toward

Toward his father, vigilant to ſeize
The ſign for ſlaughter of his ſhameleſs foes.
Penelope, mean-time, the chaſte, the wiſe,
Icarius' daughter, from a ſplendid ſeat
Placed oppoſite within her own receſs
Heard all their mock'ries *. They, with noiſy mirth,
Feaſted deliciouſly, for they had ſlain
Many a fat victim; but a ſadder feaſt
Than, ſoon, the Goddeſs and the warrior Chief
For them ſhould furniſh, none ſhall ever ſhare,
Of which their crimes had furniſh'd firſt the cauſe.

* The womens' apartment and that of the men were on oppoſite ſides of the houſe.—B. & C.

ARGU-

ARGUMENT

OF THE

TWENTY-FIRST BOOK.

Penelope propoſes to the ſuitors a conteſt with the bow, herſelf the prize. They prove unable to bend the bow; when Ulyſſes having with ſome difficulty poſſeſſed himſelf of it, manages it with the utmoſt eaſe, and diſpatches his arrow through twelve rings erected for the trial.

BOOK XXI.

Now came the dreadful hour, when Pallas urged
Icarius' lovely daughter, the diſcrete
Penelope, with bow and rings to prove
Her ſuitors in Ulyſſes' courts, a ſtrife
Moſt fatal in concluſion to them all.
Firſt, taking in her hand the brazen key
Well-forged, and fitted with an iv'ry graſp,
Attended by the women of her train

She ſought her inmoſt chamber, the receſs
In which his braſs, his gold, and temper'd ſteel
Ulyſſes kept. There hung his ſtubborn bow,
And there his ample quiver fill'd with ſhafts,
A deadly ſtore, which Iphitus the ſon
Of Eurytus, in Lacedæmon gave
Ulyſſes on a time, when, as it chanced,
He met him in Meſſènia *, in the houſe
Of brave Orſilochus. Ulyſſes came
Demanding payment of arrearage due
From all that land; for a Meſſènian fleet
Had borne from Ithaca three hundred ſheep,
With all their ſhepherds; long the voyage was;
Yet thither, even in his boyiſh days
Sent by Laertes and the Senate forth
To make the juſt demand, Ulyſſes went.
But Iphitus had thither come to ſeek
Twelve mares and twelve mule colts which he had loſt,
A ſearch that coſt him ſoon a bloody death.
For, in the houſe of Hercules, the bold
And indefatigable ſon of Jove,
Victim of lawleſs violence, he died.
The ruthleſs Hero placed him at his board,
Then, negligent alike of wrath divine
And the hoſt's duty, kill'd him; for he kept,

* A province of Laconia.—B. & C.

Himſelf,

Himſelf, the mules which Iphitus had loſt.
Them ſeeking in Meſſenia, there he met
Ulyſſes, and on him that bow conferr'd
Which, erſt, huge Eurytus had borne, and which
Dying, he left for Iphitus to bear.
Ulyſſes, in return, on him beſtowed
A ſpear and ſword, ill-fated pledges both
Of hoſpitality; for ere they ſaw
Each other more, the ſon of Jove his gueſt
The godlike Iphitus profanely ſlew *.
Thus came the bow into Ulyſſes' hands,
Which, never in his gallant barks he bore

* The Scholiaſt relates the ſtory thus—Iphitus, the ſon of Eurytus, an Oechalian by birth, having loſt his mares, ſought them in all the cities round about; but Polyides the prophet admoniſhing him not to ſeek them in Tiryntha, for that he would do it to his hurt, he deſpiſed the caution, and ſought them there alſo; when Hercules dragging him to the battlements of his city, caſt him down headlong, having a quarrel with him and his father, who, on his return from Hell where he had bound Cerberus, refuſed him his promiſed bride Iöla, and diſmiſſed him ſcornfully.—B. & C.

But according to Spondanus, whoſe opinion Clarke approves, the more probable reaſon for which he ſlew Iphitus, was leſt he ſhould diſcover the ſtolen mares. It ſeems at leaſt to be the reaſon aſſigned by Homer, who ſays

ἔπειτα δὲ πέφνε καὶ αὐτόν·
Ἵππης δ' αὐτὸς ἔχε κρατερώνυχας ἐν μεγάροισιν.—C.

Not that Hercules ſtole them himſelf, for they were ſtolen by Autolycus as Euſtathius informs us, from whom Hercules bought them; conſcious however that they were ſtolen.

To

To battle (though he bent it oft at home)
But kept it in his palace ſafely ſtored,
A much-eſteem'd memorial of his friend.
Soon as, divineſt of her ſex, arrived
At that ſame chamber, with her foot ſhe preſs'd
Its oaken threſhold, levell'd by the line
And ſhaven ſmooth, with ſhapely columns tall
At either end, on which the portals hung,
She loos'd the ring and brace, then introduced
The key, and aiming at them from without,
Struck back the bolts *. The portals, at that ſtroke,
Sent forth a tone deep as the paſtured bull's,
And flew wide open. Mounting, next, the broad
And elevated floor on which the cheſts
That held her own ſweet-ſcented raiment ſtood,
With lifted hand ſhe lower'd from its hold
The bow within its glitt'ring caſe ſecured.
Then, ſitting there, ſhe lay'd it on her knees,
Weeping aloud, and drew it from the caſe.
Thus weeping over it long time ſhe ſat,
Till ſatiate, at the laſt, with grief and tears,
Deſcending by the palace ſteps ſhe ſought
Again the ſuitors, bearing in her hand

* The reader will of courſe obſerve, that the whole of this proceſs implies a ſort of mechaniſm very different from that with which we are acquainted.—The tranſlation, I believe, is exact.

The bow now looſen'd, and the quiver, fill'd
With pointed arrows bright, a deadly ſtore.
Behind her alſo, laden with a cheſt
In which Ulyſſes had the rings incloſed
In conteſt uſed, ſome brazen, ſome of ſteel,
Her damſels went; and when at length ſhe came,
Loveliеſt of women, where the ſuitors ſat,
Between the pillars of the ſtately dome
Pauſing, before her beauteous face ſhe ſpread
Her ſlender veil, and with a female guard
On either ſide, th' aſſembly thus addreſs'd.

Ye bold intruders here, who never meet
But to devour the ſubſtance of a Chief
Long abſent from his home, nor can invent
Pretext or palliative for ſuch abuſe
Save your deſire to make a bride of me,
Attend this game to which I call you forth.
Behold this pond'rous bow; my godlike ſpouſe
Hath bent it oft; the ſuitor who ſhall bend
This bow with eaſe, and who ſhall ſpeed a ſhaft
Through theſe twelve rings, him following, I forſake
This manſion of my youth, ſo fair, ſo fill'd
With all abundance, and which, doubtleſs, oft
I ſhall remember even in my dreams.

So ſaying, ſhe bade Eumæus lay the bow
Before them, and the twice ſix rings of ſteel.

He

He wept, received them, and obey'd; nor wept
Philœtius leſs, ſeeing the bow which erſt
His Lord had occupied; when at their tears
Indignant, thus, Antinoüs exclaim'd.

Ye rural drones, whoſe purblind eyes ſee not
Beyond the preſent hour, egregious fools!
Why, weeping, trouble ye the Queen, diſtreſs'd
Too much already for her huſband loſt?
Reſt on your ſeats and, ſilent, ſhare the feaſt;
Or, going forth to weep, leave Us t' aſſay
This arduous taſk ſevere; for none, I judge,
Shall bend this bow with eaſe, ſince, of us all,
None owns Ulyſſes' force, whom having ſeen,
While yet a child, I well remember ſtill.

He ſaid, but in his heart indulged, the while,
Fond hope, that he ſhould bend, himſelf, the bow
And paſs the rings, though foremoſt of them all
Ordain'd to periſh by the mortal taſte
Of brave Ulyſſes' ſhaft, whom erſt he dared
Himſelf to ſlight and teach the reſt to ſcorn.
Amidſt them, then, the ſacred might aroſe
Of young Telemachus, who thus began.

Me, ſurely, Jove hath ſuddenly deprived
Of all ſound intellect. My mother, wiſe
And prudent, and with cauſe moſt dear to me,

Proclaims her purpoſe to forſake her home
Eſpouſing whom ſhe muſt, and I, the while,
Trifle and laugh as I were ſtill a child.
But come, ye ſuitors! ſince the prize is ſuch,
A Princeſs, like to whom can none be found
This day in all Achaia; on the ſhores
Of ſacred Pylus, or within the walls
Of Argos, or Mycenæ, or our own,
Or in Epirus; and ſince this yourſelves
Know likewiſe, praiſe of mine ſhe little needs.
Delay not, therefore, waſte not time in vain
Excuſes, turn not from the proof, but bend
At once the bow, for quick deciſion-ſake.
I will, myſelf, make trial, and ſhould I
Prevail to bend it, and to paſs the rings,
Then ſhall I not with anguiſh ſee the Queen
Following another, and forſaking me,
Whom, now, my years, my ſtature, and my ſtrength,
Prompt forth to games in which my ſire excell'd.

He ſaid, and ſtarting from his ſeat, caſt off
His purple cloak, and lay'd his ſword aſide,
Then fix'd, himſelf, the rings, a furrow, firſt,
Op'ning, of length that might ſuffice for all
And ſcoop'd by line, then, ſtamping cloſe the glebe.
All wonder'd, with ſuch ſkill the ſpikes he placed,

A taſk

A taſk which never had he ſeen perform'd *.
Then, haſting to the portal, there he ſtood.
Thrice, with full force he ſtrove to bend the bow,
And thrice he pauſed, but ſtill with hope to draw
The bow-ſtring home, and paſs his arrow through †.
And now the fourth time ſtraining tight the cord
He ſhould have hitch'd it, but his father's looks
Repreſs'd his eager efforts, and he ceaſed.
Then thus the royal youth again exclaim'd.

Gods! either I ſhall prove of little force
Hereafter, and for manly feats unapt,
Or I am yet too young, and have not ſtrength
To quell the aggreſſor's contumely. But come—
(For ye have ſtrength ſurpaſſing mine) try ye
The bow, and bring this conteſt to an end.

He ceas'd, and on the floor ſet down the bow,
Reclining it againſt the pannell'd boards
That lined the wall; the light ſhaft, next, he placed,
Beſide it, leaning on the poliſh'd horn,

* Becauſe at the time when Ulyſſes uſed this paſtime, Telemachus was either not born, or merely an infant, ſince ſuch his father left him when he went to Troy.—C.

† This firſt attempt of Telemachus and the ſuitors was not an attempt to ſhoot, but to lodge the bow-ſtring on the oppoſite horn, the bow having been releaſed at one end, and ſlackened while it was laid by.

And to the ſeat, whence he had ris'n, return'd.
Then thus Eupithes' ſon, Antinoüs ſpake.
From right to left, my friends! as wine is giv'n,
Come forth, and in ſucceſſion try the bow*.
So ſpake Antinoüs, and his counſel pleaſed.
Then, firſt, Leiodes, Œnop's ſon, aroſe.
He was their ſoothſayer, and ever ſat
Beſide the beaker, diſtant from the moſt,
For he deteſted miſchief, and his heart
Oftimes with anger burn'd againſt them all†.
He then took foremoſt up the ſhaft and bow,
And, at the portal ſtanding, ſtrove to bend
But bent it not, fatiguing, firſt, his hands
Too delicate and uninured to toil.
He ceaſed, and his companions thus beſpake.
My friends, I ſpeed not; let another try;
But many a Prince's life this fatal bow
Shall ſhorten, ſince to die far better ſeems
Than to ſurvive loſt happineſs, the prize

* Antinoüs preſcribes to them this manner of riſing to the trial for the good omen's ſake, the left-hand being held unpropitious.

† The place where the beaker ſtood and conſequently the cup-bearer's place, was at the extremity of the room. There it was that Leiodes conſtantly ſat, and he was therefore the proper perſon to make the firſt trial, according to the direction of Antinoüs.—C.

See L. 166.

Which

Which here we ſeek, and here have ſought ſo long.
Some ſuitor, at this moment, doubtleſs, hopes
That he ſhall wed whom long he hath deſired,
Ulyſſes' wife, Penelope; let him
Eſſay the bow, and, trial made, addreſs
His ſpouſal offers to ſome other fair
Among the long-ſtoled Princeſſes of Greece,
This Princeſs leaving his, whom ſhe ſhall deem
Moſt lib'ral, and whom fate ſhall favour moſt.

He ceas'd, and on the floor ſet down the bow,
Reclining it againſt the pannell'd boards
That lined the wall; the light ſhaft, next, he placed,
Beſide it, leaning on the poliſh'd horn,
And to the ſeat, whence he had ris'n, return'd.
Then him Antinoüs, angry, thus reproved.

What word, Leiodes, of unpleaſing ſound
Hath ſcap'd thy lips? it fires me with diſdain.
Shall this bow fatal prove to many a Prince,
Becauſe thou haſt, thyſelf, too feeble proved
To bend it? Thou waſt neither born to bend
The unpliant bow, nor to direct the ſhaft,
But here are nobler who ſhall ſoon prevail.

He ſaid, and to Melanthius gave command,
The goatherd. Hence, Melanthius, kindle fire;
Beſide it place, with fleeces ſpread, a form
Of length commodious; from within procure

A large round cake of ſuet next, with which
Chafing and ſuppling, firſt, the rigid bow
Before the fire, we will again eſſay
To bend it, and decide the doubtful ſtrife.

He ended, and Melanthius, kindling fire
Beſide it placed, with fleeces ſpread, a form
Of length commodious; next, he brought a cake
Ample and round of ſuet from within,
With which they chafed the bow, then tried again
To bend, but bent it not, too feeble far
For that exploit. All ſtrove, ſave only two,
Antinoüs and Eurymachus; a pair,
Paſt competition, ableſt of them all *.

Then went the herdſman and the ſwineherd forth
Together; after whom, the glorious Chief
Himſelf went forth, Ulyſſes; and when all
Without the court had met, with gentle ſpeech
Ulyſſes, then, the faithful ſwains addreſs'd.

Herdſman! and thou, Eumæus! ſhall I keep
A certain ſecret cloſe, or ſhall I ſpeak
Outright? I burn t'impart it, and I will.

* They probably reſerved themſelves for a later trial, that others having had an opportunity to prove their inſufficiency, their own ſuperior force might be evident if they ſucceeded. Had they made an earlier attempt and a ſucceſsful one, others might have had room to boaſt that they could have done the like, had they not been anticipated.

What

What welcome ſhould Ulyſſes at your hands
Receive, arriving ſudden at his home,
Some God his guide? would ye the ſuitors aid,
Or aid Ulyſſes rather? anſwer true.

Then thus the chief intendant of his herds.
Would Jove but grant me my deſire, to ſee
Once more the Hero, and would ſome kind Pow'r
Reſtore him, I would give thee ſoon to know
What force I can exert in fight for him.

Eumæus, alſo, fervently the Gods
In pray'r implored, that they would render back
Ulyſſes to his home. He, then, convinced
Of their unfeigning honeſty, began.

Behold him! I am he myſelf, arrived
After long ſuff'rings in the twentieth year!
I know how welcome to yourſelves alone
Of all my train I come, for I have heard
None others praying for my ſafe return.
I therefore tell you truth; ſhould heav'n ſubdue
The ſuitors under me, ye ſhall receive
Each, by my gift, a bride, with lands and houſe
Near neighb'ring mine, and thenceforth ſhall be, both,
Dear friends and brothers of the Prince my ſon.
This ſign ſhall alſo ſpeak, and with a voice
That muſt enforce your credence. View the ſcar
Which in the thickets of Parnaſſus erſt

Where,

Where, with my kinſmen of my mother's houſe
I rouſed a boar, his iv'ry tuſk impreſs'd.
So ſaying, he ſtripp'd his tatters, and unveil'd
The whole broad ſcar; then, ſoon as they beheld
That token, conſcious of its truth, each caſt
His arms around Ulyſſes, wept, embraced
And preſs'd him to his boſom, kiſſing oft
His brows and ſhoulders, who as oft their hands
And foreheads kiſs'd, nor had the ſetting ſun
Beheld them ſatisfied, but that himſelf
Ulyſſes thus admoniſhed them, and ſaid.
Ceaſe now from tears, leſt any, coming forth,
Mark, and report them to the foe within,
And ſeek the hall again; but one by one,
Not all at once, I foremoſt, then yourſelves,
And this ſhall be the ſign. Full well I know
That, all unanimous, they will oppoſe
Surrender of the bow and ſhafts to me;
But thou, (proceeding with it to my ſeat)
Eumæus, noble friend! ſhalt place it ſafe
Within my graſp; then bid the women cloſe
The maſſy doors, and ſhould they hear a groan
Or other noiſe made by the Princes ſhut
Within the hall, let none with curious haſte
Step forth abroad, but each her taſk purſue
With mute attention. Be the palace-door

Thy

Thy charge, my good Philœtius! key it faſt
Without a moment's pauſe, and fix the brace *.
He ended, and, returning, preſs'd again
His former ſeat; nor ſtay'd his ſervants long
Without, but follow'd their illuſtrious Lord.
Eurymachus with buſy fingers turn'd
And turn'd the bow, ſtill chafing it before
The ſprightly blaze, but, after all, could find
No pow'r to bend it. Diſappointment wrung
A groan from his proud heart, and thus he ſaid.
Alas! not only for myſelf I grieve,
But grieve for all. Nor, though I mourn the loſs
Of ſuch a bride, mourn I that loſs alone,
(For lovely Greecians may be found no few
In Ithaca, and in the neighbour iſles)
But ſhould we fall, at laſt, ſo far beneath
The brave Ulyſſes, that no force of ours
Can bend his bow, what portion, then, but ſhame
Muſt we receive from ages yet to come?
To whom Antinoüs, thus, Eupithes' ſon.
Eurymachus! not ſo. Thou know'ſt the cauſe;
The feaſt of Phœbus; who would, on the day

* The δεσμὸς ſeems to have been a ſtrap deſigned to cloſe the only aperture by which the bolt could be diſplaced, and the door opened.—C.

Sacred

Sacred to Phœbus, dare t'employ the bow* ?
Ceaſe; lay it by; but let the rings remain
Where now they ſtand, which no man, ent'ring here,
Will venture to diſplace, and bid the youth
Serve all with wine; that, firſt, libation made,
We may religiouſly lay down the bow.
Command ye too Melanthius, that he drive
Hither the faireſt goats of all his flocks
At dawn of day; that burning, firſt, the thighs
To the ethereal archer, we may make
New trial, and decide, at length, the ſtrife.

So ſpake Antinoüs, and his counſel pleaſed.
The heralds, then, pour'd water on their hands,
While youths crown'd high the goblets which they bore
From right to left, with ceremonial due.
When each had made libation, and had drunk
Till well ſufficed, then, ever ſhrewd t' improve
Occaſion, thus Ulyſſes interpoſed.

Ye ſuitors of the matchleſs Queen, attend!
I ſpeak my fervent wiſh, but ſhall entreat
Eurymachus and his illuſtrious friend
Antinoüs moſt, who counſels now ſo well.

* The meaning of this pretext ſeems to be, that Archerſhip being in peculiar the attribute of Phœbus, to attempt a proof of theirs on a day devoted to his worſhip, would be to expoſe themſelves to his jealouſy and reſentment.

Tamper

Tamper no longer with the bow, but leave
The matter with the Gods, who ſhall decide
The ſtrife to-morrow, fav'ring whom they will.
Mean-time, grant *me* the bow that I may prove
My pow'r to bend it ere I yet depart,
For trial-ſake if ſtill theſe hands retain
Their wonted force, or whether wand'rings long
And loſs of all that cheriſhes and feeds
The ſtrength of man, have waſted mine away.
He ſaid, whom they with indignation heard
Extreme, alarm'd leſt he ſhould bend the bow,
And ſternly thus Antinoüs replied.
Ill-fated wretch, and ſenſeleſs as forlorn!
Art not contented to partake the feaſt
With ſuch as we? None robs thee of thy part,
And thou haſt leave to witneſs, ſitting here,
Our whole diſcourſe; an honour, ſave to thee,
To none allow'd of all the vagrant tribe.
Wine hath befool'd thee, which makes fooliſh all
Wide-throated drinkers, unreſtrain'd by rule.
Wine in the manſion of the mighty Chief
Pirithoüs, made the valiant Centaur mad
Eurytion, at the Lapithæan feaſt *.

* When Pirithoüs, one of the Lapithæ, married Hippodamia, daughter of Adraſtus, he invited the Centaurs to the wedding. The Centaurs, intoxicated with wine, attempted to raviſh the wives of the Lapithæ, who, in reſentment of that inſult, ſlew them.—B. & C.

He

He drank to drunkenneſs, and being drunk,
Committed great enormities beneath
Pirithoüs' roof, and ſuch as fill'd with rage
The Hero-gueſts, who therefore by his feet
Dragg'd him right through the veſtibule, amerced
Of noſe and ears, and he departed thence
Frantic for very ſhame; whence ſoon enſued
Fierce war between the Centaurean race
And human-kind; but on himſelf he pull'd
That evil, his exceſs in wine the cauſe.
Great evil alſo, ſhould'ſt thou bend the bow,
I propheſy to thee; for thou ſhalt find
Protector none or advocate in all
This people, but we will diſpatch thee hence
Incontinent on board a ſable bark
To ruthleſs Echetus, that foe from whom
No pris'ner e'er eſcapes *. Then drink in peace,
And quarrel ſhun with younger men than thou.
Him anſwer'd, then, Penelope diſcrete.
Antinoüs! neither ſeemly were the deed
Nor juſt, to maim or harm whatever gueſt
Whom here arrived Telemachus receives.
Think'ſt thou, that, ſhould he bend the maſſy bow,
Strong as himſelf Ulyſſes, he would claim

* See above. Book XVIII. L. 102.

The winner's prize, Ulyſſes' wife? That thought
His heart diſowns; nor let a fear ſo vain
One ſuitor's mind diſtreſs of all who meet
To banquet here, ſince it diſhonours me.
She ſpake; to whom Eurymachus reply'd,
Offspring of Polybus. O matchleſs Queen!
Icarius' prudent daughter! none ſuſpects
That thou wilt wed with him; a mate ſo mean
Should ill become thee; but we fear the tongues
Of either ſex, leſt ſome Achaian ſay
Hereafter, (one inferior far to us)
Not ſuch the ſuitors are, as was the Chief
Whoſe widow'd mate they ſeek. His bow to bend
Surpaſs'd their utmoſt pow'r; yet here arrived,
We know not whence, a wand'rer, who perform'd
The taſk with eaſe, and ſhot through all the rings.
So will they ſpeak, and ſo ſhall we be ſhamed.
Then anſwer, thus, Penelope return'd.
No fair report, Eurymachus, attends
Their names or can, who, riotous as ye,
The houſe diſhonour, and conſume the wealth
Of ſuch a Chief. Why ſhame ye thus *yourſelves*?
The gueſt is of athletic frame, well form'd,
And large of limb; he boaſts him alſo ſprung
From noble anceſtry. Come then—conſent—
Give him the bow, that we may ſee the proof;

For

For thus I ſay, and thus will I perform;
Sure as he bends it, and, by Phœbus' aid,
Thrids all the rings, a tunic fair and cloak
Shall be his meed from me, a javelin keen
To guard him againſt men and dogs, a ſword
Sharp on both ſides, with ſandals for his feet,
And I will ſend him whither moſt he would.

She ſpake, but thus, diſcrete, her ſon replied.
Mother—the bow is mine; and, ſave myſelf,
None here hath right to give it, or refuſe.
No Prince in rock-bound Ithaca, no Chief
Or Potentate in all the fruitful iſles
Which neighbour Elis *, if I chooſe to make
The bow his own, ſhall negative my choice.
Thou, therefore, ſeek thy chamber; there the loom
And ſpindle ply, thyſelf, and ſtrictly charge
Thy women that they work; but leave to men
To ſtretch the bowſtring, and my father's bow
To me, ſole ruler, in his abſence, here.

He ſaid; ſhe moved with wonder at the tone
With which he ſpake, her ſon's advice repoſed
Deep in her heart, and with her female train
Aſcending ſought her chamber. There ſhe wept
Her loſt Ulyſſes, till Minerva bathed

* Dulichium, Zacynthus, Samos, &c.—B. & C.

With

With balmy dews of ſleep her weary lids*.
And now the noble ſwincherd bore the bow
Toward Ulyſſes; but with one voice all
The ſuitors, clamorous, reproved the deed,
Of whom a youth, thus, inſolent exclaim'd.

Thou clumſy ſwineherd, whither bear'ſt the bow,
Delirious wretch? ſhould Phœbus and the Gods
Take part with us, the hounds which thou haſt fed
Shall eat thee yonder, in thy lone abode.

So they, whom hearing he replaced the bow
Where erſt it ſtood, affrighted at the ſound
Of ſuch loud menaces; on the other ſide
Telemachus as loud aſſail'd his ear.

Friend! forward with the bow; ſoon, elſe, repent
That thou obey'dſt the many, driven hence
By this my youthful arm with maſſy ſtones,
Back to the field. My ſtrength ſurpaſſes thine.
I would that all here preſent were in force

* The poet having found himſelf under a neceſſity to produce Penelope from the women's apartment into that of the men, when ſhe has once finiſhed her proper buſineſs, which was to inſtitute the conteſt with the bow, knowing that ſhe would be of no uſe in the ſequel, dexterouſly contrives to get rid of her; intending however principally to make her aſtoniſhment as great as poſſible, when ſhe ſhould learn in the ſame moment the preſence of her huſband and the deſtruction of the ſuitors, of which ſhe is entirely ignorant while it happens.—Euſtath.—C.

As far inferiour to myſelf as thou,
Soon would I, then, give rude diſmiſſion hence
To ſome, who now with miſchief teem alone.
He ceaſed, whoſe words the ſuitors, ſmiling, heard,
And, for their ſake, in part their wrath reſign'd
Againſt the Prince; then through the ſpacious hall
Eumæus bore the bow, which he conſign'd
To his lord's hand, and, ſummoning abroad
The prudent Euryclea, thus began.
It is the pleaſure of Ulyſſes' ſon,
Sage Euryclea! that thou key ſecure
The doors; and ſhould ye hear, perchance, a groan
Or other noiſe made by the Princes ſhut
Within the hall, let none look, curious, forth,
But each in quietneſs her work purſue *.
So he; nor uſeleſs flew his words away,
But Euryclea key'd, at once, the doors.
Then, noiſeleſs, ſprang Philœtius forth, who cloſed
As quick, the portals of the palace-court.
A ſhip-rope of Ægyptian reed, it chanced,
Lay in the veſtibule; with that he braced

* This is a miſrepreſentation of the fact, for he had not received his commiſſion from Telemachus but from Ulyſſes; it is, however, a prudent one, and to Eumæus who knew not that Euryclea was already apprized of the arrival of her maſter, muſt have appeared indiſpenſably neceſſary.—C.

The

The doors ſecure, and ent'ring to the gueſts
Reſumed his ſeat, but, watchful, eyed his Lord.
He, now, with buſy look and curious touch
Explored the bow, now viewing it remote,
Now near at hand, aware that, haply, worms
Had, in his abſence, drill'd the ſolid horn.
A ſuitor noticed him, and thus remark'd.
He hath an eye, methinks, exactly ſkill'd
In bows, and ſteals them; or perhaps, at home,
Hath ſuch himſelf, or feels a ſtrong deſire
To make them; mark, with what addreſs the rogue
Adept in miſchief, ſhifts it to and fro!
To whom another, inſolent, replied.
Such fortune crown his efforts, whatſoe'er
He purpoſe, as attends his effort made
On this ſame bow, which he ſhall never bend.
So they; but when the wary Hero wiſe
Had made his hand familiar with the bow
Poiſing it and examining—at once—
As when in harp and ſong adept, a bard
Strings a new lyre, extending, firſt, the chords,
He knits them to the frame, at either end,
With prompteſt eaſe; with ſuch Ulyſſes ſtrung
His own huge bow, and with his right hand trill'd
The nerve, which in its quick vibration ſang
As with a ſwallow's voice. Then, anguiſh turn'd

The ſuitors pale, and, in that moment, Jove
Gave him his rolling thunder for a ſign.
Such moſt propitious notice from the ſon
Of wily Saturn, hearing with delight,
He ſeiz'd a ſhaft which at the table ſide
Lay ready drawn; but in his quiver's womb
The reſt yet ſlept, though deſtined ſoon to ſteep
Their points in Greecian blood. He lodg'd the reed
Full on the bow-ſtring, drew the parted head
Home to his breaſt, and, aiming, as he ſat,
At once diſmiſs'd it. Through the num'rous rings
Swift flew the gliding ſteel, and, iſſuing, ſped
Beyond them; when his ſon he thus beſpake.

Thou need'ſt not bluſh, young Prince, to have received
A gueſt like me; for neither ſwerved my ſhaft,
Nor labour'd I long time to draw the bow;
My ſtrength is unimpair'd, not ſuch as theſe
In ſcorn affirm it. But the waning day
Calls us to ſupper, after which ſucceeds
Jocund variety, the ſong, the lyre,
With all that heightens and adorns the feaſt *.

* This is an inſtance of the Σαρδάνιον μάλα τοῖον mentioned in Book XX.; ſuch as, perhaps, could not be eaſily paralleled. I queſtion if there be a paſſage, either in antient or modern tragedy, ſo truly terrible as this ſeeming levity of Ulyſſes, in the moment when he was going to begin the ſlaughter.

He

He ſaid, and gave him, with his brows, the ſign,
At once the ſon of the illuſtrious Chief
Slung his keen faulchion, graſp'd his ſpear, and ſtood
Arm'd bright for battle at his father's ſide.

ARGUMENT

OF THE

TWENTY-SECOND BOOK.

Ulyſſes, with ſome little aſſiſtance from Telemachus, Eumæus and Philœtius, ſlays all the ſuitors, and twelve of the female ſervants who had allowed themſelves in illicit intercourſe with them, are hanged. Melanthius alſo is puniſhed with miſerable mutilation.

BOOK XXII.

THEN, girding up his rags, Ulyſſes ſprang
With bow and full-charged quiver to the door;
Looſe on the broad ſtone at his feet he pour'd
His arrows, and the ſuitors, thus, beſpake*.

* When you rehearſe Homer's deſcription of Ulyſſes ſpringing to the threſhold with a leap, diſcovering himſelf to the ſuitors and pouring out his arrows at his feet, have you then poſſeſſion of yourſelf, or are you rapt into an ecſtacy? And is your ſpirit enthuſiaſtically hurried to the ſpot where the ſcene is laid, whether in Ithaca or in Troy, or whereſoever the poet pleaſes?

Plato in Ione.—C.

This

This prize, though difficult, hath been achieved.
Now for another mark which never man
Struck yet, but I will ſtrike it if I may,
And if Apollo make that glory mine.
The Hero ſpake, and at Antinoüs aim'd
A bitter ſhaft; he, purpoſing to drink,
Both hands advanced toward a golden cup
Twin-ear'd, nor aught ſuſpected death ſo nigh *.
For who could, at a public feaſt, ſuſpect,
That one alone would dare, however bold,
Deſign his death, and execute the deed?
Yet him Ulyſſes with an arrow pierced
Full in the throat, and through his neck behind
Sprang forth his arrow's point. Aſlant he droop'd;
Down fell the goblet, through his noſtrils flew
The ſpouted blood, and ſpurning with his foot

* The proverb which ſays—

"*Many things happen between the cup and the lip,*"

is ſaid to have been ſuggeſted by this paſſage. It is certain that it was Greek before it was Engliſh, and ran thus

Πολλὰ μεταξὺ πέλει κύλικος καὶ χείλεος ἄκρου.—B. & C.

Ancæus the Samian ordered his ſervant to bring him wine. His ſervant replied that he would not be able to drink it. He reproved his ſervant, and ſeizing the cup applied it to his lips. The ſervant anſwered by quoting the proverb; when in that moment news arrived that a wild boar was laying waſte his vineyard. Inſtantly ſetting down the cup he ran to ſeek the boar, which he ſoon found and was ſlain by it.——The ſtory is told by Ariſtotle.—B.

The board, he ſpread his viands in the duſt.
At once, that fight with wild diſorder fill'd
The whole aſſembly; from the thrones they ſprang,
Tumultuous, and from ſide to ſide explored
The palace-walls, but neither ſturdy lance
Nor ſhield, nor buckler, now, might there be ſeen *.
Then, menacing Ulyſſes, thus they ſaid.

Stranger! that arrow's flight was falſe; a man
Is no juſt mark. Thou never ſhalt contend
For prize hereafter; but ſhalt ſurely die,
For thou haſt ſlain an Ithacan, the prime
Of all this iſle, and ſhalt be vultures' food †.

Various their judgments were, but none believed
That he had ſlain him wittingly, nor ſaw
Th' infatuate men fate hov'ring o'er them all.
Then thus Ulyſſes, louring dark, replied.

O dogs! not fearing aught my ſafe return
From Ilium, ye have ſhorn my ſubſtance cloſe,
Have forced my women, and have woo'd my wife
Myſelf ſtill living, heedleſs of the Gods
Alike, and of the juſt revenge of man.

* For Ulyſſes and Telemachus had removed them all, as the reader has already ſeen in the nineteenth book, at the beginning.

† The original ſpeech conſiſting chiefly of ſhort ſentences, is on that account noticed by Euſtathius, as peculiarly proper to a perſon ſpeaking in great anger.—C.

Now, therefore die, now periſh all as He.
He ſaid; their cheeks all faded at the ſound,
And each with ſharpen'd eyes ſearch'd ev'ry nook
For an eſcape from his impending doom,
Till thus, alone, Eurymachus replied.
If thou indeed art he, the mighty Chief
Of Ithaca return'd, thou haſt rehears'd
With truth the crimes committed by the Greeks
Full oft, both in thy houſe and in thy field.
But he, the cauſe of all, already ſlain
Lies here, Antinoüs; he thy palace fill'd
With outrage; not that he deſired to wed
Penelope, but rather much t' effect
Far other projects, which Saturnian Jove
Approved not; to poſſeſs, himſelf, the throne
In Ithaca, thy ſon by treach'ry ſlain.
But death from thy vindictive hand hath well
Requited Him; now, therefore, ceaſe and ſpare
Thy people; public reparation due
Thou ſhalt receive; we will appeaſe thy wrath
For all the waſte that, eating, drinking here
We have committed, rend'ring each a fine,
Full twenty beeves, with gold and braſs beſides,
Such ſtore, that joy ſhall fill thee at the ſight,
However juſt thine anger was before.
To whom Ulyſſes, frowning ſtern, replied.

Eurymachus,

Eurymachus, would ye contribute each
His preſent treaſures, and, in time to come,
His whole inheritance, not, even ſo,
Should ye redeem the forfeit of your lives,
Till ev'ry ſuitor ſuffer for his wrong.
Chooſe therefore. Fight; or your impending doom
Elude in ſome dark refuge, if ye may,
But all ſhall periſh, if my thought be true.

He ended; they with trembling knees and hearts
All heard, whom thus Eurymachus addreſs'd.

To your defence, my friends! for reſpite none
Will he to his victorious hands afford,
But, arm'd with bow and quiver, will diſpatch
Shafts from the door till he have ſlain us all.
Arm, therefore; draw the faulchion; from behind
The lifted tables with united force
Aſſail him; drag him from his covert hold
The porch; and traverſing from ſide to ſide
The city, rouſe the people with your cries
In ev'ry ſtreet; that he may point the ſhaft
And ſtretch the twiſted bow-ſtring never more.

Thus ſaying, he drew his brazen faulchion keen
Of double edge, and with a dreadful ſhout
Aſſail'd him. But Ulyſſes with a ſhaft
In that ſame moment through his boſom driv'n
Transfix'd his liver, and down dropp'd his ſword.

Sprinkling

Sprinkling the table from his wound, he fell
Convolv'd in agonies, and overturn'd
Both food and wine; his forehead ſmote the floor;
Woe fill'd his heart, and ſpurning with his heels
His vacant ſeat, he ſhook it till he died.
Amphinomus, with his drawn faulchion, next,
Advanced to drive Ulyſſes from the door,
And fierce was his aſſault; but, from behind,
Telemachus between his ſhoulders fix'd
A brazen lance, and urged it through his breaſt.
Full on his front, with hideous ſound, he fell.
Back ſtarted then the Prince (the weapon left
Still planted in his ſpine) leſt, had he toil'd
To draw the long ſpear forth, ſome foe, perchance,
Should pierce him with a ſhorten'd blade, or cleave
His temples with a downright edge, the while.
Swift, therefore, to his father's ſide he ran,
Whom reaching, in wing'd accents thus he ſaid *.
My father! I will bring thee now a ſhield,
An helmet, and two ſpears; I will encloſe

* Courage depends much on the habit of encountering danger. This is the firſt exploit of Telemachus. It is therefore with ſingular attention to nature that the poet repreſents him wounding his enemy from behind, and ſtarting back again to his father's ſide as ſoon as he has done it.—C.

Myſelf

Myſelf in armour alſo, and will give
Both to Philœtius and Eumæus arms
Expedient now, and needful for us all.
To whom Ulyſſes, ever wiſe, replied.
Run; fetch them while I yet have arrows left,
Left, ſingle, I be juſtled from the door.
Then to his chamber, whither he had borne
Thoſe arms, aſcending, from the ſecret ſtore
Eight ſpears, four ſhields, four creſted helms he took,
And, laden as he was, with nimble ſteps
Impatient fought his father; at whoſe ſide,
Arm'd in bright ſteel, and with his herdſmen clad
In arms not leſs reſplendent, ſoon he ſtood.
Ulyſſes, while a ſhaft yet unemploy'd
Lay at his foot, right-aiming, ever pierced
Some ſuitor through, and heaps on heaps they fell.
But when his arrows fail'd the royal Chief,
His bow reclining at the portal's ſide
Againſt the ſhining wall, he flung, himſelf,
A four-fold buckler on his arm, he fix'd
A caſque whoſe creſt waved awful o'er his brows
On his illuſtrious head, and fill'd his gripe
With two ſtout ſpears, well-headed, both, with braſs.
There was a certain poſtern in the wall
At the gate-ſide, the cuſtomary paſs

Into

Into a narrow ſtreet, but barr'd ſecure*.
Ulyſſes bade his faithful ſwineherd watch
That egreſs, ſtation'd near it, for it own'd
One ſole approach; then Agelaüs loud
Exhorting all the ſuitors, thus exclaim'd.

Oh friends! may none, aſcending to the door
Of yonder poſtern, give a loud alarm,
And teach the citizens our ſore diſtreſs?
So ſhall this archer ſoon have ſhot his laſt.

To whom the keeper of the goats replied
Melanthius. Agelaüs! Prince renown'd!
That may not be. The poſtern and the gate†
Neighbour too near each other, and th' attempt
To force ſo ſtreight a paſs would ſcarce prevail,
Since one brave man might thence repulſe us all.
But come—myſelf will furniſh you with arms
Fetch'd from above; for there, as I ſuppoſe,
(And not elſewhere) Ulyſſes and his ſon

* If the antients found it difficult to aſcertain clearly the ſituation of this ὑρσοθύρη, well may we. The Tranſlator has given it the poſition which to him appeared moſt probable.—There ſeem to have been two of theſe poſterns, one leading to a part from which the town might be alarmed, the other to the chamber to which Telemachus went for armour. There was one, perhaps, on each ſide of the portal, and they appear to have been at ſome height above the floor.

† At which Ulyſſes ſtood.

Have

Have hidden them, and there they ſhall be found.
So ſpake Melanthius, and, aſcending, ſought
Ulyſſes' chambers through the winding ſtairs
And gall'ries of his houſe. Twelve ſhields he took,
Twelve maſſy ſpears, twelve creſted helmets bright,
And, ſpeedily returning, dealt his charge
Among the ſuitors *. Trembled, then, the heart
Of brave Ulyſſes, and his knees, at ſight
Of his oppoſers putting armour on,
And ſhaking each his lance. Severe indeed
Now ſeem'd his taſk, and in wing'd accents brief
Thus to his ſon Telemachus he ſpake.
Either ſome woman of our train contrives
Hard battle for us, furniſhing with arms
The ſuitors, or Melanthius arms them all.
Him anſwer'd then Telemachus diſcrete.
Father, this fault was mine; me blame for this,
And none beſides; I left the chamber-door

* Hence it was that the Antients ſuppoſed there was another poſtern beſide that which was guarded by Eumæus; a poſtern leading to the chamber in which the arms and armour were depoſited.—Euſtath.—C.

Ariſtarchus proſcribed this paſſage as ſpurious, deeming it impoſſible that one man could bring ſo many; but M. Dacier and Barnes both juſtify it, alledging that it is not neceſſary to ſuppoſe he brought them all at once; accordingly we find him in the ſequel coming forth from the chamber with only one ſhield and one helmet.—B. & C.

Half-

Half-cloſed, which, more attentive than myſelf,
Their ſpy perceived. But haſte, Eumæus, ſhut
The chamber-door, obſerving well, the while,
If any women of our train have done
This deed, or whether, as I more ſuſpect,
Melanthius, Dolius' ſon, hath giv'n them arms.
Thus mutual they conferr'd; mean-time again
Melanthius to the chamber flew in queſt
Of other arms. Eumæus, as he went
Obſerved him, and Ulyſſes thus addreſs'd.
Laertes' noble ſon, for wiles renown'd!
The traytor whom ourſelves ſuſpect is He,
And ſeeks again the chamber! Tell me plain,
Shall I, ſhould I ſuperior prove in force,
Slay him, or ſhall I drag him thence to thee,
That, dying by thy ſword, he may atone
His num'rous treaſons perpetrated here?
Then anſwer thus Ulyſſes ſhrewd return'd.
Myſelf will, with Telemachus, detain
The ſuitors here, how fierce ſoe'er they prove.
Ye two, the while, bind faſt Melanthius' hands
And feet behind his back, then caſt him bound
Into the chamber, and (the door ſecured)
Paſs underneath his arms a twiſted cord;
Then weighing him, a pillar's height, aloft
And till he reach the beams, ſuſpended leave

The wretch to ſuffer much, and ſtill to live*.

He ſpake; they prompt obey'd; together both
They ſought the chamber; he within, the while,
Their coming heard not, buſied in the ſearch
Of ev'ry nook for armour and for arms.
They, ſtanding, watch'd the door, from which, at length,
Forth came Melanthius, bearing in one hand
A caſque, and in the other a broad ſhield
Time-worn and chapp'd with drought, which in his youth
Warlike Laertes had been wont to bear.
Neglected it had lain 'till waſting years
Had loos'd the future of the loops. At once
Both, ſpringing on him, ſeized and drew him in
Forcibly by his locks, then caſt him down
Prone on the pavement, trembling at his fate.
With painful ſtricture of the cord his hands
They bound and feet together at his back,
As their illuſtrious maſter had enjoined,
Then weigh'd him with a ſtronger cord aloft
By a tall pillar to the palace-roof,

* Barnes here cites a paſſage from the life of Tiberius by Suetonius—"Thoſe who were willing to die, he yet conſtrained to live; for he thought death ſo ſlight a puniſhment that being informed that a certain criminal named Carnulius had anticipated his execution, putting himſelf to death, he ſaid—*Carnulius has given me the ſlip.* And on another occaſion, when a condemned perſon implored a ſpeedy death, he replied.—"*We are not yet friends again.*"

And

And thus, deriding him, Eumæus ſpake.

Now, good Melanthius, on that fleecy bed
Reclined, as well befits thee, thou wilt watch
All night, nor when the golden dawn forſakes
The ſtreams of ocean will ſhe 'ſcape thine eye,
But thou wilt duly to the palace drive
The fatteſt goats, a banquet for thy friends.

So ſaying, he left him in his dreadful ſling.
Then, arming both, and barring faſt the door,
They ſought brave Laertiades again.
Undaunted there they ſtood; four, at the gate,
Oppoſed to many valiant youths within;
When Pallas, in the form and with the voice
Of Mentor, to Laertes' ſon approach'd,
Who ſaw, and, ſeeing her, with joy exclaim'd.

Oh Mentor! ſave me. Now, befriend thy friend—
(Such, many a year) and playmate, when a child.

So he, not unſuſpicious that he ſaw
Pallas, the heroine of heav'n. Mean-time
The ſuitors fill'd with menaces the dome,
And Agelaüs, firſt, Damaſtor's ſon,
In accents harſh the Goddeſs thus rebuked.

Beware, oh Mentor! that he lure thee not
To oppoſe the ſuitors in his deſp'rate cauſe,
For thus will we. The father and his ſon
Both ſlain, in vengeance of thy purpos'd deeds

Againſt us, we will ſlay *thee* next, and thou
With thy own head ſhalt ſatisfy the wrong.
Your force thus quell'd in battle, all thy wealth
In houſe and field, confounding it with his,
We will confiſcate; we will baniſh hence
Thy ſons and daughters, and thy virtuous ſpouſe
Shall leave this city, never to return.

He ended, and his words with wrath inflamed
Minerva's heart the more; incenſed, ſhe turn'd
Toward Ulyſſes, whom ſhe thus reproved.

Thou neither own'ſt the courage nor the force,
Ulyſſes, now, which, in the field of Troy,
For high-born Helen's ſake, thou didſt exert
Through nine whole years; there, multitudes by thee
Fell ſlain in furious battle, and, at length,
Thy counſels lay'd the tow'rs of Priam low.
Why, in poſſeſſion of thy proper home
And ſubſtance, mourn'ſt thou want of pow'r t' oppoſe
The ſuitors? Stand beſide me, mark my deeds,
And Mentor ſon of Alcimus confeſs
Thy valiant friend, and mindful of thy love.

She ſpake; but ſtill deſigning proof ſevere
Of each, the father and his glorious ſon,
Not yet made vict'ry theirs. A ſwallow's form
Aſſuming, on a golden beam aloft
She perch'd, and ſat ſpectatreſs of the fight.

Then,

Then, Demoptolemus; Polyctor's ſon
Piſander; Polybus; the haughty Prince
Eurynomus; Amphimedon, and old
Damaſtor's offſpring Agelaüs, rouſed
The reſt to battle, for illuſtrious moſt
Of all the ſuitor train who now ſurvived
And fought for life were theſe. The bow, with ſhafts
In quick ſucceſſion ſent, had quell'd the reſt,
And Agelaüs, thus, exhorted all.

We ſoon ſhall tame, O friends, this warrior's might,
Whom Mentor, after all his airy vaunts
Hath left, and at the portal now remain
Themſelves alone. Diſmiſs not therefore, all,
Your ſpears together, but with ſix alone
Aſſail them firſt; Jove willing, we ſhall pierce
Ulyſſes, and ſubduing him, ſhall ſlay
With eaſe the reſt; their force is ſafely ſcorn'd.

He ceas'd; and, as he bade, ſix hurl'd the ſpear
Together; but Minerva gave them all
A devious flight; one ſtruck a column, one
The planks of the broad portal, and a third
Flung right his aſhen beam againſt the wall *.
Their weapons thus all hurl'd in vain, the brave
Ulyſſes his companions thus adviſed.

* The deviation of three only is deſcribed, which muſt be underſtood, therefore, as inſtances of the ill ſucceſs of all.

Hear now, my friends! my counſel. Hurl the ſpear
At once with undiſcriminating aim
Againſt them all; ſince, now, they ſeek to crown
Their other crimes with ſlaughter of ourſelves.

He ſpake, nor they delay'd, but inſtant hurl'd
Their glitt'ring ſpears. Ulyſſes on the ground
Stretch'd Demoptolemus; Ulyſſes' ſon,
Euryades; Eumæus, at his ſide
Elātus, and the keeper of the beeves
Piſander; in one moment all alike
Lay grinding with their teeth the duſty floor.
Back flew the ſuitors to the fartheſt wall,
On whom thoſe valiant four advancing, each
Recover'd, quick. his weapon from the dead.
Then hurl'd the deſp'rate ſuitors yet again
Their glitt'ring ſpears, but Pallas gave to each
A fruſtrate courſe; one ſtruck a column, one
The planks of the broad portal, and a third
Flung full his aſhen beam againſt the wall.
Yet pierced Amphimedon the Prince's wriſt,
But with a ſurface-wound, and o'er his ſhield
Cteſippus with his ſpear the ſhoulder reach'd
Of good Eumæus; but the weapon glanced,
O'erflew the mark, and fell. And now the four,
Ulyſſes, dauntleſs Hero, and his friends
All hurl'd their ſpears together in return.

Ulyſſes

Ulyſſes, leveller of lofty tow'rs,
Tranſpierced Eurydamas; Ulyſſes' ſon,
Amphimedon; the ſwine-herd, Polybus;
And through his breaſt the keeper of the beeves
Cteſippus, glorying over whom, he cried.
Oh ſon of Polytherſes! ſkill'd in arts
Of mock'ry and deriſion, never more
Boaſt fooliſhly, but to the Gods commit
Thy tongue, ſince they are mightier far than thou.
Take this—a gift to recompenſe thy gift
And pledge of future amity, the hoof,
Which while he roam'd the palace, begging alms,
Ulyſſes at thy bounteous hand received *.
So ſpake Philœtius. Then, ſpear in hand,
Ulyſſes pierced Damaſtor's ſon, and, next,
Telemachus, his lance's glitt'ring head
Drove through the bowels of Evenor's ſon
Leiocritus; he proſtrate ſmote the floor.
Then, Pallas from the lofty roof held forth
Her hoſt-confounding Ægis o'er their heads,
With'ring their ſouls with fear. They ſcatter'd fled
As heifers flee, which, borne on nimble wing
The gad-fly diſſipates, infeſter fell

* Τῦτό σοι ἀντὶ ποδὸς ξεινήϊον—in proceſs of time became proverbial, and was applied to the caſe of thoſe who ſuffered retaliation.—C.

Of grazing herds, when vernal heats prevail*.
But theſe, as falcons from the mountains ſtoop,
Arm'd with ſtrong talons and with crooked beaks,
On ſmaller fowls affrighted by the toils;
At once they ſtrike the quarry; force alike
And refuge fail them; ſmitten to the ground
In heaps they fall, the fowlers ſeize the prey—
So theſe, purſuing through the ſpacious hall
The ſuitors, ſmote them on all ſides; their heads
Sounded beneath the ſword; with hideous groans
The palace rang; the pavement foam'd with blood.
Then flew Leiodes to Ulyſſes' knees,
Which claſping, in wing'd accents thus he cried.
I claſp thy knees, Ulyſſes! oh reſpect

* The œſtrum or gad-fly, according to the Scholiaſt, is bred from an animalcule with which water abounds, for which reaſon it is chiefly found in marſhy places.—C. It has the hue of braſs, and, when it enters the ears of cattle, makes them furious.—B. & C.

It is thus mentioned by Virgil, Geo. III. 146.

Eſt lucos Silari circa, ilicibuſque virentem
Plurimus Alburnum volitans, cui nomen aſilo
Romanum eſt, oeſtron Graii vertêre vocantes,
Aſper, acerba ſonans; quo tota exterrita ſylvis
Diffugiunt armenta————C.

Around the groves of Silarus, and where
Alburnus rears his oaks, a winged peſt
By us Aſilus named, but by the Greeks
Oeſtros, abounds; malignant and that hums
A hateful note, which hearing, on all ſides
The cattle fly, and frighted roam the woods.

My

My ſuit, and ſpare me! Never have I ſinn'd
Againſt thy women or in word or deed,
But others ſinning in that ſort have oft
Forbidden, who perſiſting in deſpight
Of my reproof, have reach'd a ſhameful end.
But my ſole crime hath been, that as a ſeer
I ſerved the ſuitors; an offence, for which
Ordaining me to die, thou ſhalt but prove
That pious men and juſt are ſuch in vain.

To whom Ulyſſes with a frown replied.
Is that thy ſole offence, that thou haſt ſerved
The ſuitors as a ſeer? Their ſeer, methinks,
Muſt oft have pray'd that I might never taſte
Domeſtic ſweets again, and with a zeal
Peculiar that my conſort made his own
Might bear him children. Refuge, therefore, none
For thee remains, but thou ſhalt alſo die.

So ſaying, he caught the faulchion from the floor
Which Agelaüs had let fall, and ſmote
Leiodes, while he kneel'd, athwart his neck
So ſuddenly, that ere his tongue had ceaſed
To plead for life, his head was in the duſt.
But Phemius, ſon of Terpius, bard divine,
Who, through compulſion, with his ſong regaled
The ſuitors, a like dreadful death eſcaped.
Faſt by the poſtern, harp in hand, he ſtood,

Doubtful if, iſſuing, he ſhould take his ſeat
Beſide the altar of Hercæan Jove *,
Where oft Ulyſſes offer'd, and his fire,
Fat thighs of beeves, or whether he ſhould haſte,
T'embrace his knees, a ſuppliant for his life.
That courſe, at length, moſt pleaſed him; then, between
The beaker and an argent-ſtudded throne
He grounded his ſweet lyre, and ſeizing faſt
The Hero's knees, him, ſuppliant, thus addreſs'd.
I claſp thy knees, Ulyſſes! oh reſpect
My ſuit, and ſpare me. Thou ſhalt not eſcape
Regret thyſelf hereafter, if thou ſlay
Me, charmer of the woes of Gods and men.
Self-taught am I, and treaſure in my mind
Songs of all argument from heav'n inſpired,
And thou haſt heard me chaunting to the lyre
Thy glorious deeds, as I had praiſed a God.
Spare, then, this antient head; ſince not by choice
(As thy dear ſon will tell thee), nor to ſhare
The banquet, have I ſerved as minſtrel here,
But awed by numbers, and by force conſtrain'd.
So he; whom hearing as he ſtood beſide
His fire, Telemachus thus interpoſed.
Hold—Harm not with the vengeful faulchion's edge

* So called becauſe he was worſhipped within the Ἕρκος or wall that ſurrounded the court.—C.

This

This blameleſs man ; and we will alſo ſpare
Medon the herald, who hath ever been
A watchful guardian of my boyiſh years,
Unleſs Philœtius or Eumæus him
Have mingled with the reſt, or thou, perchance,
Unconſcious, in the tumult of the fight.

He ſpake, whom Medon hearing (for he lay
Beneath a throne, and in a new-ſtript hide
Enfolded, trembling with the dread of death)
Sprang from his covert, caſt away the ſkin,
And, flying to Telemachus, whoſe knees
He cloſe embraced, thus, eager, ſued to live.

Prince ! I am here—oh, pity me ! repreſs
Thine own, and pacify thy father's wrath,
That he deſtroy not me, through fierce revenge
Of their iniquities who have conſumed
His wealth, and, in their folly, ſcorn'd his ſon.

To whom Ulyſſes, ever-wiſe, replied,
Smiling complacent. Fear thou not ; my ſon
Hath pleaded for thee. Therefore (taught thyſelf
That truth) teach others the ſuperior worth
Of honeſt with diſhoneſt deeds compared.
But go ye forth, thou and the ſacred bard,
That ye may ſit withdrawn in yonder court
From all this carnage, while I give command,
Myſelf, concerning it, to thoſe within.

He

He ceas'd; they going forth, took each his ſeat
Beſide Jove's altar, but with heedful looks
Suſpicious, dreading without ceaſe the ſword.
Mean-time Ulyſſes ſearch'd his hall, in queſt
Of living foes, if any ſtill ſurvived
Unpuniſh'd; but he found them all alike
Welt'ring in duſt and blood; num'rous they lay
Like fiſhes when they ſtrew the ſinuous ſhore
Of Ocean, from the grey gulph drawn aground
In nets of many a meſh; athirſt to ſuck
The briny wave they ſtrew the ſands, till hot
The gazing ſun dries all their life away;
So lay the ſuitors heap'd, and thus at length
The prudent Chief gave order to his ſon *.

Telemachus!

* Obſerve, ſays Euſtathius, how the Poet, as if the achievement were not of itſelf ſufficiently magnificent, magnifies it ſtill more with ſimiles. Having lately employed the compariſon of cattle diſperſed by the gad-fly, and again, the other of the vultures ſeizing ſmall birds, here he introduces a third of fiſhes ſtrewed on the ſea-beach. In the ſequel he will compare Ulyſſes to a lion, and the women executed to a flock of doves or thruſhes enſnared in a fowling-net. And thus it is—Similes, in general, are thinly ſown in the Odyſſey, though in the Iliad they abound; becauſe, there, the grandeur of the incidents made illuſtration neceſſary.—C.

A fair inference lies from this remark, that if embelliſhments abound not in this poem to the ſame degree as in the Iliad, it is not becauſe the poet's fancy failed him through age, as Longinus uncandidly ſuppoſes, but becauſe his judgment directed him to make the

Telemachus! bid Euryclea come
Quickly, the nurſe, to whom I would impart
Such order as now ſeems expedient moſt.
He ſaid; obedient to his ſire, the Prince
Smote on the door, and ſummon'd loud the nurſe.
Guardian of all our women, antient dame!
Come forth—my father calls thee; learn his will.
So he; nor uſeleſs flew his words away;
For, throwing wide the portal, forth ſhe came,
And, by Telemachus conducted, found
Erelong Ulyſſes amid all the ſlain,
With blood defiled and duſt, nor dreadful leſs
In aſpect than the lion when he leaves
An ox well-nigh devour'd; his cheeks diſtain'd
And all his ample cheſt, from ſide to ſide,
With gore, beſpeak him newly from the prey,
Tremendous ſpectacle! ſuch ſeem'd the Chief,
Blood-ſtain'd all over. She, the carnage ſpread
On all ſides ſeeing, and the pools of blood,
Scarce leſs than ſhouted, ſuch a work ſhe ſaw
Paſt all her hopes achieved, but he repreſs'd
The ſtruggling rapture ere it burſt abroad,
And in wing'd accents thus his will enforced.

the difference. Dacier accordingly affirms, that had he compoſed the Odyſſey firſt and the Iliad laſt, we ſhould have found them ſuch as they are, the former ſimple as it is, and the latter equally rich in ornament.

Silent

Silent exult, O antient matron dear!
Shout not, be ſtill. Unholy is the voice
Of loud thankſgiving over ſlaughter'd men.
Theſe, ſelf-ſubdued by guilt and by the Gods,
Have periſh'd thus; for whether noble gueſt
Arrived or baſe, they ſcoff'd at all alike,
And for their wickedneſs have, therefore, died.
But theſe my women—teach me to diſcern
And judge between the guiltleſs and the reſt *.
To whom good Euryclea thus replied.
My ſon! I will declare the truth; thou keep'ſt
Female domeſtics fifty in thy houſe,
Whom we have made intelligent to comb
The fleece, and to perform whatever taſk.
Of theſe, twice ſix have overpaſs'd the bounds
Of modeſty, reſpecting neither me,
Nor yet the Queen, who would not that thy ſon,
Adult ſo lately, ſhould aſſume the charge
To regulate the women of her train †.

* In the nineteenth book, ſee l. 607. When Euryclea made a voluntary offer of ſuch information, Ulyſſes refuſed to hear it, becauſe at that time it was not wanted; but now it is become neceſſary; for which reaſon he now demands what he declined before.—C.

† Euſtathius underſtands this as an apology made for Telemachus, leſt his father ſhould blame him for having neglected to keep his domeſtic women within the bounds of duty; but Clarke more juſtly interprets the paſſage, ſuppoſing Euryclea to mean nothing more than merely to aſcribe the lewdneſs of theſe women to the want of a maſter's authority to controul them.

But

But I am gone, I fly with what hath paſs'd
To the Queen's ear, who nought ſuſpects, ſo found
She ſleeps, by ſome divinity compoſed.
Then anſwer, thus, Ulyſſes wife returned.
Huſh, and diſturb her not. Go. Summon firſt
Thoſe wantons, who have long deſerved to die*.
He ceas'd; forth flew the matron at his word
To call thoſe women thither, and, the while,
His herdſmen and his ſon he thus beſpake.
The women come; command them to your aid
While ye remove the ſlain, and while ye cleanſe
With well-ſoak'd ſponges the reſplendent ſeats
And tables. This confuſion thus reduced
To decent order, lead the women forth
Into the court, and in the narrow paſs
'Twixt wall and ſcull'ry, with the faulchion's edge
Smite them, till each, expiring, ſhall forget
Her darling ſuitor, and his ſtol'n embrace.
He ended, and the damſels came at once
All forth, lamenting, and with tepid tears
Show'ring the ground; with mutual labour, firſt,
Bearing the bodies forth into the court,
They lodged them in the portico; mean-time

* He permits not Penelope to be ſummoned till the delinquents are executed, leſt ſhe ſhould intercede for them.—Schol.—B. & C.

Ulyſſes,

Ulyſſes, with a maſter's awful tone
Enjoin'd them haſte, whom they perforce obey'd.
With ſponges and with water, next, they cleanſed
The thrones and tables, while the buſy Prince,
Eumæus, and Philœtius purged the floor,
And thoſe twelve damſels carried forth the ſoil.
Thus all, erelong, adjuſted, leading forth
The women, next, they ſhut them cloſe between
The lofty wall and ſcull'ry, narrow ſtreight
And dreadful, whence no pris'ner might eſcape.
Then, prudent, thus Telemachus adviſed.

The death of honour would I never grant
To criminals like theſe, who pour'd contempt
On mine and on my mother's head, and lay
By night enfolded in the ſuitors' arms.

He ſaid, and nooſing a ſtrong galley-rope
To an huge column, led the cord around
The ſpacious dome, ſuſpended ſo aloft
That none with quiv'ring feet might reach the floor.
As when a flight of doves ent'ring the copſe,
Or broad-wing'd thruſhes, ſtrike againſt the net
Within, ill reſt, entangled, there they find,
So they, ſuſpended by the neck, expired
All in one line together. Death abhorr'd!
With reſtleſs feet awhile they beat the air,
Then ceas'd. And now through veſtibule and hall

They led Melanthius forth. With ruthleſs ſteel
They pared away his ears and noſe, pluck'd forth
His parts of ſhame, devoted to the dogs,
And, ſtill indignant, lopp'd his hands and feet.
Thus all their work accompliſh'd, each perform'd
Needful ablution, firſt, then join'd again
Ulyſſes, who the matron thus beſpake.

Bring blaſt-averting ſulphur, nurſe, bring fire!
That I may fumigate my walls; then bid
Penelope with her attendants down,
Nor leave unſummon'd one of all the train.

But Euryclea, thus, his nurſe replied.
My ſon! thou haſt well ſaid; yet will I firſt
Serve thee with veſt and mantle; for t'appear
In tatters clad, but ill beſeems thee now.

Then anſwer thus Ulyſſes wife return'd.
Not ſo. Bring fire for fumigation firſt.

He ſaid; nor Euryclea, twice enjoin'd,
Longer delay'd, but ſulphur brought and fire;
When he with purifying ſteams, himſelf,
Viſited ev'ry part, the ſpacious hall,
The veſtibule, the court. Mean-time the nurſe
From ſide to ſide of all the palace call'd
The women forth t'attend their Lord in haſte,
And they attended, bearing each a torch.
Aſſembling faſt around him, his return

They

They gratulated; each his forehead kiſs'd,
And ſhoulders, and his hands lock'd faſt in hers.
He, recognizing all, reſiſtleſs felt
The guſhing tide of mingled grief and joy.

ARGU-

ARGUMENT

OF THE

TWENTY-THIRD BOOK.

Ulyſſes, with ſome difficulty, convinces Penelope of his identity, who, at length, overcome by force of evidence, receives him to her arms with tranſport. He entertains her with a recital of his adventures, aud in his narration the principal events of the poem are recapitulated. In the morning, Ulyſſes, Telemachus, the herdſman and the ſwineherd, depart into the country.

BOOK XXIII.

And now, with exultation wing'd the nurſe
Aſcending ſought the chamber of the Queen
T'apprize her of Ulyſſes then below.
Joy braced her knees *, with nimbleneſs of youth

She

* Ariſtarchus, not always a judicious interpreter, ſeems to err in his explanation of πόδες δ' ὑπερικταίροντο, which he tells us ſignifies that Euryclea attempted to move nimbly, but, being diſabled by age, took ſhort ſteps, and, in fact, could only hobble. The words Γούνατα δ' ἐρρώσαντο—which Clarke very properly renders—*Genua autem firmiter ſe-movebant*, ſufficiently prove, that, her joy inſpiring

She ſtepp'd, and at her ear, her thus beſpake.

Ariſe, Penelope! dear daughter, ſee
With thy own eyes thy daily wiſh fulfill'd.
Ulyſſes is arrived; hath reach'd at laſt
His native home, and all thoſe ſuitors proud
Hath ſlain, who fill'd his houſehold with diſtreſs,
His ſubſtance waſted, and controll'd his ſon.

To whom Penelope diſcrete replied.
Dear nurſe! the Gods have ſurely ta'en away
Thy judgment; they transform the wiſe to fools,
And fools conduct to wiſdom, and have made
Thee frantic, whom they made diſcrete before*.
Why wilt thou mock me, (conſcious of my woes)
With theſe extravagances? Why diſturb
Thoſe ſlumbers ſweet that ſeal'd ſo faſt mine eyes?
For ſuch ſweet ſlumbers have I never known
Since my Ulyſſes on his voyage ſail'd

her with freſh alacrity, ſhe not only attempted a quicker pace but actually ſucceeded. Another Scholiaſt therefore, with much more reaſon on his ſide, gives us the word ὑπερεξετείνοντο as expreſſing the true meaning of Homer's ὑπερικταίνοντο, underſtanding the ſenſe to be, that ſhe took long ſteps, trod firmly, and preſently arrived at the chamber.

* Euripides has a ſimilar ſentiment—

Ὦ Ζεῦ τί δῆτα τὰς ταλαιπώρους βροτοὺς
Φρονεῖν λέγουσι; σὲ γὰρ ἐξηρτήμεθα,
Δρῶμέν τε τοιαῦθ', ἅ' ν' σὺ τυγχάνῃς θέλων.

Supplices. ver. 734.—C.

To that bad city never to be named.
Down inſtant to thy place again—begone—
For had another of my maidens dared
Diſturb my ſleep with tidings wild as theſe,
I had diſmiſs'd her down into the houſe
More roughly; but thine age excuſes *thee*.
To whom the venerable matron thus.
I mock thee not, my daughter!—He is come—
Himſelf, Ulyſſes, even as I ſay,
That ſtranger, object of the ſcorn of all.
Telemachus hath known him from the firſt,
But prudently was mute, t'insure the more
The puniſhment of thoſe intruders here.
So Euryclea; ſhe tranſported heard,
And ſpringing from the bed, wrapp'd in her arms
The antient woman, ſhedding tears of joy,
And in wing'd accents ardent thus replied.
Ah then, dear nurſe inform me! tell me true!
Hath he indeed arriv'd as thou declar'ſt?
How could he ſlay thoſe ſhameleſs ones alone?
For never were they fewer here than all.
Then Euryclea, thus, matron belov'd.
I nothing ſaw or knew; but only heard
Groans of the wounded; in th' interior houſe
We trembling ſat, and ev'ry door was faſt.
Thus all remain'd, 'till from his father ſent,

The young Prince call'd me forth. I, going, found
Ulyſſes compaſs'd by the ſlaughter'd dead.
They cover'd wide the pavement, heaps on heaps.
It would have cheer'd thy heart to have beheld
Thy huſband lion-like with crimſon ſtains
Of ſlaughter and of duſt all dappled o'er.
Heap'd in the portal, at this moment, lie
Their bodies, and he fumigates, mean-time,
The houſe with ſulphur and with flames of fire,
And hath, himſelf, ſent me to bid thee down.
Follow me, then, that ye may give your hearts
To gladneſs, both, for ye have much endured;
Behold th' event ſo long your ſoul's deſire,
Fulfill'd, in preſence of his houſehold Gods
Alive he ſtands; Telemachus and thee
Finds ſtill at home; nor hath one ſuitor 'ſcaped,
Of all that impious throng, his juſt revenge.

Her anſwer'd, then, Penelope diſcrete.
Ah deareſt nurſe! indulge not in exceſs
This dang'rous triumph; all, as well thou know'ſt,
Would deem him welcome here, and more than all
Myſelf, and, offspring of our wedded love,
Telemachus. But theſe things are not ſo;
Some God, reſentful of their evil deeds,
And of their biting contumely ſevere,
Hath them deſtroy'd; for whether noble gueſt
Arrived or baſe, alike they ſcoff'd at all,

And for their wickedneſs have therefore died.
But my Ulyſſes diſtant far, I know,
From Greece hath periſh'd, and returns no more.
To whom thus Euryclea, nurſe belov'd.
What word, my daughter, hath eſcaped thy lips,
Who thus affirm'ſt Ulyſſes, now within
And at his own hearth-ſide, for ever loſt?
Canſt thou be thus incredulous? Hear again—
I give thee now proof paſt diſpute, his ſcar
Imprinted by the wild-boar's iv'ry tuſk.
Laving him I remark'd it, and deſired,
Myſelf, to tell thee, but my wary lord
Compreſſing with both hands my lips, forbad.
Come, follow me. My life ſhall be the pledge.
If I deceive thee, let the bitt'reſt death
That vengeance can deviſe requite the fraud.
To whom Penelope, diſcrete, replied.
Ah, deareſt nurſe, thou little know'ſt to ſearch,
With all thy much ſagacity, the plans
And counſels of the Gods. But let me hence
Down to my ſon. I will, at leaſt, behold
The ſuitors dead, and him by whom they died.
So ſaying, ſhe left her chamber, muſing much
In her deſcent, if, firſt, ſhe ſhould demand
Proof that the conqu'ror was indeed, himſelf,
Her lov'd Ulyſſes, or ſhould fly t' imprint

At once, his hands with kiſſes and his brows.
O'erpaſſing light the portal-ſtep of ſtone
She enter'd. He ſat oppoſite, illumed
By the hearth's ſprightly blaze, and cloſe before
A pillar of the dome, with downcaſt eyes
Expecting what his noble ſpouſe would ſay
Seeing him there; but ſhe ſat ſilent long,
Her faculties in mute amazement held.
By turns ſhe rivetted her eyes on his,
And, ſeeing him ſo foul attired, by turns
She recognized him not; at length, diſpleaſed,
Telemachus her ſilence thus reprov'd *.

My mother! ah my hapleſs and my moſt
Obdurate mother! wherefore thus aloof
Shunn'ſt thou my father, with ſuſpicious looks
Surveying Him, with whom thou ſhould'ſt exchange

* Euſtathius accounts this mute aſtoniſhment of Penelope a difficulty never to be ſolved. For if a God, he ſays, could counterfeit the ſcar, why ſhould he be ſuppoſed ignorant of the myſtery belonging to the bed? And he judges that when Penelope, at laſt convinced of her huſband's identity, embraces him, ſhe had no ſufficient warrant, on her principle, for doing ſo, becauſe ſhe ſuſpected a deity, and a deity would have known one ſign as well as another. But Clarke accounts the objection too refined and ſubtle, obſerving that when Penelope affirms that *ſome God had ſlain the ſuitors*, and when ſhe tells Euryclea that *it is difficult to penetrate the counſels of the Gods*, ſhe means no more than to expreſs the utter incredibility of the tale, that Ulyſſes is in the houſe and has ſlain all his enemies.

Sweet

Sweet converſe now, cloſe ſeated at his ſide?
Another wife lives not who could endure
Such diſtance from her huſband new-return'd
To his own country in the twentieth year,
After much hardſhip; but thy firmer heart
Than ſtone itſelf, retains its temper ſtill *.

To whom Penelope, diſcrete, replied.
I am all wonder, O my ſon; my ſoul
Is ſtunn'd within me; pow'r to ſpeak to him
Or to interrogate him have I none,
Or ev'n to look on him; but if indeed
He be Ulyſſes, and have reach'd his home,
I ſhall believe it ſoon, by proof convinced
Of ſigns, known only to himſelf and me.

She ſaid; then ſmiled the Hero toil-inured,
And in wing'd accents thus his ſon enjoin'd.

Leave thou, Telemachus, thy mother here
To ſift and prove me; ſhe will know me ſoon
More ſurely; ſeeing me thus ill attired
And ſqualid, for that cauſe ſhe ſcorns me now,

* It is an obſervation of Euſtathius, that Ulyſſes and his wife being in this interview alike reſerved and ſilent, there could have been no converſation at all, had not Telemachus been of the party. He chides his mother; ſhe replies; a diſcourſe enſues between the hero and his ſon concerning the meaſures to be adopted for their ſecurity, and thus the aukwardneſs of the ſcene is relieved for the preſent, and till Ulyſſes addreſſing Penelope affords her at laſt an opportunity to ſpeak, which, unſpoken to, ſhe dared not.—C.

And no belief hath yet that I am he.
But we have need, thou and myſelf, of deep
Deliberation. If a man have ſlain
One only citizen, who leaves behind
Few friends ſolicitous t' avenge his death,
Yet, flying, he forſakes both friends and home;
But we the flow'r and ſtrength of all our iſle
Have ſlain—think, then, what courſe muſt we purſue.
Him, prudent, then anſwer'd Telemachus.
Be that thy care, my father! for report
Proclaims *thee* wiſeſt of mankind, with whom
In ingenuity may none compare.
Lead thou, ſecure to find in us alert
And ardent followers, and though pow'r, perchance,
May fail us, courage ſhall not to the laſt.
Thus then replied Ulyſſes, ever-wiſe.
To me the ſafeſt counſel and the beſt
Seems this. Firſt uſe the bath; then, putting on
Your tunics; bid ye, next, the maidens take
Their beſt attire, and let the bard divine
Strike on his tuneful chords a ſprightly dance,
That, whether paſſenger or neighbour hear,
All may ſuppoſe glad nuptials held within.
So ſhall not loud report that we have ſlain
All thoſe, alarm the city, 'till we gain
Our woods and fields, where, once arriv'd, ſuch plans
We

We will deviſe, as Jove ſhall deign to inſpire.
He ſpake, and all, obedient, in the bath
Firſt laved themſelves, then put their tunics on;
The damſels alſo dreſs'd, and the ſweet bard,
Harping melodiouſly, deſires in each
Excited of ſweet ſong and graceful dance.
The palace under all its vaulted roof
Remurmur'd to the feet of ſportive youths
And cinctured maidens, while no few abroad,
Hearing ſuch revelry within, remark'd.—
The Queen with many wooers, weds at laſt.
Ah fickle and unworthy fair! too frail
Always to keep inviolate the houſe
Of her firſt Lord, and wait for his return.
So ſpake the people; but they little knew
What had befall'n. Eurynome, mean-time,
With bath and unction ſerv'd th' illuſtrious Chief
Ulyſſes, and with mantle and with veſt
In his own houſe attired him once again.
Then, Pallas over all his features ſhed
Superior beauty, dignified his form
With added amplitude, and pour'd his curls
Like hyacinthine garlands from his brows.
As when, by Vulcan and Minerva taught,
Some artiſt, finiſhing a graceful work,
Entwines bright ſilver with a wreath of gold,

Such

Such grace the Goddeſs o'er his ample cheſt
Copious diffuſed, and o'er his manly brows *.
He, godlike, ſtepping from the bath, reſumed
His former ſeat magnificent, and ſat
Before Penelope, to whom he ſaid.

Princeſs! the Pow'rs Olympian never made
A female heart inſenſible as thine.
Another wife breathes not who could endure
Such diſtance from her huſband new-return'd
To his own country in the twentieth year,
After ſuch hardſhip. Nurſe! prepare a couch
For my repoſe; her adamantine heart
Yields not, and I muſt paſs the night alone †.

Him, anſwer'd then prudent Penelope.
My temper, Sir! inclines not me t' extol
Or to depreciate much, or much admire;
Full well I recollect thee as thou waſt
When thou didſt ſail from Ithaca—Go, nurſe,
Prepare his bed; yet not within the walls
Of his own nuptial chamber which he built

* Quale manus addunt ebori decus; aut ubi flavo
Argentum Pariuſve lapis circumdatur auro. Æn. 1. 596.—C.
Grace, ſuch as ivory or ſilver takes
Or Parian marble, ſet in pureſt gold.

† It ſeems, ſays Euſtathius, as if Ulyſſes had almoſt found the ſlaughter of the ſuitors a work that might be diſpatched in leſs time, than to convince his wife of his identity; ſo prudent and cautious was ſhe, and of a temper ſo firm and reſolute.—C.

With

With his own hands, but, placing it without,
There make it thick with fleecy ſkins beneath,
And with warm cloaks and ſplendid rugs above.
So ſpake ſhe, proving* him, and, not untouch'd
With anger at that word, he thus replied.
Thy cruel charge with anguiſh fills my ſoul.
Who then hath moved my bed? The taſk were hard
E'en to an artiſt; other than a God
None might with eaſe diſplace it; man alone,
Though vigorous and in his prime of youth,
Could never. In that bed conſiſts a ſign;
For theſe hands faſhion'd it, and none beſides.
Within my court, luxuriant, leafy, tall,
And of columnal ſize, an olive grew.
Around this tree with ſtones cemented cloſe
I built my nuptial chamber, roof'd it o'er,
And hung the glutinated portals on.
Then, lopping from the ſides its ample boughs
And ſev'ring near the root its ſolid bole,
I ſmooth'd the rugged ſtump till it became
A pedeſtal, and, ſquaring it by line,

* The proof conſiſted in this—that the bed being attached to the ſtump of an olive tree ſtill rooted, was immoveable, and Ulyſſes having made it himſelf, no perſon preſent, he muſt needs be apprized of the impoſſibility of her orders, if he were indeed Ulyſſes; accordingly, this demonſtration of his identity ſatisfies all her ſcruples.

Form'd

Form'd next the ſhapely pillar. Laſt, I drill'd
The frame on either ſide; and thus, my work,
Beginning from the ſtump beneath, ceaſed not
Till all was finiſh'd, in all parts adorn'd
With ivory, with ſilver and with gold,
And interlaced with purple thongs below.
Such ſign I give thee. But if ſtill my bed
Unmoved remain, or, ſever'd from its baſe
By violence of other hands, have found
A new poſition, is beſt known to thee.

He ceas'd; Penelope with flutt'ring heart
And fault'ring knees, and eyes that ſtream'd for joy
Confeſs'd the proof, ſprang to him, threw her arms
Around him, kiſs'd his forehead, and replied.

Ulyſſes! wiſeſt at all other times
Of human kind, ah! be not angry now,
Nor frown on me! The Gods themſelves ordain'd
Our ceaſeleſs ſuff'rings; envied us the bliſs
Of undivided union ſweet enjoy'd
Through life, from early youth to lateſt age.
No. Be not angry now; forgive the fault
That I embraced thee not as ſoon as ſeen;
For never hath my ſpirit loſt the dread
Leſt ſome deceitful alien ſhould, perchance,
Beguile me, for our houſe draws num'rous ſuch.

Jove's

Jove's daughter, Argive Helen, ne'er had giv'n
Free entertainment to a ſtranger's love,
Had ſhe foreknown that, by the warlike ſons
Of Greece regain'd, ſhe ſhould, at length, return.
But heav'n incited her to that offence,
Elſe had ſhe never in her heart conceived
A crime, which, perpetrated, proved the ſource
Of all Achaia's woes, and of our own.
But ſince thus punctually thou haſt deſcribed
Our bed, which never mortal yet beheld,
Ourſelves except and Actoris my maid,
Giv'n me, what time I left my native home,
By good Icarius, and who kept the door,
Though hard to be convinced, at laſt I yield *.
So ſaying, with freſh ſympathy ſhe touch'd
His inmoſt ſoul, and folding in his arms
His ſweet and moſt unblemiſh'd ſpouſe, he wept.
Welcome as land appears to thoſe who ſwim,
Whoſe gallant bark, by winds and rolling waves

* Penelope, having tried her huſband's patience by her long delay to acknowledge him, makes him ample compenſation at laſt, rejoicing in him with rapture, enfolding him in her arms, ſupplicating him to pardon her tedious heſitation, accounting and apologizing for it, complimenting him with an eulogium, ſhort indeed, but ſuch as the time allowed, and commiſerating the woes he had ſuffered in his wanderings.—Euſtath.—C.

Aſſail'd

Aſſail'd, hath periſh'd in the boundleſs ſea,
A mariner or two, perchance, eſcape
The foamy flood, and, ſwimming, reach the land,
Weary indeed, and with incruſted brine
All rough, but oh, how glad to climb the coaſt!
So welcome in her eyes Ulyſſes ſeem'd,
Around whoſe neck winding her ſnowy arms,
She clung as ſhe would looſe him never more.
Thus had they wept till roſy-finger'd morn
Had found them weeping, but Minerva check'd
Night's almoſt finiſh'd courſe, and held, mean-time,
The golden dawn cloſe pris'ner in the Deep,
Forbidding her to lead her courſers forth,
Lampus and Phaëthon that furniſh light
For all mankind, and join them to the yoke *.
Then thus Laertes' ſon his ſpouſe addreſs'd.

My love; not yet we have attain'd the cloſe
Of all our ſufferings, but unmeaſured toil
Arduous remains, which I muſt ſtill achieve.
For ſo the ſpirit of the Theban ſeer
Taught me, what time ſolicitous t'enquire
Of mine and of my peoples' ſafe return

* Homer gives Aurora a chariot and pair; Lycophron and others allow her only Pegaſus. Ovid harneſſes four to the chariot of the ſun.—B. &. C.

I journey'd down to Pluto's drear abode.
But let us hence to bed, once more t'enjoy
Tranquil repoſe. My love, make no delay.
Him anſwer'd then prudent Penelope.
Thou ſhalt to bed what time ſoe'er thou wilt,
Since, by the Gods conducted, thou haſt reach'd
Thy manſion, and thy native ſhores again.
But ſince, by ſage Tireſias taught, thou know'ſt
That thou haſt labours ſtill t'achieve, declare
What labours? I ſhall learn them, as I judge,
Hereafter, why ſhould'ſt thou conceal them now?
To whom Ulyſſes, ever-wiſe, replied.
Ah converſant with woe! why would'ſt thou learn
That tale? but I will tell it thee at large.
Thou wilt not hear with joy, nor ſhall myſelf
With joy rehearſe it; for he bade me ſeek
City after city, bearing, as I go,
A ſhapely oar, till I ſhall find, at length,
A people who the ſea know not, nor eat
Food ſalted; they trim galley crimſon-prow'd
Have ne'er beheld, nor yet ſmooth-ſhaven oar
With which the veſſel wing'd ſcuds o'er the waves.
He gave me alſo this authentic ſign,
Which I will tell thee. In what place ſoe'er
I chance to meet a trav'ller who ſhall name

The

The oar on my broad ſhoulder borne, a van *;
He bade me, planting it on that ſame ſpot,
Worſhip the King of Ocean with a bull,
A ram, and a laſcivious boar, then ſeek
My home again, and ſacrifice at home
An hecatomb in honour of the Gods
Deathleſs poſſeſſors of th' expanſe above.
So ſhall I die, at length, the gentleſt death
Remote from Ocean; it ſhall find me late,
In ſoft ſerenity of age, the Chief
Of a bleſt people.—Theſe events, the ſeer
Tireſias ſaid, ſhould ſurely come to paſs.
Him anſwer'd then Penelope diſcrete.
If heav'n ordain thee to a calm old-age,
Hope lives, that all our woes ſhall have an end.
Such was their mutual conf'rence ſweet; mean-time
Eurynome and Euryclea dreſs'd
Their bed by light of the clear torch, and when
Diſpatchful they had ſpread it broad and deep,
The antient nurſe retiring ſought her own.
Then came Eurynome, to whom in truſt
The chambers appertain'd, and with a torch
Conducted them to reſt; ſhe introduced
The happy pair, and went; tranſported they

* See the note on the ſame paſſage, Book XI. L. 156.

To

To rites connubial intermitted long,
And now recover'd, gave themſelves again *.
Mean-time, the Prince, the herdſman, and the good
Eumæus, to their feet affording reſt,
Ceaſed from the dance; they made the women ceaſe
Alſo, and to their ſev'ral chambers all
Beneath the dark high-vaulted roof retired.
At length, with conjugal endearment both
Satiate, Ulyſſes taſted and his ſpouſe
The ſweets of mutual converſe. She rehearſed,
Nobleſt of women, all her num'rous woes
Beneath that roof ſuſtain'd, while ſhe beheld
The profligacy of the ſuitor-throng,
Who in their wooing had conſumed his herds
And fatted flocks, and drawn his veſſels dry;
While brave Ulyſſes, in his turn rehears'd
Whate'er his foes had ſuffer'd at his hands,
And what himſelf at theirs; he told her all;
She liſten'd charm'd, nor ſleep once ſeal'd her eyes,

* Ariſtophanes the grammarian and Ariſtarchus choſe that the Odyſſey ſhould end here;—B. & C. but the ſtory is not properly concluded till the tumult occaſioned by the ſlaughter of ſo many Princes being compoſed, Ulyſſes finds himſelf once more in peaceable poſſeſſion of his country. The ſequel is likewiſe neceſſary on another account, the poet himſelf having prepared us to expect it. See Line 160 of this Book.—C.

While aught of all his toils untold remain'd.
Firſt he recited his ſucceſs in arms
Againſt the Cicons, and his ſafe eſcape
From the Lotophagi with all his crews.
The Cyclops' deeds he told her next, and how
He well avenged on him his noble friends
Whom, pitileſs, the monſter had devour'd.
How to the iſle of Æolus he came,
Who welcom'd him and ſafe diſmiſs'd him thence,
Although not deſtin'd to regain ſo ſoon
His native land; for o'er the fiſhy deep
Loud tempeſts ſnatch'd him ſighing back again.
How, alſo to Telepylus he ſail'd,
Town of the Læſtrygonians, who deſtroy'd,
His own except, his ſhips with all his friends.
Of guileful Circe too he ſpake, deep-ſkill'd
In various artifice, and how he reach'd
With ſails and oars the ſqualid realms of death,
Deſirous to conſult the prophet there
Theban Tireſias; and how there he view'd
All his companions, and the mother bland
Who bare and nurs'd him in his infant years.
How, next he heard the Sirens in one ſtrain
All chiming ſweet, and how he reach'd the rocks
Erratic, Scylla and Charybdis dire,

Which

Which none ſecure from injury may paſs.
Then, how the partners of his voyage ſlew
The Sun's own beeves, and how the Thund'rer Jove
Hurl'd down his ſmoky bolts into his bark,
Depriving him at once of all his crew,
Whoſe dreadful fate he yet, himſelf, ſurvived.
How to Ogygia's iſle he came, where dwelt
The nymph Calypſo, who, enamour'd, wiſh'd
To eſpouſe him, and within her ample cave
Detain'd, and fed, and promis'd him a life
Exempt for ever from the ſap of age,
But him ſway'd not; nor fail'd he to relate
How, ſore diſtreſs'd, he reach'd Phæacia's coaſt,
Where all alike revered him as a God,
And whence, enriching him with braſs and gold
And coſtly raiment firſt, they ſent him home.
At this laſt word, oblivious ſlumber ſweet
Fell on him, diſſipating all his cares.
Mean-time, Minerva, Goddeſs azure-eyed,
On other thoughts intent, ſoon as ſhe deem'd
Ulyſſes with connubial joys ſufficed,
And with ſweet ſleep, at once from Ocean rous'd
The golden-axled chariot of the morn
To illumine earth; when from his fleecy couch
The Hero ſprang, and thus his ſpouſe enjoin'd.

Oh conſort dear! enough we both have giv'n
To ſorrow, thou, with never-ceaſing tears
My tedious abſence mourning, and myſelf
Not mourning leſs for that the Pow'rs of heav'n
So long withheld me from my native ſhores.
But ſince, in this dear nuptial bed we meet
Once more, keep thou my ſtores uninjur'd here,
And ſoon will I replace my flocks deſtroy'd
By thoſe imperious ſuitors, and the Greeks
Shall add yet others till my folds be fill'd.
But to the woodlands go I now—to ſee
My noble father, who for my ſake mourns
Continual; as for thee, my love, although
I know thee wiſe, I give thee thus in charge.
The ſun no ſooner ſhall aſcend, than all
Will learn that I have ſlain the ſuitors here.
Thou, therefore, with thy female train abide
Sequeſter'd in thy cloſe receſs above,
Nor queſtion aſk, nor, curious, look abroad*.
He ſaid, and putting on bright armour, call'd
Telemachus, Philœtius, and his friend
Eumæus, bidding each his arms reſume;

* That ſeeming ignorant of all that had paſſed, ſhe might be deemed innocent by the angry multitude and ſuffer no injury from them.—C.

Nor

Nor they complied not, but reſuming, each,
His armour, oped the gates and iſſued forth
Ulyſſes at their head. Day's earlieſt dawn
Now ſtreak'd the ſkies, but Pallas them, involved
In darkneſs ſtill, led ſoon into the fields.

ARGUMENT

OF THE

TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK.

Mercury conducts the ſouls of the ſuitors down to Ades. Ulyſſes diſcovers himſelf to Laertes, and quells, by the aid of Minerva, an inſurrection of the people reſenting the death of the ſuitors.

BOOK XXIV.

*Cyllenian Hermes, now, call'd forth the ſouls
Of all the ſuitors; with his golden wand
Of pow'r to ſeal in balmy ſleep whoſe eyes
Soe'er he will, and open them again,

He

* There were thoſe among the Antients who rejected as much of this book as relates the deſcent of the ſuitors into the ſhades under conduct of Mercury, and the dialogue between the departed heroes. Their reaſons were chiefly theſe. Firſt, that Homer nowhere elſe aſcribes this function to Mercury, nor gives him the epithet Cyllenius. Secondly (but this ſecond reaſon reſolves itſelf into the firſt) becauſe the ſouls of the ſuitors do not deſcend of their own accord and without the aid of a conductor, as all others do

He led them gibb'ring down into the ſhades *.
As, in ſome hollow rock, the cluſter'd bats,
Drawn from the chink by force in which they ſlept,
Take wing and, ſqueaking, flutter all around,
So, after bounteous Mercury, the ghoſts
Troop'd downward gibb'ring all the dreary way *.
The ſtreams of Ocean, the Leucadian rock,
The Sun's pale poſtern and the land of Dreams
Paſſing, they came at once into the meads
Of Aſphodel, by ſhadowy forms poſſeſs'd
Of mortal men deceas'd †. They found the ſouls

Of

do in the Iliad; thirdly, becauſe, though not yet partakers of the rites of burial, they are admitted to the ſhades; and fourthly, becauſe on no other occaſion has Homer ſpecified the number of the Muſes. There were others who for reaſons ſimilar to theſe, rejected the whole book; ſuch as Ariſtarchus and Ariſtophanes the grammarian. But the Scholiaſt juſtly obſerves that the majeſty of the verſe alone is ſufficient to overrule them all, and to evince it the work of Homer.—B. & C.

Cyllene was a mountain of Arcadia, and Mercury being worſhipped with particular honours by thoſe who dwelt in the neighbourhood of it, had thence the epithet Cyllenius.—B. & C.

* Τρίζουσαι—τετριγυῖαι—

——————————— the ghoſts
Did ſqueak and gibber in the Roman ſtreets.
SHAKSP.

† This paſſage is thus explained by Diodorus Siculus.

"The Nile is named Oceanus by Homer, becauſe the Ægyptians ſo named it. By the gates of the Sun he intends the city of Heliopolis.

Of brave Pelides there, and of his friend
Patroclus, of Antilochus renown'd,
And of the mightier Ajax, for his form
And for his bulk, of all Achaia's ſons,
(Achilles ſole except) the moſt admired.
Theſe waited on Achilles. Then, appear'd
The mournful ghoſt of Agamemnon, ſon
Of Atreus, compaſs'd by the ghoſts of all
Who ſhared his fate beneath Ægyſthus' roof,
And him the ghoſt of Peleus' ſon beſpake.
Atrides! of all Heroes thee we deem'd
Moſt favour'd by the Gods, for that thy ſway
Extended over ſuch a glorious hoſt
At Ilium, ſcene of ſorrow to the Greeks.
Death conquers all who live, and from the birth
Thyſelf waſt doom'd the victim of his pow'r,
But oh! that thou hadſt died at Troy, with all

The meadows of which he ſpeaks, are thoſe which lie on the confines of the lake Acheruſia and near to Memphis; beautiful meadows, well watered, and abounding with reeds and lotus. It is with ſingular propriety that he here ſuppoſes the reſidence of the deceaſed, for the Ægyptians having ferried the dead over the river and the lake Acheruſia, here depoſited them in great numbers and in ſepulchres the moſt magnificent.—The Greeks and the Ægyptians even now agree in many other fictions concerning the ſtate of the Departed."—C.

Various other explanations are given, but this appears to be the moſt rational.

Thy

Thy regal ſtate ſurrounded! not a Greek
Of all our tribes ſhould, then, have fail'd t'aſſiſt
At thy funereal rites, and thou hadſt left
Great glory to thy ſon; but Fate ordain'd
A death, alas! how terrible, for thee.
To whom Atrides' ſpirit thus replied.
Bleſt ſon of Peleus, ſemblance of the Gods,
At Ilium, far from Argos, fall'n! for whom
Contending, many a Trojan, many a Chief
Of Greece died alſo, while thy body, whelm'd
In circling duſt, a wide-ſpread ruin lay,
Nor chariot thee nor ſteed could int'reſt more!
All day we waged the battle, nor at laſt
Deſiſted, but for tempeſts ſent from Jove.
At length, we bore into the Greecian fleet
Thy body from the field; there, firſt, we cleanſed
With tepid baths and oil'd thy ſhapely corſe,
Then placed thee on thy bier, while many a Greek
Around thee wept, and ſhore his locks for thee.
Thy mother, alſo, (thoſe dread tidings heard)
With all her nymphs emerging from the Deep,
And all, as with one voice, bewailing thee,
Came thither. Terrour then ſeized all the Greeks,
And ev'ry warrior had return'd on board
That moment, had not Neſtor, antient Chief,
Illumed by long experience, interpoſed;

He,

He, wiſeſt ever, thus our hoſt beſpake.
Fly not ye warlike youths! Ye Greecians, ſtay!
This is the Goddeſs-mother; Thetis comes,
With all her nymphs emerging from the Deep,
T' enhance the fun'ral honours of her ſon.
So he; and, by his admonition ſtay'd,
The Greeks fled not. Then, all around thee ſtood
The daughters of the Antient of the Deep,
Bewailing thy deceaſe; with heavnly robes
They clothed thy corſe, and all the Muſes nine
Deplored thee in full choir with ſweeteſt tones
Reſponſive, nor one Greecian hadſt thou ſeen
Dry-eyed, ſuch grief the Muſes moved in all.
Thee, ſev'nteen days, we, day and night, deplored,
Both Gods and men; and on the eighteenth day,
Slaught'ring the fatteſt of the flocks and herds
Around it, gave thy body to the flames
Clothed in celeſtial raiment, while with oil
And richeſt honey mixt we fed the fire,
And all our heroes clad in radiant arms
Both horſe and foot, encompaſſing thy pile,
Claſh'd on their ſhields, and deaf'ning was the din *.

But

* So Virgil. Æn. XI. 188.

Ter circum accenſos, cincti fulgentibus armis,
Decurrêre rogos; ter moeſtum funeris ignem
Luſtravêre in equis ululatuſque ore dedere.—C.

Thrice

But when the force of Vulcan had at length
Conſumed thee, mingling, at the dawn of day,
Thy bones with lard and undiluted wine,
We ſtored them in a golden urn ſupplied
By Thetis, which from Bacchus, as ſhe ſaid,
Herſelf received, and He from Vulcan's hand*.
Within that vaſe, Achilles, treaſur'd lie
Thine and the bones of thy departed friend
Patroclus; but a ſep'rate urn we gave
To thoſe of brave Antilochus, of all
The Greeks, Patroclus ſlain, thy fav'rite moſt.
Each urn we compaſs'd with a noble tomb,
(We warriors of the ſacred Argive hoſt)
On a tall promontory ſhooting far
Into the ſpacious Helleſpont, that all
Who live, and who ſhall yet be born, may view

Thrice, clad in burniſh'd arms they courſed about
The kindled pile, thrice, mounted as they were,
Survey'd the mournful fires and wail'd aloud.

* And again—Æn. VI. 226.

Poſtquam collapſi cineres, et flamma quievit,
Reliquias vino et bibulam lavêre favillam:
Oſſaque lecta cado texit Chorinæus aheno.—C.

The aſhes ſunk and flames at reſt, with wine
The reliſts and the thirſty ember-heaps
They drench'd, and Chorinœus ſtored the bones
Within a brazen vaſe. ——————

Thy

Thy record, even from the diſtant waves *.
Then, by permiſſion from the Gods obtain'd,
To the Achaian Chiefs in circus met
Thetis appointed games. I have beheld
The burial rites of many a Hero bold,
When, on the death of ſome great Chief, the youths
Well-girt have ruſh'd to conteſt for the prize,
But ſight of thoſe with wonder fill'd me moſt,
So glorious paſt all others were the games
By ſilver-footed Thetis giv'n for thee,
For thou wastever favour'd of the Gods.
Thus, haſt thou not, Achilles! ev'n in death,
Foregone thy glory, but thy fair report
Is univerſal among all mankind;
But, as for me, what recompenſe had I,
My warfare cloſed? for whom, at my return,
Jove plann'd ſo dire a death, the bloody deed
Of fell Ægiſtus and my murth'reſs wife †.

Thus, mutual, they conferr'd; mean-time approach'd
Wing-footed Hermes, herald of the ſkies,
Conducting thither all the ſhades of thoſe
Slain by Ulyſſes. At that ſight amazed

* Strabo teſtifies that the temple and tomb of Achilles were to be ſeen in his time on the promontory of Sigæum;—B. & C. the tombs alſo of Patroclus and Antilochus, to whom as well as to Ajax the Trojans offered ſacrifice.—C.

† See the ſtory related at large by Agamemnon to Ulyſſes.—Od. XI. 490.

Both

Both moved toward them. Agamemnon's ſhade
(For they had met in Ithaca) knew well
The ſpectre of Melanthius' haughty ſon
Amphimedon, of whom he thus enquired.

Amphimedon! by what diſaſtrous chance,
Coœvals as ye ſeem, and of an air
Diſtinguiſh'd all, deſcend ye to the Deeps?
For not the choſen youths of a whole town
Should form a nobler band. Periſh'd ye ſunk
Amid vaſt billows and rude tempeſts raiſed
By Neptune's power? or on dry land through force
Of lawleſs ravagers who would have ſeized
Your flocks and herds? or fighting to ſecure
From hoſtile power your city and your wives?
Reſolve me; I was once a gueſt of thine.
Remember'ſt not what time at your abode
With godlike Menelaus I arrived,
That we might win Ulyſſes with his fleet
To follow us to Troy? that labour coſt
The Greecian fleet a tedious month's delay,
And ſcarce, with all that we could urge, we gain'd
The city-ſpoiling Hero's aid at laſt *.

* Becauſe Ulyſſes, not through fear, but by dint of his own forecaſt and ſagacity knowing well the difficulties of ſuch a war, was unwilling to engage in it. On which account probably it was, as Euſtathius obſerves, that Agamemnon, while he was in Ithaca, dwelt with Melanthius, and not with Ulyſſes.

To

To whom the ſpectre of Melanthius' ſon.
Illuſtrious Agamemnon, King of men!
All this I bear in mind, and will rehearſe
The manner of our moſt diſaſtrous end.
Believing brave Ulyſſes loſt, we ſought
His wife in marriage; our unwelcome ſuit
She neither ratified nor yet refuſed,
But, planning dire deſtruction for us all,
This novel ſtratagem, at laſt, deviſed.
Beginning, in her own receſs, a web
Of ſlend'reſt thread, and of a length and breadth
Unuſual, thus the ſuitors ſhe beſpake.
Princes, my ſuitors! ſince the noble Chief
Ulyſſes is no more, enforce not yet
My nuptials; wait till I ſhall finiſh firſt
A fun'ral robe (leſt all my threads decay)
Which for the antient Hero I prepare,
Laertes, looking for the mournful time
When ruthleſs fate ſhall cloſe his languid eyes
So faſt, that he ſhall ope them never more;
Elſe, I the cenſure dread of all my ſex,
Should he, ſo wealthy, want at laſt a ſhroud.
So ſpake the Queen; and, unſuſpicious, we
Conſented readily. Thenceforth, all day
She wove her ample web, and by the aid
Of torches ravell'd it again at night.

Three

Three years ſhe thus by ſtratagem our ſuit
Eluded ſafe, but when the fourth arrived,
And the ſame ſeaſon, after many moons
And fleeting days, return'd, a damſel then
Of her attendants, conſcious of the fraud,
Reveal'd it, and we found her pulling looſe
The ſplendid web. Thus, through conſtraint, at length,
She finiſh'd it, and in her own deſpight.
But, when, at length, ſun-bright or as the moon,
She ſpread the new-blanched texture in our view,
Then, under conduct of ſome adverſe Pow'r,
Ulyſſes reach'd a cottage at th' extreme
Of all his paſtures, where his ſwineherd dwells,
To which came alſo, from the Pylian ſhore,
The godlike Hero's ſon; and when the death
Of all the ſuitors they had there deviſed,
They ſought the city; but Ulyſſes laſt,
And firſt Telemachus. The father came
Conducted by the ſwineherd, and attired
In tatters foul; a mendicant he ſeem'd,
Time-worn, and halted on a ſtaff. So clad,
And ent'ring on the ſudden, he deceived
The mem'ries even of our eldeſt there,
And we reviled and ſmote him; he, although
Beneath his own roof ſmitten and reproach'd,
With patience ſuffer'd it awhile, but rouzed

At length by thunder-bearing Jove, convey'd,
In concert with Telemachus, his arms
And armour to the chamber of his ſon
At the houſe-top, and barr'd the maſſy doors.
Then, in his ſubtlety the Queen he bade
A conteſt inſtitute with bow and rings
Between th' ill-fated ſuitors; whence enſued
Slaughter to all *. No ſuitor there had pow'r
To bend that ſtubborn bow, but all alike
Too feeble proved; and when the weapon huge
At length was offer'd to Ulyſſes' hands,
With clamour'd menaces we bade the ſwain
Withhold it ſtill, plead for it as he might;
Telemachus alone, with loud command
Bade give it him, and his illuſtrious ſire
Receiving in his hand the bow, with eaſe
Bent it, and ſped a ſhaft through all the rings.
Then, ſpringing to the portal-ſteps, he pour'd
His arrows forth, peer'd terrible around,
Pierced King Antinoüs, and, aiming ſure
The deadly darts, pierced many a ſuitor more,

* This was not true in fact, as Euſtathius remarks, for the deſign to propoſe this trial to the ſuitors originated with Penelope. But Barnes well replies, that though it were falſe, it would naturally appear true to the ſuitors from the moment when Ulyſſes diſcovered himſelf to them.—C.

Till in one common carnage heap'd we lay.
Some God, it was moſt clear, vouchſafed them aid
Such ardour urged them, and with ſuch diſpatch
They ſlew us on all ſides; hideous were heard
The groans of dying men fell'd to the ground
With head-ſtrokes rude, and the floor ſwam with blood.
Such, royal Agamemnon! was the fate
By which we periſh'd, all whoſe bodies lie
Unburied ſtill, and in Ulyſſes' houſe,
For tidings none have yet our friends alarm'd
And kindred, who might cleanſe from ſable gore
Our clotted wounds, and mourn us on the bier,
Sad rites! but needful to th' unhappy dead.
Him anſwer'd, then, the ſhade of Atreus' ſon.
Oh happy offspring of Laertes! ſhrewd
Ulyſſes! matchleſs valour haſt thou ſhewn
Recov'ring thus thy wife; how kind and good
Was alſo thy Penelope to thee!
And her remembrance of the ſpouſe, her choice
In early youth, how faithful and how true!
Thy glory, by ſuperior merit earn'd,
Shall never fade, and when the tuneful bard
Shall purpoſe his divineſt ſong, the Gods
Shall make thy chaſte Penelope the theme.
Not ſuch was Clytemneſtra, ſhe contrived
Her huſband's death; no praiſes ſhall attend

Her name in ſong; and even virtuous wives,
Shall ſuffer ſhame, ſuſpected for her ſake.
Thus they, beneath the vaulted roof obſcure
Of Pluto's manſion, mutually conferr'd.
Mean-time, deſcending from the city-gates,
They quickly reach'd the cultivated farm
Which old Laertes had with ſtrenuous toil
Won from the rugged waſte. There ſtood his houſe
Amidſt encircling cabins, where his hinds
Whoſe aid he needed and whoſe labours pleaſed
And ſatisfied him, ate and took repoſe.
There alſo dwelt an old Sicilian dame
Who ſerved and tended with aſſiduous care,
In his ſequeſter'd home their antient lord.
Then thus Ulyſſes to his followers ſpake.
Haſte now, and, ent'ring, ſlay ye of the ſwine
The beſt for our regale; myſelf, the while,
Will prove my father, if his eye be true
To ſhow me to him, or if abſence long
Have worn all knowledge of me from his mind *.
He ſaid, and gave his armour to the care

* The poet artfully contrives to diſpoſe thus of Telemachus and the ſervants, that the interview between Ulyſſes and his father may be free from all conſtraint and interruption.—C.

Of

Of his two ſervants; they with haſty ſteps
The manſion ſought, and he the garden-plot
To prove his father. There he neither found,
At his deſcent into the fruitful ſcene,
Dolius nor Dolius' ſons, nor other ſwain
Or lab'rer; they were occupied elſewhere,
And, with the antient hind himſelf, employ'd
Collecting thorns with which to fence the grove.
In that umbrageous ſpot he found alone
Laertes, hoeing weeds around a plant;
Sordid his tunic was, with many a patch
Unſeemly mended; leathern were his greaves,
Thong-tied and alſo patch'd, a frail defence
Againſt ſharp thorns, while gloves ſecured his hands
From briar-points, and on his head he bore
A goatſkin caſque, indulging hopeleſs woe.
No ſooner then the Chief, his noble ſon
Saw him age-worn and wretched, than he pauſed
Beneath a lofty pear-tree's ſhade to weep.
There ſtanding much he muſed, whether, at once,
Kiſſing and claſping him, to tell him all,
By what means he had reach'd his native ſhore,
Or firſt by queſtions curious and minute
To prove him. His diſcreter courſe, at length,
He deem'd it were t'aſſume the ſtranger's tone,

And in that mind approach'd him*. He the ſoil
Still heaved and weeded, bending o'er his work,
Around the plant, when his illuſtrious ſon
Now, ſtanding cloſe beſide him, thus began.

Old ſir! thou art no novice in theſe toils
Of culture, but thy garden thrives; the plants,
Vines, figs, pears, olives, flow'rs, from ſide to ſide
Of all thy ground, commend thy ſkill and care.
But pardon my free cenſure, if I ſay
That thou art heedleſs of thyſelf, at once
Oppreſs'd with age, ſun-parch'd, and ill-attired.
Not for thy ſcanty ſervice ſake thy lord
Neglects thee thus, who by thy features ſeem'ſt
And by thy ſtately port thyſelf a King.
Old age is privileged. A man like Thee,
Firſt bathed and fed, ſhould ſink to ſoft repoſe.
But tell me truth—whoſe huſbandman art thou,
And whoſe this garden? anſwer me beſides,
For I would learn? have I indeed arrived
In Ithaca? this moment One who paſs'd
Such information gave me; but he ſeem'd

* The Greek word here is ſimilar in ſignification to Ἐπικερτομέων in the 24th Book of the Iliad. See the note on line 807 of that book.

There the meaning is *falſo metû*, and here it is *fulſâ ſpecie ludere*.

Uncouth

Uncouth and rude, would neither ſpeak nor hear
When I demanded if a friend of mine
Live ſtill, or have already ſought the ſhades.
For I will tell thee; therefore mark. Long ſince
Within my native manſion I received
A certain ſtranger, whom I found a gueſt
To me far moſt acceptable of all
Whom I had ſhelter'd, from what land ſoe'er,
Beneath my roof. He was by birth, he ſaid,
Ithacan, and Laertes claim'd his ſire,
Son of Arceſias. Him conducting home
I entertain'd him with the beſt I might,
And proved by gifts his welcome at my board.
I gave him ſeven talents of wrought gold,
A goblet, argent all, with flow'rs emboſs'd,
Twelve ſingle cloaks, twelve carpets, mantles twelve
Of brighteſt luſtre, with as many veſts,
And added four fair damſels, whom he choſe
Himſelf, well born and well accompliſh'd all.
Then, weeping, thus his antient ſire replied.
Stranger! thou haſt, for certain, reach'd the land
Of thy enquiry, but thou find'ſt it held
By a rude race, and lawleſs. Vain, alas!
Were all thy num'rous gifts; yet hadſt thou found
Him living here in Ithaca, thy gifts
And thy kind treatment of him, at his hands

Had found juſt recompenſe, and thou hadſt left
Our city well-content. But tell me truth.
What years have paſs'd? How many, ſince my ſon
Partook thy friendly banquet? for alas!
That poor ill-fated wanderer was he.
But him, far diſtant both from friends and home,
Either the rav'ning fiſhes of the Deep
Have eaten, or wild beaſts and fowls of prey,
Nor was his mother or myſelf ordain'd
To bathe his ſhrouded body with our tears,
Nor yet Penelope, the chaſte, the rich,
To cloſe her huſband's eyes, and with the voice
Of ſhrill lament to wail him on his bier,
Sad tribute all! but pleaſing to the dead.
But tell me alſo, thou, for I would learn,
Who art thou? whence? where born? and ſprung
from whom?
The bark in which thy godlike friends and thou
Arrived, what ſtation have ye giv'n her here?
Or cam'ſt thou but as paſſenger on board
Another's bark, who landed thee and went?
To whom Ulyſſes, ever wiſe, replied.
I will with all ſimplicity relate
What thou haſt aſked. Of Alybas am I,
There ſtands my manſion, and my wealthy ſire
Apheidas is, King Polypæmon's ſon;

Myſelf

Myſelf am named Eperitus ; I come
Driv'n from the ſhores of Sicily to theſe
By furious winds with which I ſtrove in vain,
And yonder, from your city far remote
Stands on the meadow's verge my galley moor'd *.
Five years have paſs'd ſince that unhappy Chief
Ulyſſes left my country ; yet the birds
At his departure hover'd on the right,
And in that ſign rejoicing, I diſmiſs'd
Him joyful alſo, for alike we hoped
To mix in ſocial intercourſe, and make
Exchange of friendly pledges once again.

He ſpake ; then ſorrow as a ſable cloud
Involved Laertes ; gath'ring with both hands
The duſt, he pour'd it on his rev'rend head
With many a piteous groan. Ulyſſes' heart
Commotion felt, and his ſtretch'd noſtrils throbb'd
With agony cloſe-pent, while fixt he view'd
His father ; then with ſudden force he ſprang
Toward him, claſp'd, and kiſs'd him, and exclaim'd.

My father ! I am he. Thou ſeeſt thy ſon
Abſent theſe twenty years at laſt return'd.
But bid thy ſorrow ceaſe ; ſuſpend henceforth

* Alybas, in the Catalogue called Alybe, was according to ſome a city of Italy named alſo Metapontus ; but according to others a city of Thrace.—C.

All lamentation; for I tell thee true,
But haſtily, for ſo the time demands,
I have ſlain all the ſuitors at our home,
And all their taunts and injuries avenged.
Then anſwer thus Laertes quick return'd.
If thou haſt come again, and art indeed
My ſon Ulyſſes, give me then the proof
Indubitable, that I may believe.
To whom Ulyſſes, ever wiſe, replied.
View, firſt, the ſcar which with his iv'ry tuſk
A wild boar gave me, when, at thy command
And at my mother's, to Parnaſſus' foot
Where dwelt her ſire Autolycus I ſped,
Seeking the gifts which, while a gueſt of yours,
He promis'd ſhould be mine. Accept beſide
This proof. I will enum'rate all the trees
Which, walking with thee in this cultur'd ſpot
(Boy then) I begg'd, and thou confirm'dſt my own.
We paced between them, and thou mad'ſt me learn
The name of each. Thou gav'ſt me thirteen pears *,
Ten apples *, forty figs *, and fifty rows
Of vines didſt promiſe me, their alleys clear

* The fruit is here uſed for the tree that bore it, as it is in the Greek; the Latins uſed the ſame mode of expreſſion, neither is it uncommon in our own language.

From

From all plants elſe *. What time propitious Jove
Matures the full-grown fruitage, on thoſe vines
Huge, of all ſorts, the luſcious cluſters hung.
He ſaid; with fault'ring knees and throbbing heart
Thoſe proofs acknowledging, Laertes caſt
His arms around him, and Ulyſſes held
Cloſe to his boſom preſs'd his fainting ſire,
Till, his exhauſted ſpirit and his pow'r
Of ſpeech reſtored, the ſenior thus exclaim'd.
Still, then, ye Gods! your influence unimpair'd,
Ye govern all beneath, if juſt revenge,
At laſt, have reach'd indeed thoſe guilty men.
But terrour ſhakes me, leſt, incenſed, erelong
All Ithaca flock hither, and diſpatch
Swift meſſengers with theſe dread tidings charged
To ev'ry Cephallenian ſtate around.
Him anſwer'd then Ulyſſes ever-wiſe.
Take courage, and, diſmiſſing all ſuch fears,
Seek now, with me, thy manſion that adjoins
The garden, whither I have ſent my ſon,
Philœtius, and Eumæus, with command
That they prepare in haſte to ſpread the board.

* This according to Clarke, whoſe judgment a tranſlator may always ſafely follow, is the true meaning of διατρύγιος; though it is a word concerning the import of which the commentators differ widely.

So

So they conferr'd, and to Laertes' houſe
Paſs'd on together; there arrived, they found
Telemachus, with his attendant ſwains,
Buſied in preparation of the meats
And mingling wine; but, ere they ſat to feed,
His old Sicilian matron bathed and oil'd
And wrapp'd Laertes round in freſh attire,
And Pallas, drawing nigh, dilated more
His limbs, and gave his whole majeſtic form
Encreaſe of amplitude. He left the bath.
His ſon, amazed as he had ſeen a God
Alighted newly from the ſkies, exclaim'd.
My father! all decrepitude of age
Hath left thee; ſurely ſome immortal Pow'r
Hath giv'n thee back thy youthful prime again!
Then thus replied his venerable ſire.
Jove! Pallas! Phœbus! oh that I had fought
Beſide thee yeſterday, my force the ſame
As when I led my Cephallenian hoſt
To yonder continent and overthrew
The tow'rs of Nericus *! If ſuch in arms,
And ſuch as then in vigour, I had faced
With thee the ſuitors, ſurely thou hadſt felt

* Nericus is underſtood by Strabo to have been the ſame with Leucas; it was once joined to the continent, but the Corinthians, cutting off the iſthmus, made an iſland of it.—C.

Thy

Thy ſoul, ſo deeply wounded, fill'd at length
With comfort for the many ſlain by me.
Such was their conference; and now, the taſk
Of preparation ended, and the feaſt
Set forth, on couches and on thrones they ſat,
And, ranged in order due, took each his ſhare.
Then, ancient Dolius, and with him, his ſons
Arrived from work, all weary, ſummon'd home
By the Sicilian matron wont to ſerve
The youths with food, and with eſpecial care
T' attend their father, worn with many years.
They, ſeeing and recalling ſoon to mind
Ulyſſes, in the middle manſion ſtood
Wond'ring, when thus Ulyſſes with a voice
Of ſome reproof, but gentle, them beſpake.
Sit to the board, old friend! and ceaſe to gaze
With mute aſtoniſhment; for, though diſtreſs'd
With hunger, we have now long-time abſtain'd,
Expecting ev'ry moment thy return.
He ſaid; then Dolius with expanded arms
Sprang right toward Ulyſſes, ſeized his hand,
Kiſs'd it, and in wing'd accents thus replied,
Dear maſter! ſince the Gods, at our requeſt,
And paſt our hopes, have giv'n thee to return,
Hail, and be happy, and heav'n make thee ſuch!
But tell me truly; knows the prudent Queen

That

That thou haſt ſafe arrived, or ſhall we ſend
Ourſelves an herald with the joyful news?
To whom Ulyſſes, ever wiſe, replied.
My friend of many years! releaſe thy mind
From that ſolicitude; ſhe knows it well.
He ſpake, and Dolius, ſatisfied, reſumed
His wonted ſeat, while, in like ſort, his ſons,
All welcoming Ulyſſes, graſp'd his hand,
Then ſat beſide their father; thus beneath
Laertes' roof they, joyful, took repaſt.
But Fame with rapid haſte the city roam'd
In ev'ry part, promulging in all ears
The ſuitors' horrid fate. Thoſe tidings urged
The parents of the ſuitors quickly forth,
And, from all ſides of Ithaca, with groans
And mingled mutt'rings of revenge, they ſought
Ulyſſes' gates. Producing thence the dead,
They gave immediate burial to their own,
But thoſe of other cities ſent on board
Swift-ſailing fiſh-boats to their ſev'ral homes.
All haſted then to council; ſorrow wrung
Each parent's heart, and ſoon as on full ſeats
The whole aſſembled ſenate ſat, uproſe
Eupithes firſt; for anguiſh on his ſoul
Prey'd, paſt endurance, for Antinoüs' ſake
His darling ſon, ſlain foremoſt of them all.

His

His loſs with tears deploring, thus he ſaid.

My friends! no trivial fruits the Greecians reap
Of this man's doings. *Thoſe* whom, when he ſail'd
On board his barks he took, a num'rous train
And valiant,—*Thoſe* with all his barks he loſt,
And *theſe*, our nobleſt, ſlew at his return.
But haſte, and ere he reach by ſwift eſcape
The Pylian, or perhaps the ſacred ſhore
Of Elis by the brave Epeans ruled,
Purſue him, or eternal ſhame is ours;
And if we viſit not with ſwift revenge
The murtherers of thoſe whom moſt we loved,
Our ſons and brothers, may my future days
Prove cheerleſs all, and inſtant death alone
Seem worth a wiſh to me! Then fly we ſwift
To ſeize them, ere they yet ſhall croſs the Deep.

So ſpake he weeping, and ſoft pity moved
In every breaſt. Then, newly from the bands
Of ſleep releaſed, came Medon leading forth
The ſightleſs Phemius from Ulyſſes' houſe.
Both ſtood before them. Wonder at that ſight
Seized all, when Medon, prudent, thus began.

Hear me, my countrymen! Ulyſſes plann'd
With no diſapprobation of the Gods
The deed that ye deplore. I ſaw, myſelf,
A Pow'r immortal at the Hero's ſide,

Clad

Clad in the form of Mentor; now the God,
In front apparent, led him on, and now,
From ſide to ſide of all the palace, urged
To flight the ſuitors; heaps on heaps they fell.
He ſaid; then terrour wan ſeized ev'ry cheek,
And Halitherſes, Hero old, the ſon
Of Maſtor, who alone among them all
By paſt experience taught had ſkill to judge
The future alſo, prudent, thus began.
Ye men of Ithaca! now liſt to me.
Theſe evils have ye cauſed yourſelves, my friends!
By your own negligence; for when myſelf
And noble Mentor counſell'd you to check
Th' exceſſes of your ſons, ye would not hear.
Great was their wickedneſs, and flagrant wrong
They wrought, the wealth devouring and the wife
Diſhonouring of an illuſtrious Chief
Whom they deem'd deſtined never to return.
Now, therefore, hear me. Go not; leſt ye pull
Freſh miſchief on your own devoted heads.
He ended; then with boiſt'rous roar (although
The wiſer kept their ſeats) upſprang the moſt,
For Halitherſes pleaſed them not, they choſe
Eupithes' counſel rather; all at once
To arms they flew, and clad in dazzling ſteel,
Before the city form'd their denſe array.

Leader

Leader infatuate, at their head appear'd
Eupithes, hoping vengeance for his ſon
Antinoüs, but was himſelf ordain'd
To meet his doom, and to return no more.
Then thus Minerva to Saturnian Jove.

Oh father! ſon of Saturn! Jove ſupreme!
Declare the purpoſe hidden in thy breaſt.
Deſign'ſt thou civil diſcord and the woes
Of bloody ſtrife, or laſting peace for theſe?

To whom the Sov'reign of the realms of air.
Why aſks my daughter? didſt thou not deſign
Thyſelf, that brave Ulyſſes coming home
Should ſlay thoſe profligates? thyſelf decide,
But thus I counſel. Since the noble Chief
Hath ſlain the ſuitors, now let peace enſue
Oath bound, and reign Ulyſſes evermore!
From their remembrance ſtrike we clean *, ourſelves,
Their ſlaughter'd ſons and brethren; let the bond
Of mutual firm accord, as heretofore,
Unite them, and let wealth and peace abound.

So ſaying, he ſtimulated and impell'd
Minerva prompt before, and to the fields

* Being ſeated, and domeſtick broils
Clean overblown.

Shakeſpeare.

Of

Of Ithaca with inſtant flight ſhe ſped.
Mean-time Ulyſſes (for their hunger now
And thirſt were ſated) thus his hinds beſpake.
Look ye abroad, leſt haply they approach.
He ſaid, and at his word, forth went a ſon
Of Dolius; at the gate he ſtood, and thence
Beholding all that multitude at hand,
In accents wing'd Ulyſſes thus apprized.
Fly to your arms—they are at hand—they come.
Then, all ariſing, put their armour on,
Ulyſſes with his three, and the ſix ſons
Of Dolius; Dolius alſo with the reſt
Arm'd and Laertes, although ſilver-hair'd,
Warriors perforce. When all were clad alike
In radiant armour, throwing wide the gates
They ſallied, and Ulyſſes led the way.
Then Jove's own daughter Pallas, in the form
And with the voice of Mentor, came in view,
Whom ſeeing Laertiades rejoiced,
And thus Telemachus, his ſon, beſpake.
Telemachus! with fearleſs ſtrides advance,
And, ſelf-inſtructed, thou ſhalt quickly learn
Where fight the braveſt. Shame not, now, my ſon!
Thine and my brave forefathers, whoſe exploits
Have ſhared, ſo long, ſuch univerſal praiſe.

To whom Telemachus, diſcrete, replied.
My father! Thou ſhalt witneſs, if thou wilt,
Thyſelf, my deeds, and ſeeing them, ſhalt own
That they diſgrace not aught or tarniſh theirs.
Laertes heard and with delight exclaim'd—
What ſun hath ris'n to day *? ye bleſſed Gods!
My ſon and grandſon emulous diſpute
The prize of fame—Oh joyful day to me †!
Then, drawing nigh, Minerva thus addreſs'd
The veteran King.—Laertes! Oh my friend!
And moſt belov'd of all whom ſuch I deem,
Pray'r off'ring to the virgin azure-eyed,
And to her father Jove, delay not, ſhake
Thy lance in air, and give it inſtant flight.
So ſaying, the Goddeſs nerved his arm anew.
Then, firſt adoring Pallas, daughter dread

* Τίς νύ μοι ἡμέρη ἥδε;—So Cicero, who ſeems to tranſlate it—Proh dii immortales! Quis hic illuxit dies?—C.

† So Menander as cited by Stobæus, Serm. 73.

Οὐκ ἔστι μείζων ἡδονὴ ταύτης πατρὶ
Ἢ σωφρονοῦντα καὶ φρονοῦντ' ἰδεῖν τινα
Τῶν ἐξ ἑαυτοῦ————————C.

No joy more exquiſite a father knows
Than to obſerve one ſpring from him endued
With thought and wiſdom.————————

Of ſov'reign Jove, he ſhook his quiv'ring lance,
Hurl'd it, and pierced Eupithes. Cheek'd with braſs
His helmet was, but through the cloven plate
Swift flew the ſpear, and ſtarted forth beyond.
He fell, and loud his batter'd armour rang.
Then both Ulyſſes and his noble ſon
With faulchions and with ſpears of keeneſt edge
Their hoſts aſſail'd, and of them all had left
None living, none had to his home return'd,
But that Jove's virgin daughter with a voice
Of loud authority thus quell'd them all.

Peace, O ye men of Ithaca! while yet
The field remains undeluged with your blood.

So ſhe; then fear at once paled ev'ry cheek.
All trembled at the voice divine; their arms
Eſcaping from the graſp fell to the ground,
And, covetous of longer life, each fled
Back to the city. Then Ulyſſes ſent
His voice abroad, and with an eagle's force
Sprang on the people; but Saturnian Jove
Caſt down, incontinent, his ſmouldring bolt
At Pallas' feet, and thus the Goddeſs ſpake.

Laertes' noble ſon, for wiles renown'd!
Forbear; abſtain from ſlaughter; leſt thyſelf
Incur the vengeance of Saturnian Jove.

So Pallas, whom Ulyſſes, glad, obey'd.
Then faithful covenants of peace between
Both ſides enſued, ſworn duly in the ſight
Of Jove-born Pallas, who the Mentor ſeem'd,
In voice and form, familiar to them all.

END OF THE ODYSSEY.

THE

BATTLE

OF THE

FROGS AND MICE.

TRANSLATED INTO

ENGLISH BLANK VERSE

BY THE SAME HAND.

THE

BATTLE

OF THE

FROGS AND MICE.

DESCEND all Helicon into my breaſt!
Oh ev'ry virgin of the tuneful choir
Breathe on my ſong which I have newly traced
In tables.open'd on my knees, a ſong
Of bloodieſt note—terrible deeds of Mars
Well worthy of the ears of all mankind,
Whom I deſire to teach, how, erſt, the Mice
Aſſail'd the Frogs, mimicking in exploit
The proweſs of the giant race earth-born.
The rumour once was frequent in the mouths
Of mortal men, and thus the ſtrife began.

A thirſty Mouſe (thirſty with fear and flight
From a cat's claws) ſought out the neareſt lake,
Where, dipping in the flood his downy chin,
He drank delighted. Him the frog far-famed

Limnocharis * eſpied, and thus he ſpake.
Who art thou, ſtranger? whence haſt thou arrived
On this our border, and who gave thee birth?
Beware thou treſpaſs not againſt the truth;
Lye not! for ſhould I find thy merit ſuch
As claims my love, I will conduct thee hence
To my abode, where gifts thou ſhalt receive
Lib'ral and large, with hoſpitable fare.
I am the King Phyſignathus †, revered
By the inhabitants of all this pool,
Chief of the frogs for ever. Me, long ſince,
Peleus ‡ begat, embracing on the banks
Of the Eridanus my mother fair,
Hydromeduſa ‖. Nor thee leſs than King
Or leader bold in fight thy form proclaims,
Stout as it is, and beautiful.—Diſpatch—
Speak, therefore, and declare thy pedigree.
He ceas'd, to whom Pſycharpax § thus replied.
Illuſtrious ſir! wherefore haſt thou enquired
My derivation, known to all, alike
To Gods and men, and to the fowls of heav'n?
I am Pſycharpax, and the dauntleſs Chief

* The beauty of the lake.
† The pouter.
‡ Of or belonging to mud.
‖ Governeſs of the waters.
§ The crumb-catcher.

Troxartes

Troxartes * is my ſire, whoſe beauteous ſpouſe
Daughter of Pternotroctes † brought me forth,
Lichomyle by name ‡. A cave of earth
My cradle was, and, in my youngling ſtate,
My mother nouriſh'd me with almonds, figs,
And delicacies of a thouſand names.
But diverſe as our natures are, in nought
Similar, how, alas! can we be friends?
The floods are thine abode, while I partake
With man his ſuſtenance. The baſket, ſtored
With wheaten loaves thrice kneaded, 'ſcapes not me,
Nor wafer broad, enrich'd with balmy ſweets,
Nor ham in ſlices ſpread, nor liver wrapt
In tunic ſilver-white, nor curds expreſs'd
From ſweeteſt milk, nor, ſweeter ſtill, the full
Honeycomb, coveted by Kings themſelves,
Nor aught by ſkilful cook invented yet
Of ſauce or ſeas'ning for delight of man.
I am brave alſo, and ſhrink not at ſound
Of glorious war, but ruſhing to the van,
Mix with the foremoſt combatants. No fear
Of man himſelf ſhakes me, vaſt as he is,
But to his bed I ſteal, and make me ſport

* The bread-eater. † The bacon-eater.

‡ The licker of mill-ſtones.

Nibbling

Nibbling his fingers' end, or with ſharp tooth
Fretting his heel ſo neatly that he ſleeps
Profound the while, unconſcious of the bite.
Two things, of all that are, appal me moſt,
The owl and cat. Theſe cauſe me many a pang.
As does the hollow gin inſidious, fair
In promiſes, but in performance foul,
Engine of death! yet moſt of all I dread
Cats, nimble mouſers, who can dart a paw
After me, enter at what chink I may.
But to return—your diet, parſley, kail,
Beet, radiſh, gourd, (for, as I underſtand,
Ye eat no other) are not to my taſte.

Him then with ſmiles anſwer'd Phyſignathus.
Stranger! thou vaunteſt much thy dainty fare,
But, both on ſhore and in the lake, we boaſt
Our dainties alſo, and ſuch ſights as much
Would move thy wonder; for by gift from Jove
We leap as well as ſwim, can range the land
For food, or, diving, ſeek it in the Deep.
Would'ſt thou the proof? 'tis eaſy—mount my back—
There cling as for thy life, and thou ſhalt ſhare
With rapture the delights of my abode.

He ſaid, and gave his back. Upſprang the mouſe
Lightly, and with his arms enfolded faſt
The frog's ſoft neck. Pleas'd was he, at the firſt,

With

With view of many a creek and bay, nor leſs
With his ſmooth ſwimming on whoſe back he rode.
But when, at length, the clear wave daſh'd his ſides,
Then, fill'd with penitential ſorrows vain
He wept, pluck'd off his hair, and gath'ring cloſe
His hinder feet, ſurvey'd with trembling heart
The novel fight, and wiſh'd for land again.
Groans follow'd next, extorted groans, through ſtreſs
Of ſhiv'ring fear, and, with extended tail
Drawn like a long oar after him, he pray'd
For land again; but, while he pray'd, again
The clear wave daſh'd him. Much he ſhriek'd, and much
He clamour'd, and, at length, thus, ſorrowing, ſaid.
Oh deſp'rate navigation ſtrange! not thus
Europa floated to the ſhores of Crete
On the broad back of her enamour'd bull.
And now, dread ſpectacle to both, behold
An Hydra! on the lake with creſt erect
He rode, and right toward them. At that ſight
Down went Phyſignathus, heedleſs, alas!
Through fear, how great a Prince he ſhould deſtroy.
Himſelf, at bottom of the pool eſcaped
The dreadful death; but, at his firſt deſcent
Diſlodg'd, Pſycharpax fell into the flood.
There, ſtretch'd ſupine, he clench'd his hands, he ſhriek'd,

Plunged

Plunged oft, and, laſhing out his heels afar,
Oft roſe again, but no deliv'rance found.
At length, oppreſs'd by his drench'd coat, and ſoon
To ſink for ever, thus he propheſied.
Thou haſt releas'd thy ſhoulders at my coſt,
Phyſignathus! unfeeling as the rock,
But not unnoticed by the Gods above.
Ah worſt of traytors! on dry land, I ween,
Thou hadſt not foil'd me, whether in the race
Or wreſtling-match, or at whatever game.
Thou haſt by fraud prevail'd, caſting me off
Into the waters; but an eye divine
Sees all. Nor hope thou to eſcape the hoſt
Of Mice, who ſhall, ere long, avenge the deed.
So ſaying, he ſank and died, whom, while he ſat
Repoſing on the lake's ſoft verge, the Mouſe
Lichopinax * obſerved; aloud he wail'd,
And flew with thoſe ſad tidings to his friends.
Grief, at the ſound, immeaſurable ſeized
On all, and, by command, at dawn of day
The heralds call'd a council at the houſe
Of brave Troxartes, father of the Prince
Now loſt, a carcaſe now, nor nigh to land
Welt'ring, but diſtant in the middle pool.
The multitude in haſte convened, uproſe

* The diſh-'licker.

Troxartes

Troxartes for his ſon incenſed, and ſaid,
Ah friends! although my damage from the Frogs
Suſtain'd be greateſt, yet is yours not ſmall.
Three children I have loſt, wretch that I am,
All ſons. A mercileſs and hungry cat
Finding mine eldeſt ſon abroad, ſurprized
And ſlew him. Lured into a wooden ſnare,
(New machination of unfeeling man
For ſlaughter of our race, and named a trap)
My ſecond died. And now, as ye have heard,
My third, his mother's and my darling, him
Phyſignathus hath drown'd in yon abyſs.
Haſte therefore, and in gallant armour bright
Attired, march forth, ye Mice, now ſeek the foe.
So ſaying, he rouſed them to the fight, and Mars
Attendant arm'd them. Splitting, firſt, the pods
Of beans which they had ſever'd from the ſtalk
With haſty tooth by night, they made them greaves.
Their corſlets were of platted ſtraw, well lined
With ſpoils of an excoriated cat.
The lamp contributed its central tin,
A ſhield for each. The glitt'ring needle long
Arm'd ev'ry gripe with a terrific ſpear,
And auburn ſhells of nuts their brows incloſed.
Thus arm'd the Mice advanced, of whoſe approach
The Frogs apprized, emerging from the lake,

All

All throng'd to council, and conſid'ring ſat
The ſudden tumult and its cauſe. Then came,
Sceptre in hand, an herald. Son was he
Of the renown'd Tyroglyphus *, and call'd
Embaſichytrus †. Charged he came to announce
The horrors of approaching war, and ſaid—

Ye Frogs! the hoſt of Mice ſend you by me
Menaces and defiance. Arm, they ſay,
For furious fight; for they have ſeen the Prince
Pſycharpax welt'ring on the waves, and drown'd
By King Phyſignathus. Ye then, the Chiefs
And leaders of the hoſt of Frogs, put on
Your armour, and draw forth your bands to battle!

He ſaid, and went. Then were the noble Frogs
Troubled at that bold meſſage, and while all
Murmur'd againſt Phyſignathus, the King
Himſelf ariſing, thus denied the charge.

My friends! I neither drown'd the Mouſe, nor ſaw
His drowning. Doubtleſs, while he ſtrove in ſport
To imitate the ſwimming of the Frogs,
He ſank and died. Thus, blame is none in me,
And theſe injurious ſland'rers do me wrong.
Conſult we, therefore, how we may deſtroy
The ſubtle Mice, which thus we will perform.

* A cheeſe-raſper. † The explorer of pots and pipkins.

Arm'd

Arm'd and adorn'd for battle, we will wait
Their coming where our coaſt is moſt abrupt.
Then, ſoon as they ſhall ruſh to the aſſault,
Seizing them by the helmet, as they come,
We will precipitate them, arms and all,
Into the lake; unſkilful as they are
To ſwim, their ſuffocation there is ſure,
And we will build a trophy to record
The great Mouſe-maſſacre for evermore.

So ſaying, he gave commandment, and all arm'd.
With leaves of mallows each his legs incaſed,
Guarded his boſom with a corſlet cut
From the green beet, with foliage tough of kail
Faſhion'd his ample buckler, with a ruſh
Keen-tipt, of length tremendous, fill'd his gripe,
And on his brows ſet faſt a cockle-ſhell.
Then, on the ſummit of the loftieſt bank
Drawn into phalanx firm they ſtood, all ſhook
Their quiv'ring ſpears, and wrath ſwell'd ev'ry breaſt.

Jove ſaw them, and aſſembling all the Gods
To council in the ſkies, behold, he ſaid,
Yon num'rous hoſts, magnanimous, robuſt,
And rough with ſpears, how like the giant race
They move, or like the Centaurs! ſmiling, next,
He aſk'd, of all the Gods, who favour'd moſt
The Mice; and who the Frogs? but, at the laſt,

Turning

Turning toward Minerva, thus he ſpake.

The Mice, my daughter, need thee; go'ſt thou not
To aid thy friends the Mice, inmates of thine,
Who to thy temple drawn by ſav'ry ſteams
Sacrifical, and day by day refreſh'd
With dainties there, dance on thy ſacred floor?

So ſpake the God, and Pallas thus replied.
My father! ſuffer as they may, the Mice
Shall have no aid from me, whom much they wrong,
Marring my wreaths, and plund'ring of their oil
My lamps.—But this, of all their impious deeds,
Offends me moſt, that they have eaten holes
In my beſt mantle, which with curious art
Divine I wove, light, eaſy, delicate;
And now, the artificer whom I employ'd
To mend it, clamouring demands a price
Exorbitant, which moves me much to wrath,
For I obtain'd on truſt thoſe coſtly threads,
And have not wherewithal to pay th' arrear.
Nor love I more the Frogs, or purpoſe more
To ſuccour even them, ſince they not leſs,
Dolts as they are, and deſtitute of thought,
Have incommoded me. For when, of late,
Returning from a fight weary and faint
I needed reſt, and would have ſlept, no ſleep
Found I, thoſe ceaſeleſs croakers of the lake

Noiſy,

Noiſy, perverſe, forbidding me a wink.
Sleepleſs, and with an aching head I lay
Therefore, until the crowing of the cock.
By my advice, then, O ye Gods, move not
Nor interfere, favouring either ſide,
Leſt ye be wounded; for both hoſts alike
Are valiant, nor would ſcruple to aſſail
Even ourſelves. Suffice it, therefore, hence
To view the battle, ſafe, and at our eaſe.
She ceas'd, and all complied. Mean-time, the hoſts
Drew nearer, and in front of each was ſeen
An herald, gonfalon in hand; huge gnats
Through clarions of unwieldy length ſang forth
The dreadful note of onſet fierce, and Jove
Doubled the ſignal, thund'ring from above.
Firſt, with his ſpear Hypſiboas * aſſail'd
Lichenor †. Deep into his body ruſh'd
The point, and pierced his liver. Prone he fell,
And all his gloſſy down with duſt defiled.
Then, Troglodytes ‡ hurl'd his maſſy ſpear
At Pelion ||, which he planted in his cheſt.
Down dropp'd the Frog, night whelm'd him, and he died.
Seutlæus §, through his heart piercing him, ſlew

* The loud-croaker. † One addicted to licking. ‡ A creeper into holes and crannies. || Off pring of the mud. § A feeder on beet.

Embaſichytrus. Polyphonus * fell,
Pierced through his belly by the ſpear of bold
Artophagus †, and prone in duſt expired.
Incenſed at ſight of Polyphonus ſlain,
Limnocharis at Troglodytes caſt
A mill-ſtone weight of rock; full on the neck
He batter'd him, and darkneſs veil'd his eyes.
At him Lichenor hurl'd a glitt'ring lance,
Nor err'd, but pierced his liver. Trembling fled
Crambophagus ‡ at that dread ſight, and plunged
Over the precipice into the lake,
Yet even there found refuge none, for brave
Lichenor following, ſmote him even there.
So fell Crambophagus, and from that fall
Never aroſe, but redd'ning with his blood
The wave, and wallowing in the ſtrings and ſlime
Of his own vitals, near the bank expired.
Limniſius ‖ on the graſſy ſhore ſtruck down
Tyroglyphus §; but at the view alone
Of terrible Pternoglyphus ** appall'd,
Fled Calaminthius ††, caſt away his ſhield
Afar, and headlong plunged into the lake.

* The noiſy. † The bread-eater. ‡ The cabbage eater.
‖ Of the lake. § The cheeſe-ſcraper. ** The ham-ſcraper.
†† So called from the herb calamint.

Hydrocharis

Hydrocharis * with a vaſt ſtone aſſail'd
The King Pternophagus † ; the rugged maſs
Deſcending on his poll, cruſh'd it ; the brain
Ooz'd through his noſtrils drop by drop, and all
The bank around was ſpatter'd with his blood.
Lichopinax with his long ſpear tranſpierced
Borborocoites ‡ ; darkneſs veil'd his eyes.
Praſſophagus ‖ with vengeful notice mark'd
Cniſſodioctes § ; ſeizing with one hand
His foot, and with other hand his neck,
He plunged, and held him plunged, till, drown'd, he died.
Pſycharpax ſtanding boldly in defence
Of his ſlain fellow-warriors, urged his ſpear
Right through Peluſius ** ; at his feet he fell,
And, dying, mingled with the Frogs below.
Reſentful of his death, the mighty Frog
Pelobates †† an handful caſt of mud
Full at Pſycharpax ; all his ample front
He ſmear'd, and left him ſcarce a glimpſe of day.
Pſycharpax, at the foul diſhonour, ſtill
Exaſp'rate more, upheaving from the ground

* One whoſe delight is in the water. † The bacon-eater. ‡ The ſleeper in the mud. ‖ The garlic-eater. § The ſav'ry-ſteam-hunter. ** The muddy. †† The mud-walker.

A rock that had incumber'd long the bank,
Hurl'd it againſt Pelobates; below
The knees he ſmote him, ſhiver'd his right leg
In pieces, and outſtretch'd him in the duſt.
But him Craugaſides *, who ſtood to guard
The fallen Chief, aſſail'd; with his long lance
He prick'd Pſycharpax at the waiſt; the whole
Keen-pointed ruſh tranſpierced his belly, and all
His bowels following the retracted point,
O'erſpread the enſanguin'd herbage at his ſide.
Soon as Sitophagus †, a crippled mouſe,
That fight beheld, limping, as beſt he could,
He left the field, and, to avoid a fate
Not leſs tremendous, dropp'd into a ditch.
Troxartes grazed the inſtep of the bold
Phyſignathus, who at the ſudden pang
Startled, at once leap'd down into the lake.
Praſſæus ‡, at the ſight of ſuch a Chief
Floating in mortal agonies enraged,
Sprang through his foremoſt warriors, and diſmiſs'd
His pointed ruſh, but reach'd not through his ſhield
Troxartes, baffled by the ſtubborn diſk.
There was a Mouſe, young, beautiful, and brave

* The hoarſe-croaker, † The cake-eater. ‡ One who deals much in garlic.

Paſt

Paſt all on earth, ſon of the valiant Chief
Artepibulus*. Like another Mars
He fought, and Meridarpax† was his name,
A Mouſe, among all Mice without a peer.
Glorying in his might on the lake's verge
He ſtood, with other Mouſe none at his ſide,
And ſwore t' extirpate the whole croaking race.
Nor doubted any but he ſhould perform
His dreadful oath, ſuch was his force in arms,
Had not Saturnian Jove with ſudden note
Perceiv'd his purpoſe; with compaſſion touch'd
Of the devoted Frogs the Sov'reign ſhook
His brows, and thus the Deities addreſs'd.

I ſee a prodigy, ye Pow'rs divine!
And, with no ſmall amazement ſmitten, hear
Prince Meridarpax menacing the Frogs
With general extirpation. Haſte—be quick—
Diſpatch we Pallas terrible in fight,
Nor her alone, but alſo Mars, to quell
With force combined the ſanguinary Chief.

So ſpake the Thund'rer, and thus Mars replied.
Neither the force of Pallas, nor the force
Of Mars, O Jove! will ſave the deſtin'd Frogs

* One who lies in wait for bread. † The ſcrap-catcher.

From ſwift deſtruction. Let us all deſcend
To aid them, or, leſt all ſuffice not, graſp
And ſend abroad thy biggeſt bolt, thy bolt
Tempeſtuous, terrour of the Titan race,
By which thoſe daring enemies thou flew'ſt,
And didſt coerce with adamantine chains
Enceladus, and all that monſtrous brood.

He ſaid, and Jove diſmiſs'd the ſinould'ring bolt.
At his firſt thunder, to its baſe he ſhook
The vaſt Olympian. Then—whirling about
His forky fires, he launch'd them to the ground,
And, as they left the Sov'reign's hand, the heart
Of ev'ry Mouſe quaked, and of ev'ry Frog.
Yet ceas'd not, even at that ſhock, the Mice
From battle, but with double ardour flew
To the deſtruction of the Frogs, whom Jove
From the Olympian heights ſnow-crown'd again
Viewing, compaſſionated their diſtreſs,
And ſent them aids. Sudden they came. Broad-back'd
They were, and ſmooth like anvils, ſickle-claw'd,
Sideling in gait, their mouths with pincers arm'd,
Shell-clad, crook-knee'd, protruding far before
Long hands and horns, with eye-balls in the breaſt,
Legs in quarternion ranged on either ſide,
And Crabs their name. They, ſeizing by his leg,

His

His arm, his tail a Mouſe, cropp'd it, and ſnapp'd
His poliſh'd ſpear. Appall'd at ſuch a foe
The miſerable Mice ſtood not, but fled
Heartleſs, diſcomfited.—And now, the ſun
Deſcending, cloſed this warfare of a day.

THE END.

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ERRATA IN THE ODYSSEY.

VOL. I.

Page.	*Line.*	
83	8	*an* is wanting before *argent*.
95	1	A period after *foes*.
100	21	For *patronimies* read *patronimics*.
247	28	For ἀπώ λομεθ', read απωλόμεθ'.
316	24	For βέχ read βίχ.
321	3	For *eor* read *or*.
339	28	For *reſtigia* read *veſtigia*.
349	20	For *but* read *both*.

VOL. II.

Page.	*Line.*	
77	24	*as* is wanting after *ſame*.
78	21 & 22	For *it* read *them*.
203	16	Transfer *ſhe ſhed* to the end of the line.
264	25	For Ἔοκος read Ἔρκος.
300	11	For *was* read *waſt*.
321	24	For *ſprang* read *ſprung*.

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